Commentary

VOLUME EIGHTY-ONE • NUMBER SIX • JUNE 1986

The Family, the Nation, and Senator Moynihan

Glenn C. Loury

Nicaragua: A Speech to My Former Comrades on the Left

David Horowitz

Where Arabism and Zionism Differ

Elie Kedourie

The Scandal of "Peace Education"

André Ryerson

Reflections on the Art of Lying

Dafna Allon

Variant Text– A Story

Allegra Goodman

The Political-Literary Complex

Carol Iannone

Books in Review: Terry Teachout/Lucy S. Dawidowicz/ Diana Schaub/Larry D. Nachman/Gregory A. Fossedal

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE $3.25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medical Research—building a healthier future

If you've ever been treated for high blood pressure... heart disease...diabetes...or almost any health problem, medical progress based on research has already touched your life.

Because of medical research, polio no longer strikes in epidemic proportions every summer. Today about three-quarters of patients diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease will survive five years or longer—as opposed to less than half twenty years ago. Current treatment options for people with heart disease and high blood pressure include medication that helps the body's natural regulators to control blood pressure and volume, enabling the heart to function with less strain.

Scientists are now working on new ways of treating such devastating afflictions as heart disease, cancer and Alzheimer's disease. They are testing new enzyme inhibitors that may control or reverse the late complications of diabetes. Forthcoming breakthroughs in understanding biological processes and treating disease may change the quality and perhaps the length of your life.

Medical research leading to such results takes years of patient, often frustrating experimentation by many different teams throughout the public and private sectors of our scientific community. The tasks involved are not simple.

Advances in research stem from a partnership that includes federal agencies such as the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), universities and teaching hospitals across America, and private industry laboratories. Each partner often works independently to acquire knowledge and test new concepts. They must build on the knowledge developed in all laboratories, and they often coordinate efforts in their search for answers.

Whether an idea originates in a university laboratory or starts with basic product research carried on in the private sector, important findings percolate through the entire scientific community, where each new finding serves as a building block to establish a deeper understanding of what we are and how we function.

Medical research is an expensive process. It needs steady funding for equipment and personnel—even when progress is slow. Government and industry often work with university-based scientists and the medical profession not only in the acquisition of new knowledge and the development of new treatments, but also in funding these advances.

Now more than ever, we all must do our part to help keep the flow of discoveries active and ongoing. If funding for medical research is reduced, major advances in knowledge about some of the most dreaded diseases facing us today could be delayed for years to come.

What can you do?

- *Speak up.* Let your legislators know that you want funding of biomedical research by NIH and other government agencies to be kept at the highest possible levels.
- *Contribute* to voluntary health organizations supporting disease research.

Research-based pharmaceutical companies such as Pfizer are also increasing their financial investment in research. For instance, in 1984 alone, pharmaceutical companies in the United States spent over 4 *billion* dollars on research and product development.

At the same time, we at Pfizer realize the importance of committing more than money to research. As a partner in healthcare, we are continually working to discover new ideas, test new concepts, and turn new understanding to practical and beneficial uses. Now we are working harder than ever to make sure that this nation's medical research effort receives the attention—and funding—it deserves.

For more information on the future of medical research in America, write to Health Research U.S.A., P.O. Box 3852 FR, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

Pfizer PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

VOLUME 81 NUMBER SIX *JUNE 1986*

Articles	21	The Family, the Nation, and Senator Moynihan *Glenn C. Loury*
	27	Nicaragua: A Speech to My Former Comrades on the Left *David Horowitz*
	32	Where Arabism and Zionism Differ *Elie Kedourie*
	37	The Scandal of "Peace Education" *André Ryerson*
	47	Reflections on the Art of Lying *Dafna Allon*
Story	55	Variant Text *Allegra Goodman*
Observations	64	The Political-Literary Complex *Carol Iannone*
Letters	2	from *Samuel Rabinove, William E. Johnston, Jr., Lawrence E. Mitchell, Christopher C. Faille, Wallace M. Rudolph, David A. Frolick, Ronald K.L. Collins, Herb Greer, H. Elliot Wales, Lino A. Graglia, Bernard Avishai, Joel Rosenberg, Edward Alexander, Richard Wightman Fox, Russell Sizemore, Richard John Neuhaus, Peter Brimelow, Philip Gold*
Books in Review	68	Murrow: His Life and Times, by A.M. Sperber *Terry Teachout*
	73	The Utopian Dilemma, by Murray Friedman *Lucy S. Dawidowicz*
	74	Franklin of Philadelphia, by Esmond Wright *Diana Schaub*
	76	The Unwanted, by Michael R. Marrus *Larry D. Nachman*
	78	The Outside Story, by Richard Brookhiser *Gregory A. Fossedal*

Editor: Norman Podhoretz

Executive Editor: Neal Kozodoy

Managing Editor: Marion Magid

Associate Editor: Brenda Brown

Contributing Editors: Robert Alter
Milton Himmelfarb
Walter Laqueur

Comptroller: Philip Shamis

Production Manager: Bruce Lodi

Circulation Manager: Helene Hansen

COMMENTARY (ISSN 0010-2601) is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is $3.25, $33 a year; 3 years $89; 5 years $132—Add $5.00 per year for all foreign, including Canada and Latin America—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to COMMENTARY, 165 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Copyright © 1986 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in *Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, Public Affairs Information Service, Index to Jewish Periodicals, ABC Pol Sci, Historical Abstracts, Religion Index One: Periodicals* and *America: History and Life*—Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

Howard I. Friedman, *President*

The Commentary Publication Committee

Donald M. Blinken, *Chairman*

Morris B. Abram
Norman E. Alexander
Theodore Ellenoff
Edward E. Elson
Stephen Friedman
Lawrence Goldmuntz
Mark Goodson
Robert H. Haines
Bess Myerson
Robert L. Pelz
Ned Pines
Frederick P. Rose
Gordon S. Rosenblum
Michael Saperstein
Nanette Scofield
Henry Sherman
John Slawson
Laurence A. Tisch

Letters from Readers

The Constitution & the Court

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his challenging article, "How the Constitution Disappeared" [February], Lino A. Graglia assails, most eloquently and forcefully, the "judicial activism" of Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., and all others either on the bench or off it who support Justice Brennan's views as to how judges should decide constitutional cases. Mr. Graglia says: "It cannot be too strongly emphasized . . . that the Constitution we actually have bears almost no relation to, and is often clearly irreconcilable with, the constitution of Justice Brennan's vision."

But what about the Constitution of Mr. Graglia's vision? Among other things, it is quite clear from what he has written that Mr. Graglia believes that under the Constitution today, the strictures of the Bill of Rights do not apply to the states. He says ". . . although the Constitution does mention religion, no process that could be called interpretation permits one to go from the Constitution's protection of religious freedom from *federal* interference to the proposition that the *states* may not provide for prayer in the schools" (emphasis added). Moreover, according to Mr. Graglia, there is nothing in the U.S. Constitution to stop a state from establishing an official state religion. He goes on to say: "The clear historic purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment . . . was to provide federal protection against certain state discriminations on the basis of race, historically our uniquely intractable problem, *but not otherwise to change fundamentally the constitutional scheme*" (emphasis added).

One would never know, however, in spite of Mr. Graglia's elaborate exposition, that there is an impressive body of scholarly opinion, as well as Supreme Court case law (beginning long before Justice Brennan's ascent to the bench), which holds precisely the opposite. Let us examine some of it. In his comprehensive analysis of the historical origins of the Fourteenth Amendment, *The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment*, published in 1908, Horace E. Flack concluded that Congress

> . . . had the following objects and motives in view for submitting the First Section of the Fourteenth to the states for ratification. *First, to make the National Bill of Rights applicable to the states*; secondly to give constitutional validity to the Civil Rights Act [of 1866]; and thirdly, to declare who were the citizens of the United States. [Emphasis added]

The Fourteenth Amendment, to be sure, does not explicitly refer to the freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights. But the Supreme Court in *Barron* v. *Baltimore*, in 1833, had ruled that the Bill of Rights did not apply to the states. The legislative history of the Fourteenth Amendment in Congress makes it quite clear that one purpose of the Amendment, as envisioned by members of Congress who were intimately involved in its drafting and enactment, was to nullify *Barron*. Representative John A. Bingham of Ohio, for example, who drafted the pertinent section (Section 1) of the Fourteenth Amendment, and who was the moving spirit behind it, repeatedly referred to *Barron* v. *Baltimore* during the debates and urged its adoption to overrule that decision. The leader of the proposed Amendment in the Senate, Senator Jacob M. Howard of Michigan, declared that its "privileges and immunities" clause included "the personal rights guaranteed and secured by the first eight amendments to the Constitution."

Although the Supreme Court in the *Slaughter-House Cases* in 1873 ruled (5-4) that the Bill of Rights was not made applicable to the states by the "privileges and immunities" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, that ruling was gradually eroded by the Court subsequently, through its expansive interpretation of the word "liberty" in Section 1 of the Amendment which bars states from depriving "any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law" (which clause, of course, was taken directly from the Fifth Amendment in the Bill of Rights). For example, the Supreme Court in 1925, in the case of *Pierce* v. *Society of Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary*, struck down an Oregon statute (enacted by a legislature that was under the spell of the Ku Klux Klan) which was designed to outlaw parochial schools by requiring all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dropouts. The quiet killer of the American dream.

Once a dilemma. Now a crisis.

Thirty percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. That's three quarters of a million dropouts each year.

In our large cities — Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia — the dropout rate is 35-50%.

The cost to society of the dropout crisis is staggering. More than half of the nation's prison inmates are dropouts — and it costs taxpayers up to $25,000 a year to house a prisoner in a correctional institution. That total is higher than the cost of a year of education at either Harvard or Yale.

The Business Advisory Commission of the Education Commission of the States recently called on all of society — business, schools, civic organizations, labor and professional groups — to address the dropout problem. We as a nation cannot let one quarter of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from academic failure. NEA has committed $1.7 million to this effort — one dollar for every NEA member. We will devote $700,000 to this war-chest against scholastic failure to Operation Rescue, our new program to combat the dropout and illiteracy syndrome.

The remaining $1 million will establish an endowment to make educational excellence grants available to teachers for years to come. And we're asking other concerned groups — both inside and outside education — to join teachers in building this fund. Our aim is to begin funding local dropout prevention programs by the fall of 1986.

Our goal with Operation Rescue? We want to help cut the dropout rate in half by 1990.

Our goal as an association? In over 128 years, that's never wavered. We stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child.

nea

National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children to attend public schools. This ruling by the Court which, incidentally, was rendered without a single dissent, would be hard to understand unless the Free Exercise Clause of the First Amendment had been deemed to be incorporated into the Fourteenth Amendment. Long before the ruling in *Pierce*, however, the distinguished Justice, John Marshall Harlan, the elder, during his thirty-four years on the bench, argued repeatedly (and alone) for the total incorporation of the Bill of Rights into the Fourteenth Amendment.

J. B. James of Georgia Wesleyan College, in his 1956 book, *The Framing of the Fourteenth Amendment*, also furnishes evidence that when the Fourteenth Amendment's floor managers in Congress spoke of the "fundamental rights of free men," they meant the Bill of Rights. And, finally, Henry J. Abraham of the University of Virginia, in his 1982 book, *Freedom and the Court: Civil Rights and Liberties in the United States*, says:

> . . . there seems little doubt that the Amendment's principal framers and managers, Representative Bingham and Senator Howard, if not every member of the majority in the two houses of Congress, did believe the Bill of Rights to be made generally applicable to the several states via Section 1. And *no* member of that Congress, before he voted on the Amendment, contradicted Bingham's and Howard's final statement to that extent.

In his opinion in the 1925 case of *Gitlow* v. *New York*, Supreme Court Justice Edward T. Sanford (no flaming liberal, certainly) said:

> For present purposes we may and do assume that freedom of speech and of the press—which are protected by the First Amendment from abridgement by Congress—are among the fundamental personal rights and "liberties" protected by the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment from impairment by the States.

Since that time, there have been numerous Supreme Court decisions which have upheld the selective incorporation of provisions of the Bill of Rights into the Fourteenth Amendment. In that perspective, Mr. Graglia's narrow construction of the Constitution is far more problematical than it is persuasive, and for him to accuse Justice Brennan of "having effectively eliminated the actual Constitution" is presumptuous, to say the least.

SAMUEL RABINOVE
Legal Director
The American Jewish Committee
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In condemning Justice Brennan's reduction of the Constitution, Lino A. Graglia also engages in a reduction of his own. According to him, the Constitution was created "almost entirely for commercial purposes." This charge recycles in different political garb the old leftist (Charles Beard and company) canard regarding the economic motives of the Founders, an interpretation which has been thoroughly discredited by such scholars as Forrest McDonald. To speak of "the original Constitution's limited and mundane purposes" is to make a mockery of the urgency with which Alexander Hamilton and James Madison argued for the new government in *The Federalist*. I do not believe it was hyperbole which led Hamilton to write in *Federalist 1*:

> It has been frequently remarked, that it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question whether societies of men are really capable or not, of establishing good governments from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend, for their political constitutions, on accident and force. If there be any truth in the remark, the crisis, at which we are arrived, may with propriety be regarded as the area in which that decision is to be made; and a wrong election of the part we shall act, may, in this view, deserve to be considered as the general misfortune of mankind.

It seems to me also that Mr. Graglia forgets another point made by Hamilton in that first paper, "that the vigor of government is essential to the security of liberty. . . ."

At every point of his analysis, Mr. Graglia wants to diminish the significance of the Constitution and the strength of the government it sanctioned. He reminds me of John C. Calhoun and the old states'-rights theorists (without Calhoun's intelligence or felicity of expression). The new states'-rights argument can escape embarrassment today only because it can reduce the Constitution's reach without appearing to defend slavery. But everywhere the language about the Constitution is the language of how minor are its provisions—regarding individual rights, regarding the scope of federal authority, regarding the franchise, regarding protections even in criminal proceedings. The Amendments are also depreciated because they are seen to increase federal authority. . . .

Mr. Graglia's position comes down to his assertion that the Framers erected "a system of decentralized democratic decision-making. . . ." I think the opposite is true—that the Framers sought to create a constitutional system of *centralized democratic* decision-making. Indeed, the principle of federalism, rather than being a restraint on the Framers, was transformed into a motive to extend and enlarge the scope of the national government. The *locus classicus* of the rationale for this extension and enlargement is Madison's arguments in *Federalist 10* and *51*. Federalism is not a retarding factor in Madison's case; it is rather "by a judicious modification and mixture of the *federal principle*" that "the extended republic of the United States" is to be constituted. Hamilton was as candid. In *Federalist 23*, he wrote:

> . . . There is an absolute necessity of an entire change in the first principles of the system; that if we are in earnest about giving the Union energy and duration, we must abandon the vain project of legislating upon the States in their collective capacities; we must extend the laws of the federal government to the individual citizens of America. . . .

Not just with regard to national defense, but with respect to every particular the new government was to be stronger, and more extensive, than that which it replaced. The very idea of federalism was transformed by the national impulses motivating the Framers. Perhaps the best evidence of this is the complaints raised by the anti-Federalists; their suspicions of the new government would make no sense if Mr. Graglia's "specific and limited" interpretation were in fact authoritative. Moreover, the felt necessity of adding a Bill of Rights to the Constitution is evidence not of its lack of reach, but of the opposite.

I believe that Mr. Graglia's critique is evidence that the old leftism in American history, that of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the populists and progressives, with its debunking of the Constitution, of national authority in favor of municipal and state reform, of the Constitution's allegedly "commercial" character, has now been combined with an even older states'-rights rejection of the supremacy of the Constitution especially in securing personal liberties and individual rights. This awkward hybrid produces a new conservatism exactly mirroring the new liberalism which it attacks. Both don't like the Constitution. Justice Brennan's side will take the Constitution only if it is what the judges say it is; Mr. Graglia's side will take the Constitution only if it means that judges are not put by it in a position to say what the law is, especially if that law is intended to "establish Justice . . . promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty . . ." under the aegis of federal authority.

The doctrinaire activist liberals do not trust local self-government; the doctrinaire activist conservatives of this new stripe do not trust judicial review of self-government. They both forget that you cannot have freedom without self-government, nor safe self-government without an independent judiciary. . . .

WILLIAM E. JOHNSTON, JR.
Woodland Hills, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Lino A. Graglia begs the entire question of constitutional interpretation by casting off almost as an aside his most important point:

> Most of Justice Brennan's objections regarding the difficulties of constitutional interpretation have some basis, but they could also be made *in regard to interpretation of almost* any law.

Of course this is correct. . . .

It is indisputable that the limitations of our language, as well as the unrecorded intentions of those who engage in legal draftsmanship, make it impossible for any but the draftsman to know the originally intended meaning of any string of words. And, of course, recorded history (legislative and otherwise) necessarily suffers from those same limitations. I contend that it was the original intent of the Framers of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment to leave to the Supreme Court precisely the same interpretive exercise it undergoes in every case involving those provisions. . . .

Closer examination of the examples cited by Mr. Graglia to demonstrate the narrowness of the Constitution's protection of individual rights leads inescapably to the conclusion that ambiguity was intended and that the instrument was intended by its Framers and amenders to be subject precisely to the interpretation Mr. Graglia now insists is unwarranted.

Take as an example those "two pairs of words, 'due process' and 'equal protection.' " As Mr. Graglia recognizes, these four words, taken alone, are essentially devoid of meaning. Any practicing lawyer or legislator, in 1868 when the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted as well as today, knows that to enshrine the meaning of words such as these, he must define that meaning in the context of the document. The words are left undefined in the Fourteenth Amendment, and the only conceivable reason for this omission must be that it was intended, either because the Framers of that Amendment could not agree upon a definition and therefore chose to leave it to the Court to interpret, or because those words were so infused with meaning that it would be impossible sufficiently to define them. It is worth pointing out that at the time the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted, Supreme Court review of the constitutionality of legislation had been a fact of governmental life for 65 years.

Mr. Graglia is content categorically to state that "[t]he clear historic purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment, . . . was to provide federal protection against certain state discriminations on the basis of race, historically our uniquely intractable problem. . . ." Yet Mr. Graglia conveniently ignores the fact that nowhere in the Fourteenth Amendment does the word "race" appear. I don't intend to dispute here the motivation for the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. But Mr. Graglia leaves unanswered the question of why, if that Amendment were intended solely to protect against state racial discrimination, that original intention was not clearly expressed.

Another example of the weakness of Mr. Graglia's reasoning arises in connection with capital punishment, the abolition of which would ". . . frustrate the community's views." . . . He finds this particularly irksome in that "... it [capital punishment] is repeatedly provided for in the Constitution. . . ." While the Constitution implicitly acknowledges the existence of capital punishment (in 1787 and 1868), the statement that it is "repeatedly provided for" is misleading. It is decidedly *not* "provided for" in the Constitution. The existence of capital crimes is recognized explicitly only once in the Fifth Amendment. Additionally, the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments each refer to the deprivation of "life, liberty or property," and the prohibition against "double jeopardy" in the Fifth Amendment refers to "jeopardy of life and limb." These references clearly do not establish the constitutionality of the death penalty but rather exist, in part, in the context of imposing limits on the application of that form of punishment ... which existed at the time these words were drafted. . . .

Mr. Graglia's identification of original intent is selective at best and misleading at worst. To return to the point of the impossibility of such divination, I refer to the Eighth Amendment which prohibits ". . . cruel and unusual punishment . . . ." Again I contend that words so imprecise in meaning cannot have been intended either to permit or exclude capital punishment *per se*. . . . The words themselves suggest that this clause was broadly drafted precisely to leave it to judicial interpretation. . . .

The examples discussed above demonstrate that the Constitution was, in several important respects, intentionally left ambiguous by its Framers. I strongly suspect that Mr. Graglia is merely dissatisfied with the results of such interpretation; his article would have been more compelling had he directly addressed these concerns. It may be undemocratic to have fundamental issues decided by life-tenured appointees (who are appointed by those very representatives of the majority Mr. Graglia believes to be the true guardian of our rights), but that is how the Constitution provides for the resolution of such issues.

I find it particularly hard to agree with Mr. Graglia's conclusion that the Constitution narrowly protects individuals' rights in light of the Ninth Amendment which states that "[t]he enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the people." Mr. Graglia is more concerned with the Tenth Amendment, which leaves unenumerated powers to the states. Unfortunately, he ignores an interesting textual contrast: "Rights" are left to the people; "powers" are left to the states. Who resolves the conflict?

Mr. Graglia should be grateful for the restraint the Supreme Court has demonstrated in attempting to find in the text of the Constitution a basis for individual rights (penumbras notwithstanding). The Ninth Amendment offers opportunities for the discovery of rights yet to be articulated. . . .

As Mr. Graglia sees the Constitution, it is little more than a combined charter and set of by-laws. That it is far more than this is clearly established by the existence of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment, provisions which, as he also seems to forget, are as much a part of the Constitution as the original seven articles. . . . I do not mean to suggest that I disagree with Mr. Graglia in his criticism of the wisdom of some of the Court's decisions. It is extremely disappointing, however, that what promised to be a scholarly explanation of the legal, historical, and philosophical underpinnings of the doctrine of original intent disintegrated into an undisguised attack on the liberal judiciary, an *ad-hominem* attack on one of its foremost contemporary proponents, and a most unlawyerly examination of the issues.

LAWRENCE E. MITCHELL
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Thank you for providing us with the well-argued critique of Justice Brennan's Georgetown speech—it is good to have the debate joined by the uncommonly civil tongue of Lino A. Graglia.

I wish I could approve of the content as fervently as I approve of the tone. . . . I will limit my criticism to Mr. Graglia's description of Chief Justice John Marshall's opinion in *Marbury* v. *Madison*. He attributes to Marshall the view that judicial review is "inherent in a written constitution that declares itself to be a supreme law." He then goes on to suggest that this argument is inadequate because "other nations have written constitutions without judicial review." The problem with this suggestion is that it answers only half of Marshall's point. Justice Marshall argued not simply from the fact that he was expounding *a* constitution, but from the particular text he was expounding—not that any written constitution necessarily declares itself to be the supreme law, but that this one has an explicit supremacy clause—Article VI. A comparison with other nations is cogent to textual analysis only if other nations have the same article.

The words are these: "This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby. . . ." It makes no sense to speak of any body of law as supreme unless there is some other body of law that is inferior—"supreme" is a term of comparison. Accordingly, this clause contemplates the prospect that judges "shall be bound" to strike state laws when the federal Constitution or federal laws so require. Does the phrase "in every State" mean that only state judges shall be able to strike state laws under this supremacy clause? This is unlikely, because the grammatical form in which that intent would have been expressed is "the Judges *of* every State"—not "*in* every State." . . .

I can only conclude that the Framers intended to say that judges *wherever* they shall be sitting shall be bound to make their findings according to the supreme law, as distinct from the inferior laws of the land.

But what is meant by the expression "made in Pursuance"? I submit that this phrase limits the congressional contribution to the "supreme law" to those statutes that are enacted through the proper procedures. It contemplates no substantive overview by any judge of the acts of Congress. For example, if the President were to sign a purported revenue bill that had been initiated in the Senate rather than the House of Representatives, then (given Article III, Section 7) such a bill would fail to become part of the law—it would bind no judge. Yet if this is all that "pursuance" means, then the Supreme Court's power of review of the acts of the co-equal branches of the federal government, despite the holding in *Marbury*, is very narrow. Given procedural propriety, there is no ground for any substantive scrutiny of the acts of Congress by the Court with a view to nullification. Even a bill that itself prescribed that future revenue bills would be initiated elsewhere than in the House would not be open to challenge in the courts—because its flaw would be in its own substance, not in the manner pursuant to which it had been enacted.

Perhaps an adherence to the text of the supremacy clause in the way I have analyzed it above would save us from the unedifying spectacle we have seen in the matter of Gramm-Rudman. It would save us from watching Congress beg the Supreme Court, "Save us from our own irresponsible law!" But this understanding of Article VI also refutes Mr. Graglia's candidate for the "overarching principle" of the Constitution—in his view, state autonomy is that one principle. History tells us better. It tells that the generation of the Framers had experienced a great deal of state autonomy under the Articles of Confederation and that the Constitution, with the supremacy it gave itself and national laws over state laws, was the remedy they fashioned for the problems encountered under those Articles.

CHRISTOPHER C. FAILLE
Bridgeport, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lino A. Graglia mistakes the function of the courts in a constitutional system as well as the role that courts have played in that system. He denies the authority of courts to determine the issue of governmental infringement upon private rights where that infringement is authorized by statute. Under his view, therefore, the only limitations upon majority rule in the states relate to criminal procedure; denial on the basis of race or sex of the right to vote; and the establishment of racial classifications by law. Otherwise, in his view, state legislatures have plenary power, subject only to political checks, to do any or all of the following: to establish religion; to restrict free speech (as in fact occurred in the South concerning slavery); to prohibit both public and private schools from teaching German or any other language; to prohibit the existence of Catholic, Amish, and private schools; to punish sodomy committed by married couples; to provide for the sterilization of retarded or mentally deficient people; and, for that matter, to require abortions of unmarried women who have no means of support.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One need not be devoted to a theory of activist judges to recognize that the Privileges and Immunity Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment gives United States citizens the right to life, liberty, and property against laws that would interfere with their family relationships and their religion. It would seem strange indeed to believe that American colonists had fewer rights against their government after the Revolution than before it. In colonial days, the colonial legislature or the governor could not act contrary to the rights guaranteed by the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights of 1689, and the Magna Charta. After the adoption of the Constitution, there was a question whether such rights were judicially enforceable in federal courts. Justice Marshall, in *Barron* v. *Baltimore*, decided that no such federal rights existed. It was clear that the adoption of the Civil War Amendments did establish federal enforcement of basic rights of Americans against unreasonable state legislation and for fair representation within the political system.

Mr. Graglia seems to imply that such issues may not properly be raised in or properly considered by a federal court. The mere fact that restrictions on political participation and the reasonableness of state legislation are subject to judicial review ensures a degree of fairness and rationality that would not be present if majorities believed that their will would be final in all cases. . . . The adoption of Mr. Graglia's view of federal constitutional jurisdiction would indeed make this country less free.

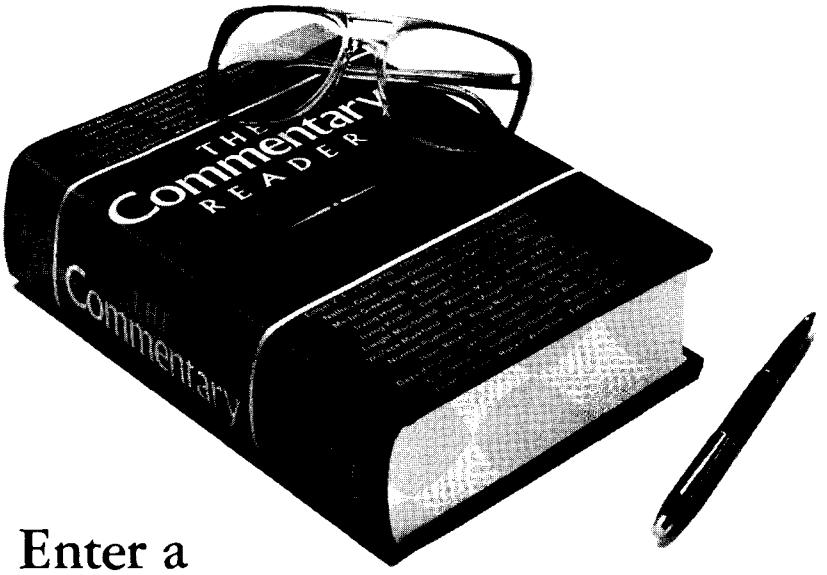
WALLACE M. RUDOLPH
University of Puget Sound
School of Law
Tacoma, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article by Lino A. Graglia is just another in a series of attacks on the Supreme Court without any meaningful solution to the problems the attackers describe.

These attacks, it seems to me, are reminiscent of the attacks on the Supreme Court when it was out of step with the American people during the New Deal period. The Court did not get the message until President Roosevelt proposed packing the Court. Is it the expectation of Mr. Graglia that mere verbal attacks will be enough to convince the Court to follow a different course? Or is there a willing-

A special offer for you . . .



Enter a three-year subscription and get a *FREE* bonus — The Commentary Reader

A limited number of copies of *The Commentary Reader* — a selection of 51 of the finest articles and stories from the first twenty years of **Commentary** (1945-1965) — are available FREE! Simply return the subscription application below to begin receiving **Commentary** every month as well as this 763-page anthology of distinguished writing.

Commentary *America's Most Influential Magazine*

Please mail by July 1, 1986 to receive your bonus of The Commentary Reader

☐ **YES!** Enter my 3-year pre-paid subscription to **Commentary.** Please send my copy of *The Commentary Reader* immediately.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I prefer to pay as indicated.

☐ My check for $89 is enclosed

☐ Please charge $89 to my credit card

☐ American Express ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

(Add $5 per year for foreign and Canadian)

_____ Expires _____

Signature _____

COMMENTARY • 165 EAST 56th STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness to translate verbal criticism into meaningful political acts?

Mr. Graglia states that the Supreme Court has been and remains engaged in "social policy-making . . . often in opposition to the wishes of the American people." Are there causes that give rise to such policy-making? One might, for example, look at poorly drafted legislation that makes the Court (and, I might add, the bureaucracy) fall guys for what the democratically elected legislators either wittingly or unwittingly fail to do. The legislators can then convince a naive public that the court is responsible for social turmoil because the nine Justices have laid down the rules for the definition and enforcement of legislation properly passed by the Congress.

Do the proponents of a Supreme Court made more accountable to the American people wish to remove the protective barriers that the Framers erected to ensure that justice would not be dictated by mob rule? Do they want the absolute elimination of judicial review, or just a partial limitation, or judicial decisions based on public-opinion surveys? . . .

If, in fact, the dissatisfaction over the Court's policy-making is so strong, then the voters would have demanded that their elected representatives use the various mechanisms available to redress their grievance. Let us use the constitutional avenues open to us to check the Court's power: the amendment process is there, the ability to control the Court's appellate jurisdiction is available, and we could even be so bold as to change the tenure of Justices via a periodic judicial examination.

Am I naive, or is the demand for change so strong among the American people that I have missed it? Is it at the top of their list of policy changes needed to move the country forward, or even in their top ten? If Mr. Graglia and those who support his views really want to change the Court, then let them make a frontal assault on it, instead of just trying to badger the Court into changing.

DAVID A. FROLICK
North Central College
Naperville, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I read with considerable interest Lino A. Graglia's timely and challenging article, "How the Constitution Disappeared." I wonder how faithful Mr. Graglia would be to his brand of historical determinism if it collided with what one constitutional historian has called "every decent instinct."

Mr. Graglia has little patience for judicial activists, those who set aside the original intent of the Framers of our laws. It is on this score that he lends some intellectual sustenance to the "Jurisprudence of Original Intention" campaign currently being waged by Attorney General Edwin Meese.

We may be thankful that Mr. Graglia and the Attorney General he defends approve of the Warren Court's seminal 1954 ruling in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Mr. Graglia never challenges the historical soundness of the precedent. He does, however, applaud the "undeniable rightness of the decision as a matter of social policy." That decision, he adds, "gained for the Court a status and prestige unprecedented in our history." In the Winter 1985 issue of *Policy Review*, Mr. Meese likewise praises Chief Justice Warren's landmark opinion, saying that it restored "the original principle of the Constitution to constitutional law." Thus, he tells us, the decision "earned all the plaudits it received."

Given the great weight which Mr. Graglia and Mr. Meese attach to historical intent, it is curious that they so unqualifyingly laud the *Brown* decision. Raoul Berger, in his much noticed book *Government by Judiciary*, says that had the *Brown* case fallen to him he would "have felt constrained to hold that the relief sought lay outside of the confines of judicial power." Mr. Berger, an equally stalwart defender of historical intent and opponent of judicial activism, makes this assertion only after he presents a detailed account of the record surrounding the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. After reviewing that record, Mr. Berger concludes: "The historical records all but incontrovertibly establish that the Framers of the Fourteenth Amendment excluded both suffrage and segregation from its reach. . . ."

Mr. Graglia and Mr. Meese may read history differently. If so, let them make their case and thereby refute the historian's claims. But their silence, combined with their approval of *Brown*, renders their arguments suspect. Can it be that Mr. Graglia and Mr. Meese are willing to defend Chief Justice Warren's opinion even if it cannot be reconciled with the historical record as we know it? If so, how then in principle are their views to be distinguished from those of the "judicial activists" whom they so confidently condemn?

One need not side entirely with the open-ended philosophy of Justice William Brennan or subscribe to Mr. Berger's confining view of things in order to appreciate that there is more to principled and prudent judicial decision-making than either Mr. Graglia or Attorney General Meese has told us.

RONALD K.L. COLLINS
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lino A. Graglia says something in his article that to my layman's sense of democracy appears paradoxical: "Constitutional limitations on popular government are undoubtedly undemocratic, even if they were themselves adopted by a super-majority. . . ."

This sounds like a denial of the people's power to limit and balance its own organs of government, a proposition which as an American I find nonsensical. Such limitation is precisely why our form of government is less dangerous than, for instance, the British system, where *absolute* political power resides in a single institution (Parliament), which electoral enthusiasm can turn into a single-party dictatorship. Lord Hailsham and others have called the system an electoral dictatorship.

If Mr. Graglia's aside is mooting a pure referendum-style of democracy, that is curious on at least two counts (probably there are more): historically, popular *viva-voce* rule has tended to rot into tyranny, as Athens showed; and in any case, the size and complexity of our society make it administratively impossible.

I am not trying to defend the judicial activism which Mr. Graglia condemns. I agree that it is abominably undemocratic because it upsets our constitutional balance, and leads to strange interpretations (as in the *Bakke* case, when Justice Thurgood Marshall argued in effect that the Constitution could be used for a sort of historical revenge). But my admittedly untutored criterion for democracy assumes our republican version of limited and countervailing powers among the organs of government, not popular direct rule. I know

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that this is not central to Mr. Graglia's argument, which on the whole I cannot (and would not want to) fault. But in the context of such an argument, fundamental criteria do seem important, which is why I question this one.

HERB GREER
Manchester, England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While the thrust of Lino A. Graglia's article is to condemn what the Supreme Court has done in the past three decades, the article ignores what the Court did in its first 170 years. Mr. Graglia writes as if we were starting from scratch. Yet the concept of judicial review was developed by the Court in its early days, and though it is not explicitly found in the Constitution, we all accept it as valid. Furthermore, since there was a considerable amount of judicial review in the period prior to Chief Justice Earl Warren, . . . the Warren Court did not start with a clean slate, though it added more chalk than any of its predecessors collectively. The Burger Court commenced life with a well-established notion that the Court was not to negate or overrule prior decisions, but to accept the case law as it found it. While the Burger Court has done this to some degree in certain areas, it has not done it with respect to specific issues such as abortion, busing, and prayer in the schools. . . .

With regard to abortion, the Supreme Court held that the state legislatures were without power to regulate a matter considered deeply personal and private. This is not the first time that the Court has declared state legislation invalid. With regard to busing, the Court improperly took affirmative steps to declare racial imbalance in the public schools unconstitutional, and improperly took upon itself the power to remedy the situation by any and all means, including busing. Inasmuch as racial imbalance represents merely personal preferences as to where people choose to live, Mr. Graglia is correct that the Court has developed its own public policy, and taken steps to implement it. With regard to criminal procedure, which presents the classic model of *A* versus *B*, it is incumbent upon the Court to see to it that both *A* and *B* are fully protected in Court as to all rights and procedures. . . .

Finally, the question of prayer in the schools is built around First Amendment restrictions, and prior to 1953, the Court interpreted the establishment clause as prohibiting substantially more than merely the establishment of a state religion, as Mr. Graglia would have us believe.

It is important, however, that the debate on the appropriate role of the Supreme Court should continue and that it receive contributions of profound articles like Mr. Graglia's. The debate has not been robust in recent years, and it is good that it has now taken a healthy turn, with Messrs. Meese, Brennan, and Graglia swinging at one another.

H. ELLIOT WALES
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lino A. Graglia has provided us with a very timely, persuasive, and well-reasoned article. The issues he raises have also received more detailed treatment by Raoul Berger in his recent books relating to the Fourteenth Amendment and the death penalty.

It would appear that we are at the point, if we have not already reached the point, of having two governments: one democratic, composed of the executive and legislative branch; the other, the Supreme Court. I for one do not support basic policy issues being decided by a group of men (the Supreme Court) who are insulated from the people. . . .

It is refreshing to see such scholars as Messrs. Graglia and Berger finally step forward and call for a halt. One need only look at the criminal-justice system and the operations of the "second government" in this area to see the results of such judicial governing. If there is an arrogant position in this situation, is it not found in such judicial policy-making? Where in the Constitution does it say the Supreme Court is supposed to set basic social policy and govern? I wonder whether Alexander Hamilton would still be of the opinion that the power of judges would be "next to nothing" if he could see the way the Court has functioned for at least the last twenty years. If our democratic institutions are to continue and flourish, they do not need a group of unelected individuals deciding basic social issues under the guise of the Constitution.

Voices like those of Messrs. Graglia and Berger have been silent too long. When the people have slept and Congress has decided that it would be better for the Supreme Court to govern, the Constitution as written has been amended by decree to such an extent that it is but a shadow document providing a tool for further amendments at the whim of a group of men whose power is supposed, or was thought, to be "next to nothing." Tear away the intellectual gloss that has been placed over the actions and decisions of the Supreme Court and it is readily apparent that a need exists to curb this raw exercise of power. . . .

THOMAS A. BUSTIN
Gainesville, Florida

LINO A. GRAGLIA writes:

Samuel Rabinove is correct that some scholars argue that the Fourteenth Amendment was meant to make the restrictions of the first eight amendments applicable to the states. I find this position totally implausible and think, in agreement with most scholars, that Charles Fairman has effectively refuted it. The Amendment certainly fails on its face adequately to notify its ratifiers that it would have so surprising a result. In any event, the Court, for very good reasons, has refused to adopt the "total incorporation" position, opting for only "selective incorporation," for which there is no historic support at all. That *Pierce* turned on incorporation of the First Amendment would probably have been news to its author, Justice McReynolds, the Justice Brennan of his day, who, with no basis other than a strong personal opinion, held that the Oregon statute violated plaintiff corporation's property rights. The total arbitrariness of the *Gitlow* pronouncement is illustrated by the fact that just three years earlier the Court held that "neither the Fourteenth Amendment nor any other provision of the Constitution imposes upon the states any restrictions about 'freedom of speech.'" To state that Justice Brennan has effectively eliminated the Constitution as written is hardly presumptuous when, as I tried to show, the whole point of his speech was to do just that.

I agree with William E. Johnston, Jr. that Hamilton and Madison believed a much stronger national government was urgently needed and that such a government, operating directly on the people, in fact resulted from the Constitution. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was nonetheless believed, or at least generally argued during the ratification debates, that most matters of social policy would remain in the control of the states. It is true that I do not trust judicial review of self-government when that review is not based on specific knowable requirements. While a judiciary independent of politics is indeed essential to safe self-government, a political judiciary, such as we now have, is inconsistent with self-government.

The gist of Lawrence E. Mitchell's argument seems to be that the Framers of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment meant to give the Supreme Court a blank check to make social policy, and so the Court has been following the original intent after all. I don't believe that that was the intent: again, no such intent was stated to the ratifiers, and the meaning of most of the terms used, even of "due process," is not wide-open but actually fairly clear. Because the result would be largely to abolish representative self-government, I would find such an intent only if it was stated in the clearest terms, and even then I would argue that a serious mistake had been made that should be corrected as soon as possible. One reason that the Fourteenth Amendment is not expressly confined to race is probably that it was intended to give Congress the power to protect white Republicans in the Reconstruction South.

Even accepting Mr. Mitchell's preference for stating that capital punishment is repeatedly "acknowledged" or "recognized explicitly," rather than "provided for," in the Constitution, it remains true, I think, that it is impossible to argue that the Constitution prohibits capital punishment. The apparent purpose of the Ninth Amendment was to foreclose the argument that the first eight amendments, by restricting certain federal exercises of power, might be taken to imply the existence of other federal powers. To suggest that it can be used to enhance the authority of the Court, an agency of the national government, to limit state power is surely to get the matter backward.

I am not in fact dissatisfied with all of the Supreme Court's policy choices, although I am not particularly qualified to discuss the merits of most of them, but I am continually amazed that so many of my intelligent and knowledgeable fellow citizens should be so ready to consign policy-making on fundamental social issues to a small band of electorally unaccountable lawyers, which is the net effect of Mr. Mitchell's arguments.

Christopher C. Faille argues that there is a basis in the text of the Constitution for judicial review, but only for "procedural," not substantive, review, which, as he says, makes for a very narrow power. The result of this argument might indeed be an improvement on our present situation, but I think that it has little historical support. In any event, the argument would strengthen rather than refute my claim that federalism is the best candidate for an overarching constitutional principle, because it would largely or completely free the states from Supreme Court supervision.

To Wallace M. Rudolph I can only restate my belief that what protects us from the terrible things he mentions is not the nine Justices of the Supreme Court—Madison warned of our placing our faith in mere "parchment barriers"—as much as the good sense and toleration of our fellow citizens, and I think it important that we be very aware of this fact. On the question of the legal rights of the American colonists after the Revolution, it is perhaps worth noting that every state had and has a constitution with various guarantees of rights. In my view "the reasonableness of state legislation" is ordinarily more a matter of judgment than of fact or objective certainty, and I happen to feel safer with the judgment of ordinary people, expressed through our political process, than with the judgment of a small supposed elite.

David A. Frolick is correct that criticism is unlikely to cause the Court to change course. Indeed, considering that the last six appointments to the Court were by Republican Presidents supposedly devoted to "strict construction," I am not optimistic that anything will change in the Court's course. Judicial activism, the major defect in our present system of government, may simply bring the American experiment in self-government to an end. Judicial review limited to enforcing the Constitution would, by definition, end judicial activism, but the enthusiasm of intellectuals for government by judges, illustrated by most of these letters, makes it unlikely this will happen. The main reason the Court has not been stopped despite the strong opposition of a large majority of the American people to many of its rulings is probably that the political program the Court has enacted has had the support of a sufficient number of Congressmen to defeat efforts to restrain the Court. Senator Kennedy, for example, was able successfully to filibuster to death a measure that would have limited the Court's power to order busing for school racial balance. The Court's liberal defenders have been aware that all of its decisions, good and bad, must be protected if the Court is to retain its power to override the popular will.

Ronald K.L. Collins has played the *Brown* card, the ace of trumps of defenders of judicial activism. Ever since *Brown* the devastating rebuttal to any criticism of the Court's usurping policy-making powers as to more and more issues has been simply to ask, "Then you disagree with *Brown*?" As I stated in my article, it is on this decision that modern judicial activism has been built, as if the case for representative self-government is so shaky that it can be refuted by pointing to a single successful move made by the judges. In my opinion, the Court was justified in holding in *Strauder* v. *West Virginia* in 1890 (invalidating a state law that excluded blacks from juries) that the Civil War Amendments taken together should be understood as prohibiting all state legislation discriminating against blacks, and *Brown* can be justified as an application of *Strauder*. The principal purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to provide protection to blacks against racial discrimination in basic civil rights, and the Fifteenth extended the protection to political rights. Judicial enforceability requires that the Fourteenth Amendment have a statable and understandable principle, and the principle that blacks should not be disadvantaged by the state because of race—as they were by compulsory segregation—seems the most justifiable choice. Further, it is not valid, in my view, to analogize the race issue to any other issue.

Far from ignoring what the Court did in its first 170 years, as H. Elliot Wales states, my article noted the Court's two most important invalidations of federal law during that time, its decisions dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allowing Congress's attempts to prohibit the extension of slavery to new areas and to prohibit racial discrimination in places of public accommodation. It is indeed true that the Court's unhelpful interventions in the political process did not begin with the Warren Court. It is hardly a defense of the abortion decisions that other state legislation has also been declared invalid; the problem with the Court's criminal-procedure decisions is not that the Court has protected defendants' rights but that it has imaginatively created new rights; that the Court first applied the religion clause of the First Amendment to the states prior to 1953 (*viz.* in 1947) does not change the fact that such application is unwarranted by the Constitution.

Let me point out to Herb Greer that I did not deny the power of the people to limit their government or even to limit their own power to rule; indeed, the article noted that constitutional limitations on majority rule may be justifiable. Limitations on popular rule are, however, undemocratic, as I understand that term, which of course is not to say that the purest form of democracy is necessarily the best form of government. My point is only that government by a committee of nine unelected and unremovable lawyers is surely one of the worst forms.

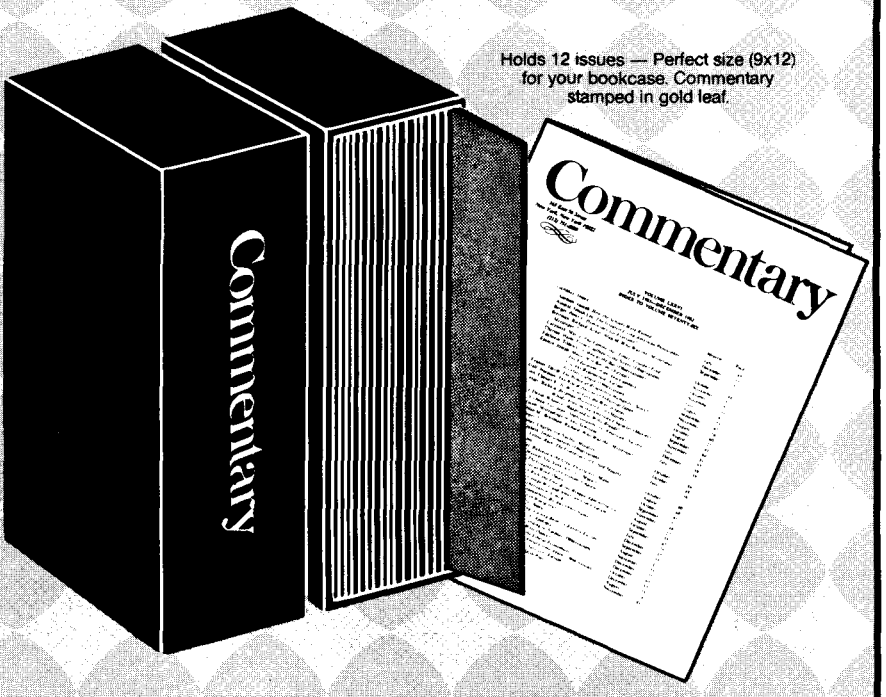
I thank Thomas A. Bustin for his letter and agree entirely with his observation that the current state of our criminal-justice system provides a striking demonstration of the dangers inherent in national policy-making by Supreme Court Justices. Caught up in the once-fashionable view that it is punishment that is the crime, the Court has been permitted to write and impose on the states a code of criminal procedure that has rendered their criminal-justice systems largely unworkable and disabled them from performing the first duty of government, to provide for the security of the citizen. Many people apparently feel safer and more free because of the Court's policy-making, but surely not while walking at night in the streets of our major cities.

Zionism

To the Editor of Commentary:

Perhaps the most distasteful thing about Edward Alexander's crass attack on me in his article

Special Offer to readers of Commentary



Holds 12 issues — Perfect size (9x12) for your bookcase. Commentary stamped in gold leaf.

Now, you can make a valuable addition to your library. Have all your issues of *Commentary* together in a single volume. An elegant practical way to have all your issues always available, together, at your fingertips. Your issues can be arranged in monthly order. No more misplaced magazines. Important articles and features of past issues will be found and referred to in seconds.

INCLUDED FREE, if you order now, a complete index to the previous year's *Commentary*. The index features an orderly listing of every article and every book reviewed over the course of the year. This index, together with the twelve issues of *Commentary* to which it relates, will truly make your *Commentary* slipcase an all-in-one reference service.

Commentary
165 East 56th Street, New York, NY 10022

Please send me ____ Commentary Slipcase(s). Price $8.00 each; 2 for $15. My check (or money order) is enclosed. I understand that I will also receive a free index to the previous year's issues.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Allow four weeks for delivery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Liberalism and Zionism" [February] is that he has forced me to take up the most unimaginable distortions of my book, *The Tragedy of Zionism*—I mean for the sake of people who might interpret silence on my part as a kind of concession to the truth. . . .

Mr. Alexander [has found] a new enemy, . . . an American Jew who came to know Israel at first hand, but who blamed the country, not himself, for his "fail[ure] to become an Israeli." In becoming an enemy, he underwent a virtual "deconversion from Zionism," a transformation entailing a view of the Jews as "a small people, but a nasty one," a view of Zionism as "the devil's own experiment," and a "visceral loathing" for the Jewish religion. And once a man becomes an enemy of Israel, how will he "slumber [or] sleep"? So a book was written, *The Tragedy of Zionism*, which not only defames the Jewish state, but condemns American Jews for admiring it. (Actually, the book is a barely disguised effort to "assuage personal disappointment.")

Now, I confess that writing my book about Zionism has given me a number of sleepless nights. But one does not have to read it with particular sympathy to wonder if Mr. Alexander is not being hysterical on purpose. What I wrote, plainly, was that my wife and I esteemed Israel—its dynamic Hebrew culture and diverse people—much more when we left than when we came. Twice, I had flown there to volunteer in time of war. Leaving was not a matter of "failure," or as Mr. Alexander mocks, of missing English-language television. We returned to America, rather, because we realized that we loved America more, loved English more than Hebrew, loved each other in English more than in Hebrew.

American Jews may be stirred by "*Hatikvah*" and the more stirred by Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man." If Mr. Alexander thinks there is a contradiction here, he might ask himself if his own feelings about living in Israel are as settled as he would have us believe.

What, then, is the "tragedy" of Zionism? Obviously, my book's thesis is too much for this letter. But I never meant the word "tragedy" to be taken in its philistine sense, which, for all his Greek, is the only sense Mr. Alexander understands. I meant my title to call attention to the way people and movements never quite anticipate the forces their actions unleash; that their central purposes may be confounded in part by their own creations.

My general point is that a number of the myths and institutions of the Zionist revolution have never been retired, though it is now some 37 years after Israel was founded. Thus, the ideal of *hityashvut* (that is, of securing the Jewish nation through settlement of *Eretz Yisrael*), the loans and electoral system of the Jewish Agency, the land regulations of the Jewish National Fund, the legal designation "Jew" connected to the Law of Return—all of these things, which were once so necessary to forge a Hebrew-speaking nation, are now a fetter on the democratic state historical Zionism finally became. One does not have to leave Israel if one accepts this thesis: consider Hillel Halkin's respectful review of my book in the March issue of *Hadassah* magazine.

Presumably in response to my book Mr. Alexander accuses me of having a "limited mind." Of course I *do* have a limited mind, which is why I did not write the book he would have written, nor, for that matter, the one [*The Siege*] that Conor Cruise O'Brien actually wrote. It is precisely the limits of minds that make democratic principles so necessary, in Israel as everywhere else. Still, Mr. Alexander's various pokes do not nearly get at the limits of my argument. Perhaps he might have done better had he quoted a whole sentence from the book here and there, or even several sentences together. I will deal only with the truly interesting distortions, and the shameful ones.

• Am I really "typically" wrong that the Eastern European Jews did not like the feel of emancipation under Napoleon? Mr. Alexander quotes Czar Nicholas's diary to the effect that, "surprisingly," Jews were "loyal" to Russia, and explains that their loyalty sprang from a desire to maintain "traditional religious observance"; it is only my loathing for Judaism, apparently, which blinds me to this. In fact, Mr. Alexander's rush to contradict my every word demeans the yearnings of Eastern Jewry, whose sympathies for the Napoleonic occupation (especially in Poland between 1807 and 1812) were as well known to Czar Nicholas as, eventually, to the historians Dubnow and Graetz. Mr. Alexander quotes from Nicholas's diary about Jews *who had never lived under French occupation*, but who defended the czarist regime during Napoleon's drive on Moscow in 1812.

One such Jew, the founder of Habad Hasidism, Shneur Zalman of Lyady, said of Napoleon's attack: if he wins, the better for the Jews, if he loses the better for Judaism. Obviously, Mr. Alexander thinks much of this touching simplification. The point, however, is that Shneur Zalman's style of thinking never left much room for the *Haskalah*, the Jewish enlightenment, without which Zionism (let alone COMMENTARY) would have been inconceivable. Cultural Zionists such as Ahad Ha-Am believed, rather, that the relation of *halakhah*, Jewish religious law, to national emancipation was subtle and dialectical. True, Zionists *needed* Orthodox Judaism to get Hebrew, classical texts, midrashic literature, and so forth; the Rabbis were a foil against which they defined themselves. However, to say, as Mr. Alexander does, that Ahad Ha-Am's disciple Chaim Weizmann was thus "essentially a religious Jew" (worse, to infer from this that, like Mr. Alexander, Weizmann would have acquiesced in the rule of *halakhah*) is really a travesty. It was his rejection of *halakhah* that made Weizmann a Zionist and, as a Zionist, he strongly believed that the Jewish state should be a secular democracy. (Weizmann wrote: "There must not be one law for the Jews and another for the Arabs. . . .")

As for me, Mr. Alexander is right that I would have been rooting for Napoleon. If this amounts to a loathing for Jewish religion, I am pleased how it is kept under control when I attend weekly *minyan*; and relieved that the Solomon Schechter Day School is teaching my children to hate Judaism as much as I do.

• I did not allude to the Feisal-Weizmann Agreement to "ascrib[e] moderation to Israel's enemies." I referred to the agreement and other diplomatic initiatives (e.g., to Weizmann's acceptance of British proposals for a Legislative Council in the 1920's) to show the great lengths to which the Zionists were prepared to go to accommodate the Arab side.

• Though Mr. Alexander no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubt considers it an embarrassment to associate Zionist aims with Marxist principles, I'm afraid Ben-Gurion did not. Still, I certainly did not depict the Histadrut simply as a "dictatorship of the proletariat." I explained at some length that the founding of the Histadrut in 1920 was part of Ben-Gurion's and Katznelson's effort to preempt those radical elements of the Third "Ascent" or *Aliyah* who wanted to import the Soviet model wholesale. Mapai, it is true, eventually came to rely on a style of leadership resembling "democratic centralism." This was necessary for Zionism's victory in the War of Independence, though—and this is another aspect of Zionism's tragedy—leaders of the Histadrut continued to protect the power of their syndicalist corporations in high-handed ways once the war was won. It was Histadrut's patronage that disillusioned many of the mainly Sephardi newcomers. (By the way, I did not write that Oriental Jews came to Israel with a "vivid understanding of the modern world's tribal and dark side." I wrote this of European Jews who had survived the Nazis.)

• I did not say that the Western democracies closed their doors to Jews only because of the economic depression. I took pains to show that the Fourth "Ascent" or *Aliyah*, mainly from Poland, was prompted by restrictive American immigration laws in the early 20's.

• I did not say that Labor Zionists hoped the Evian Conference would fail. I noted that Golda Myerson (Meir) reproached herself for being silent, that Zionists were not much better than anybody else in anticipating such things as death camps, and that, at times, the Mapai leadership understandably confused rescuing Jews with its own national and socialist aims.

• I did not say that Jewish forces were not heroic in the War of Independence. The sentence Mr. Alexander partially quotes ("Jewish forces outnumbered the combined strength of the Arab forces and Palestinian irregulars by 2-1—a fact which should dispel misty notions about how courage alone vanquished the Arab Goliath") was part of a large discussion of the guile with which Ben-Gurion organized the IDF between the summer and fall of 1948. As to my figure, two Jewish fighters for every Arab soldier, Ben-Gurion had some 90,000 Jews under arms by October. The Arabs, by Mr. Alexander's own admission, never committed more than 40,000 troops. If Mr. Alexander needs a source for something so well known, he might consult Howard Sachar's *A History of Israel*, p. 339.

• I made no defense of Yasir Arafat in my book. I called him a "thug" who proved incapable of taking up the historic opportunity laid at his feet. I have myself lost members of my immediate family to Palestinian terrorists.

My point about Arafat is that he was not an important leader in 1968, and that Moshe Dayan greatly erred in not encouraging the evolution of an independent West Bank leadership when he had the chance. Shimon Peres is trying this today and it may be too late. Moreover, to think King Hussein and Arafat the same kind of adversary is absurd. Peres has met with Hussein to coordinate strategy. Hussein has accepted, and has tried hard to get Arafat to accept, UN Resolution 242, the one which calls for exchanging "land for peace."

Of course, it is Mr. Alexander who does not accept this principle. The specter of monolithic Arab enmity provides a convenient cover.

• In no place in *The Tragedy of Zionism* do I depict (or favorably cite Israeli writers who depict) Israelis as Nazis.

Finally, Mr. Alexander charges that I inhabit a "mental world" with Meir Kahane. Like Kahane, he says, I think that the opposition of democracy and Zionism is "inevitable and Manichean." In endorsing the right of a Jew to marry a non-Jew, I am "obsessed" with "forbidden fruit."

A moment's thought, however, and another question suggests itself. Given Mr. Alexander's view that *halakhic* Judaism is permanent to the makeup of the state, his commitment to annexing "Judea and Samaria," his view of Israeli diplomacy as nothing but a response to "siege," his view of all Arabs as intractable enemies, his enthusiasm for historic Jews who, given the choice, "preferred their traditional religious observance under a tyrant to emancipation under the aegis of French Enlightenment"—given all these attitudes, just why does he consider Kahane such bad company?

Of course, his comparison is contrived. Zionism, in my view, prompts a sense of history: it implies the career of noble ideas which endeavored to cope with difficult times; many ideas, which competed to create a unified movement, which finally brought off a successful revolution—whose legacy, tragically, is now a weight on the state it engendered. For Kahane, in contrast, but also for Mr. Alexander, "Zionism" is something ahistorical and sacred: an extreme and messianic nationalism which would bend the Jewish state out of any shape Weizmann would have recognized.

In telling us to reject Weizmann's liberalism, Mr. Alexander nevertheless calls for a "Judaism freely and variously interpreted." But how to reject the former and attain the latter? More importantly, can Israeli Jews refuse to examine Jewish texts or laws in light of liberal perceptions—values for which, Mr. Alexander forgets, good people also "live and, if need be, die"—and still come up with an idea of what a just state looks like? Of course not. Which is why some scholars at the law school of Tel Aviv University (Mr. Alexander's own) are now working on a new draft constitution. Which is why the Van Leer Jerusalem Foundation, which Mr. Alexander slurs, publishes its unsettling studies of attitudes among Israeli youth, even at the risk (and, no doubt, there is one) of complicating the work of Israel's defenders in Washington.

Ahad Ha-Am found Herzl patronizing in the way he defined Zionism merely as a response to anti-Semitism; the scholars at Van Leer seem to find it patronizing to be told that Israel's current difficulties are to be viewed merely in terms of siege. It matters, after all, not only what Gentiles (or Palestinians) think, but what Jews do. So American Jews, indeed all Americans, ought to understand that Israel is a state, not a revolutionary movement. And this means, among others things, that it is no longer possible to be, simply, a supporter "of Israel." Now, there is support for Israelis such as those at the Van Leer Foundation, or support for Israelis such as Edward Alexander—not a hard choice, really, but one that has to be made.

BERNARD AVISHAI
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Loud and sustained applause for Edward Alexander's excellent "Liberalism and Zionism," which bluntly and plainly exposes Bernard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avishai's *The Tragedy of Zionism* for the nonsense that it is. Though it is hard to find anything to criticize in the article, I wish Mr. Alexander had been more explicit on one point. One of the central problems in the West's view of the Arab world is that to be considered moderate, an Arab leader or state need not actually behave with moderation, but must simply be able to point to other Arabs who are more extreme.

As a result, we hear references to "moderate" Arab states—invariably including Saudi Arabia, whose leaders publicly vow to "cleanse Jerusalem of the Jews"—and, worse, to "moderate" factions of the PLO, usually including the same Al Fatah that was responsible for the Maalot and Munich massacres, although the latter under cover of a more "extreme" front....

JOEL ROSENBERG
New Haven, Connecticut

EDWARD ALEXANDER writes:

As a believer in the humanistic ideal of self-correction, I welcome Bernard Avishai's attempt, halting though it be, to surmount the ordinary self that he displayed in *The Tragedy of Zionism* in favor of some better self toward which he seems to aspire in his letter of apologia; and I am even grateful for the slight modulation in tone from the supercilious style of the book to the lachrymose style of parts of the letter. Still, having written a book that advocates the "retirement" of Zionism in favor of democracy, a book whose pivotal chapter is called "Democracy or Zionism?," a book insisting that "Zionism is tragically obsolete," a book full of bizarre lucubrations about the inherently undemocratic nature of the Hebrew language, it is a little awkward for Mr. Avishai now to claim that he wanted only to retire "a number of the myths and institutions of the Zionist revolution." This is as if a man were to write a book advocating the "retirement" of democracy in favor of monarchy and then to claim, retrospectively, that all he had in mind was the scrapping of outdated schemes of plural voting and proportional representation.

I am too conscious of the difficulties of *aliyah* to underestimate them, and I should be the very last person to cast aspersions on people (of whom there have been many thousands in this century) who fail in this effort—*unless* they blame that failure on Israel and, instead of leaving quietly, smugly interpret weaknesses to which we are all susceptible as signs of their own superior virtue. Jonathan Swift said of his satire that he always "spared a hump, or crooked nose,/Whose owners set not up for beaux." How is it possible for Mr. Avishai to treat Zionists as "personifications of their ideologies," to dismiss political Zionists like Herzl as people who "had tried to assimilate and . . . failed," and yet to be shocked when readers remark on the ironically revealing relation between his refusal to admit that any "American Jews have failed Zionism" and his announcement, in the very next sentence, that the time has now arrived to bury Zionism?

I will not presume to speak for Hillel Halkin, whose "respectful review" of his book Mr. Avishai invokes in order to establish for himself a kind of innocence by association. But I will note that this "respectful review" says that Mr. Avishai's insistence on the antithesis between democracy and any variety of Zionism as well as his other criticisms of Israel "serve . . . to justify his failure to live there today."

The longest segment of Mr. Avishai's letter attempts to explain his erroneous statement that Czar Nicholas I "had been dismayed by Jewish sympathies for Napoleon's occupation." I noted that in his diary Nicholas wrote that the Jews of (White) Russia had in 1812 been "very loyal to us and assisted us in every possible way even at the risk of their own lives." By way of ironing out this little discrepancy, Mr. Avishai now hints that the Jews by whom Nicholas was "dismayed" were not Russian but Polish, and that their dismaying Napoleonic sympathies were "well known" to Nicholas from 1807 (when he was all of eleven years old). Unfortunately for this thesis, as Dubnow notes, the single instance of Nicholas's interest in the Jews prior to his accession in 1825 is the 1816 diary entry from which I quoted.

Mr. Avishai seeks further to extenuate his error by claiming, first, that if there were indeed many Russian Jews who preferred czarist to Napoleonic rule (and that is all I asserted), they were wrong to do so because Bernard Avishai would never have been guilty of such "touching simplification"; second, that I referred to Chaim Weizmann as "essentially a religious Jew"; and third, that Mr. Avishai sends his children to the Solomon Schechter Day School. All these desperate stratagems exemplify Thomas Hobbes's saying that when reason is against a man, a man will be against reason. Despite his ardent devotion to "history" rather than to the "ahistorical and sacred," Mr. Avishai does not hesitate, when it suits him, to substitute what he takes to be super-historical truth for historical fact. Since he "would have been rooting for Napoleon," hasidic Jews ought not, in 1812, to have been "rooting" for the other side, and I ought never to have mentioned that they were.

Although the central principle of Mr. Avishai's epistemology is that "the subjective feelings of the people who came to call themselves Palestinians" should determine Israeli domestic and foreign policy, the "subjective feelings" of religious Jews are to be deemed of no account whatever. Besides, who can feel imaginative sympathy with people so unenlightened as not to have foreseen the blessings that would rain down upon the Jews from the legacy of Napoleon? Hannah Arendt, describing the unrelenting antipathy of 19th-century French leftist movements to Jews, wrote: "The representatives of the Age of Enlightenment who prepared the French Revolution despised the Jews as a matter of course. . . . The only articulate friends of the Jews in France were conservative writers who denounced anti-Jewish attitudes as 'one of the favorite theses of the 18th century.'" Is this why Mr. Avishai wants Israeli children to spend their days and nights studying the Enlightenment rather than what he calls "the tribes of Israel"? I applaud him for sending his children to the Solomon Schechter Day School, but if he had reported the fact in his book I should have asked why he thinks his children should be nourished by the rich fruit of the Hebrew Bible and Maimonides while the children of Israel are to be fed with stale crusts from Voltaire and Marx and the Marquis de Sade.

Did I say that Weizmann was "essentially a religious Jew"? The text of my article I have in front of me says that "[Conor Cruise] O'Brien . . . insists that Jewish nationalism drew its ultimate strength from the Jewish religion and that even Ben-Gurion and Weizmann were . . . essentially re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ligious Jews." Did I advocate a state ruled according to *halakhah*? It would surely come as a welcome surprise to my religious-nationalist friends to learn that I have at last come around on this point, but no such statement is to be found in my article.

The problem here is not just that Mr. Avishai is not overly scrupulous in his ascriptions, or that he is incapable of understanding O'Brien's subtle demonstration of how there are innumerable sacrednesses in what appears to be secularity, or Irving Howe's argument that for Jews at the end of the last century, "faith abandoned could still be a far more imperious presence than new creeds adopted." What really prompts Mr. Avishai to impute extreme positions to his opponents is the belated desire to cover the nakedness of his own extremism. His book's quarrel is not merely with *halakhah* but with Jewishness in Israel. "Revolutionary Zionist obligations, like old *halakhic* norms," he writes, "repressed individual life." His relentless basilisk eye searches out the Jewish taint even in the "brilliant" Shulamith Aloni and Lova Eliav, who despite being "radical libertarians" have failed to call into question their Jewish assumptions: "a Jewish majority, the eminence of Hebrew culture, *aliyah*." In her review of Mr. Avishai's book, Marie Syrkin correctly pointed out that it was expressive of "the pathology that gags only at Jewish nationalism." Will Mr. Avishai soon reveal that Marie Syrkin too "acquiesces in the rule of *halakhah*"?

I did not accuse Mr. Avishai of failing to mention the 1924 change in American immigration policy, as he does in a single sentence, but of incorrectly identifying the motive for North American refusal to accept Jewish immigrants: "Non-Zionist Jews," he wrote, "had been impelled to consider emigrating to Palestine only after the United States and Canada, in the depths of economic depression, were closed to them." I grant that he does not exactly say Labor Zionists hoped the Evian Conference would fail, only that "the Mapai leadership... were apprehensive that the conference might succeed" well enough to weaken Lord Peel's case for settling Jews in Palestine, that the new Jewish polity "did not do itself much credit at Evian," and that Ben-Gurion preferred to save half the Jewish children of Europe by settlement in Palestine than all of them by settlement in Britain.

Mr. Avishai has not yet awakened to the indecency of discussing the *yishuv*'s struggle for survival in 1948 in strictly numerical terms ("2-1"), an indecency aggravated, not lessened, by his reference to members of his own family who have fallen. If that epithet "misty" is not meant to convey contempt for Israelis' pride in their or their fathers' courage, then it is a remarkable failure of literary tact, especially for a professor of writing, as is the subsequent statement that "examples of outstanding defense against high odds . . . were few and far between."

As for the numbers themselves, and without regard to how many of those "numbers" were newly arrived immigrants bearing psychological and physical burdens slightly heavier than that of having to decide what language to make love in, the standard military history is that of Colonel Trevor N. Dupuy, (*Elusive Victory*, 1978), who gives the following summary: "In early 1948 the combined total of Arab forces about to be committed to 'liberate' Palestine . . . was at most 40,000 men. . . . At this time, the Jews . . . numbered about 30,000 men under arms, another 10,000 (admittedly short of modern small arms . . .) ready for immediate mobilization in local defense, and behind them about 25,000 more trained men in a home guard. . . . Serious, however, was the Jews' almost complete lack of heavy weapons, armor, and combat aircraft."

Mr. Avishai boldly asserts that "In no place in *The Tragedy of Zionism* do I depict (or favorably cite Israeli writers who depict) Israelis as Nazis." In no place in my essay did I allege that Mr. Avishai himself depicted Israelis as Nazis. What I did say was that he showed an inordinate fondness for Israeli writers who do this. Two examples should suffice to show how great a lapse of memory Mr. Avishai has suffered. Amos Elon is for Mr. Avishai one of the "moral voices" of Israel; he quotes Elon frequently and always with approval. On p. 313 he favorably cites Elon's equation of the Israelis of the 1980's with the Germans of the 1930's, who "became accustomed to recognizing only force and violence." And is it possible that Mr. Avishai has already forgotten Elon's infamous outburst (quoted in the Jerusalem *Post*, May 2, 1982) regarding the alleged censorship of books by the Israeli military government? "It's all part of the preparations for a fascist regime! Soon we'll have it all, concentration camps as well as the burning of the books."

The claim that he never favorably cites Israeli writers who depict Israelis as Nazis will come as a considerable surprise to those who recall Mr. Avishai's fulsome praise of the playwright Chanoch Levin for "openly defying the government's pieties," especially in what Mr. Avishai gingerly refers to as "Levin's bitterly comic play *The Patriot*," which he disingenuously describes as if it were an Israeli version of *All My Sons*. In fact, *The Patriot* became the first Israeli play ever to have been banned in its entirety by the Film and Theater Censorship Board—not, as Mr. Avishai alleges, because it accused Israeli adults of profiteering from their children's wars, and not even because of such slight indelicacies as depicting Sabbath candles as instruments for burning Arabs, but because of a scene in which the Patriot must kick an Arab shoeshine boy to maintain the "standards" of Jewish settlers, a scene which ends with the boy cowering before the Patriot's gun, in a clear reference, recognized by nearly every reviewer, to the famous picture of a Jewish boy in Europe cowering before the Nazis. This is why *Ha'aretz*, though it opposed censorship, concluded that this "comic" play "seriously harms the basic values of the nation, the state, and Judaism." The "limited mind" of which Mr. Avishai boasts cannot encompass the idea that any healthy polity, especially a democratic one, needs principles of permanence as well as principles of progression.

From my lack of sympathy for his desire to repartition Palestine, Mr. Avishai's febrile imagination derives my opposition to Resolution 242, my belief in "monolithic Arab enmity," a "commitment to annexing 'Judea and Samaria,'" and the view that Israeli diplomacy should be only a response to siege. If Mr. Avishai would read 242 with more care than he gives to other documents, he would find that it does not entail exchanging a little bit of territory for a little bit of peace and does not oblige Israel to make any territorial concessions until there is a firm commitment for peace. Eugene Rostow, who helped to draft 242, has written that it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can be satisfied by any one of a number of solutions, *except* the one toward which Mr. Avishai's arguments lead: "The Resolution," says Rostow, "rejects the notion of a third Palestinian State within the Palestinian mandate territory." Since Mr. Avishai has either forgotten or does not know that the Jewish right of settlement in Judea and Samaria created by the Mandate belongs to the Jewish people, not the state of Israel, he concludes that anyone who affirms this right believes in annexation.

Neither I nor Conor Cruise O'Brien anywhere suggests that awareness of the fact of siege should be the sole determinant of Israeli diplomacy. What O'Brien says, and what I say, is that Panglossian professors who believe that Israel can dissolve the enmity of its Arab neighbors by adopting Enlightenment principles in place of Jewish ones are hallucinating moderation in Israel's enemies. They are descendants of the Chelm rabbi of I.L. Peretz's story ("The *Shabbes-Goy*") who, after his intellectual ingenuity is exhausted in trying to explain why the *shabbes-goy* keeps on beating an inoffensive Jew named Yankele, decides to appease the criminal by buying him off with a larger portion of the Sabbath loaf and two drinks of brandy instead of one: "Perhaps then he'll have compassion!"

Joel Rosenberg's shrewd letter offers a more incisive analysis than can I of Mr. Avishai's reverence for Hussein's ability to create the impression of concessiveness without ever conceding anything: "To be considered a moderate, an Arab leader or state need not actually behave with moderation, but must simply be able to point to other Arabs who are more extreme." Yes, it is important to recognize that Jordan's constitution, unlike the PLO's, does not make destruction of Israel its *raison d'être*; but it is equally important to recognize that someone who has consistently refused to negotiate with Israel, who has rejected the Allon Plan for eighteen years, and who has in the past enjoined his subjects to "kill Jews wherever you find them, with your hands, with your nails and teeth" may be suspected, even if he doesn't belong to the PLO, of a certain lack of charity in the Jewish direction.

I did not write that Mr. Avishai left Israel because of "missing American television." His own utterance on this subject is grotesque enough without exaggeration by me, and I gladly repeat it: "We became increasingly convinced that we were living among foreigners. . . . I remember watching American and British programs in the kibbutz lounge, feeling panic, like one in exile: my home, alas, seemed more with the dissolving images on the screen than with the comrades . . . next to me." I don't see the relevance to his decision to leave of Mr. Avishai's touching tale of three loves threatened by Zion, unless, patriotic American that he is, he has really taken to heart that sentence in the Declaration of Independence that endows him with an inalienable right to "the pursuit of happiness."

If, at the time of the concluding *Neilah* prayer on the day of judgment, he is asked what he did, in his professional capacity, to sustain the people Israel and their collective representative the state of Israel, Mr. Avishai has to reply, "I wrote articles supporting the Van Leer Foundation," I wish him good luck.

Reinhold Niebuhr

To the Editor of Commentary:

I appreciate Richard John Neuhaus's decision to "strain to be fair" in his review of my *Reinhold Niebuhr: A Biography* [Books in Review, March]. But I think he falls short of his goal: he gets the book wrong in several ways, and misconstrues some of Niebuhr's views in the process. First to the latter. Niebuhr would be surprised to learn that in "later" life he became a "principled" anti-Communist. He was always a principled anti-Communist. One can certainly trace shifts in the intensity of his concern about Communism. But if Mr. Neuhaus is going to trace those shifts he really shouldn't quit with what he calls Niebuhr's "vigorous" anti-Communism of the early cold war. He should add that by the 1960's Niebuhr had softened considerably and become a dove on Vietnam—much to the alarm of some other Christian "realists," who thought him naive about the threat of Asian Communism. We must strain to be fair to the mature Niebuhr, and not freeze his development at whichever point we may happen to prefer.

Mr. Neuhaus takes me to task for allegedly asserting that Niebuhr believed there was "no salvation apart from the life of political commitment." But he takes me out of context: I said that "Niebuhrian" followers of Niebuhr, whatever their other disagreements, united on the bedrock conviction that while there was no ultimate fulfillment in politics, there was no salvation apart from political engagement. Of course Niebuhr believed that apolitical monks performed a significant Christian witness, as I made clear in the book. That did not keep him from damning them even as he praised them: whenever he lauded the purity of their gospel witness he took pains to emphasize their historical "irresponsibility." To be sure, Christians who withdrew from society could be "saved" in Niebuhr's view —though "salvation" for him was a much more mythological category than it appears to be for Mr. Neuhaus. But the point is that perfectionist Christians never called themselves Niebuhrians, and the latter was the only group I was speaking about.

Mr. Neuhaus makes a serious misstatement about Niebuhr's classic *Moral Man and Immoral Society* when he asserts that the book underlined "the inescapability of violence" in the social struggle. As my analysis stressed, the book was in fact a forceful challenge to the common radical notion that violence was inescapable. What Niebuhr argued was that violence could not in principle be ruled out as an ethical strategy. In the concrete case of 30's America, he believed the working-class movement could and should rule it out.

On Niebuhr's final years Mr. Neuhaus exaggerates Niebuhr's disability by calling him an "invalid" between 1956 and his death in 1971. Then he claims it is I who draw a "pathetic" portrait of a man in decline. My account shows that Niebuhr was extraordinarily active and engaged for a man suffering serious physical and emotional ills. Mr. Neuhaus also badly garbles Niebuhr's distinctions among the terms tragedy, pathos, and irony. His final years could not have been "tragic," in his sense, since he did not consciously choose his fate. Niebuhr frequently viewed his last years in "pathetic" terms, even as he strove to interpret them "ironically"—that is, from a perspective that allowed a person to persevere faithfully in the face of an unchosen misfortune.

It is very strange that Mr. Neu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haus—who believes I condescend to my subject by supposing that I know Niebuhr's mind better than Niebuhr did—is able to speculate that "the sadness of the last years may derive not from his no longer being able to do what he had chosen to do but from his doubt as to whether he had chosen well." Mr. Neuhaus claims to have "ample evidence" for this hypothesis in Niebuhr's "mature writings," but does not let on what it is. It would seem a lot simpler to take Niebuhr at his word, as expressed in his letters. He was depressed by his incapacity to speak and write with his former flourish.

Mr. Neuhaus upbraids me for not taking Niebuhr at his word when he said (in the 1950's) he was "embarrassed" about a biography advertising his significance. He ought to give us a bit more context. Niebuhr had encouraged June Bingham to do the biography, then suddenly and inexplicably, after she had done a great deal of research, ordered her to stop it. Was it enough for him to explain such an action by appealing to his sense of embarrassment? I think not. He owed Bingham a deeper apology, and he owed himself a deeper scrutiny of his own actions.

I am astounded that Mr. Neuhaus reads my book as a "near-total politicizing" of Niebuhr, as a reduction of Niebuhr to an opportunistic seeker after the "main chance." I think Mr. Neuhaus misses the boat egregiously here. I believe the book underscores Niebuhr's religious spirit, while showing that it was always tightly linked to his secular and political sensibility. Mr. Neuhaus seeks to rescue a religious Niebuhr from the clutches of a worldly Niebuhr, but the two are not separable. One can of course make a separate study of Niebuhr's "theology" if one wants. But even a theological account will err seriously if it abstracts his thought from his politics. Mr. Neuhaus yearns for an analysis of Niebuhr's ideas "on their own terms," but does not sense the complexity of that apparently simple phrase. As Niebuhr insisted, ideas are always historically and culturally rooted. Yes, even ideas of God. In his theology, Niebuhr was much closer to Ernst Troeltsch and Paul Tillich than he was to the orthodox or neo-orthodox thinkers who radically distinguished between God and our ideas about God.

Mr. Neuhaus gets all the mileage he can out of the pretentious phrase "definitive biography," which my publisher put on the dust-jacket and which other reviewers have used. He might have added, if he was straining to be fair, that my preface makes no such claim, and renounces the very concept of a definitive biography: every writer's perspective is partial and is bound to be transcended. The irony is that Mr. Neuhaus himself defends the concept while denying that my book fits the bill. His assumption that some day there will be a definitive biography seems to me a stark revelation of an absolutist frame of mind that is, among other things, extremely un-Niebuhrian.

RICHARD WIGHTMAN FOX
Reed College
Portland, Oregon

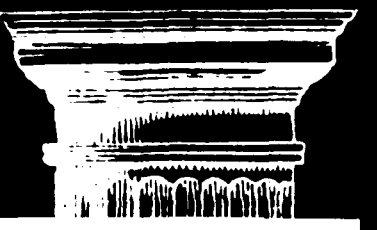
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Poor Reinhold Niebuhr, much abused football in the current game of of redefining the spectrum of political discourse! Claimed by both Right and (some of the) Left, his life and its retelling are now the vehicles for praising and condemning one's political friends and adversaries. Unfortunately, this state of affairs serves the purposes neither of biography nor of clarity about our current options. Richard John Neuhaus's review of Richard Wightman Fox's new biography is a case in point.

At least Mr. Neuhaus does talk about the book, rather than simply tell of his own encounters with Niebuhr, as has been the temptation of most reviewers. He is right that with only a few significant exceptions Fox does not delve very deeply into Niebuhr's ideas, although it is also clear that Mr. Neuhaus is uncomfortable with what Fox has to say about how the early Niebuhr would have reacted to the ideas of the later Niebuhr. And Mr. Neuhaus is right that the book's shortcomings as intellectual history are in part the result of Fox's less than full appreciation of Niebuhr's theological animus.

But Mr. Neuhaus clearly overdraws the case with his closing snipe that links Fox with Morton White's "atheists for Niebuhr." In fact, one of Fox's more thoughtful passages indicates how White had no ear for Niebuhr's work. One suspects that the same could be said for those, like Mr. Neuhaus, who approach Niebuhr from the

1986
SUMMER
SEMINARS
IN JUDAIC
STUDIES



THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE
ACADEMY FOR
JEWISH STUDIES
Offers
A VACATION WITH A PURPOSE
Enrich your Mind • Delight your eyes
Refresh your spirit

Co-Sponsored by
Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, NY
July 6 – 11
Jewish Culture:
Problems and Promises
July 13 – 18
Varieties of Judaism
in the Hellenistic Period
July 20 – 25
Anti-Semitism from Antiquity
to the Present Day

Williams College
Williamstown, MA
July 27 – August 1
The World of Yiddish
August 17 – 22
Exploring the Foundations
of Judaism
A JEWISH FAMILY EXPERIENCE
Fee of $340.00 covers room, meals
and facilities.
Send coupon for additional information.

ACADEMY FOR JEWISH STUDIES
165 East 56 Street • New York, N.Y. 10022
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
or call
(212) 751-4000, ext. 434

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right and appropriate his talk on realism about the use of power but studiedly ignore his criticism of American power and the appalling injustices of capitalism—points made by Niebuhr throughout the so-called "turn to the Right" of the postwar years.

In this regard, the most startling and revealing complaint from Mr. Neuhaus goes after Fox for second-guessing Niebuhr's motives, as when Fox points out that Niebuhr's stance as the hard-boiled prophet of the cold war made him the man of the hour and the cover picture for *Time*'s 25th-anniversary issue. Mr. Neuhaus sees the marks of a disgruntled liberal in Fox's account which portrays a subtle mixture of altruistic and self-aggrandizing impulses at work in even Niebuhr's most sublime achievements. But in fact, one simply could not ask for a more Niebuhrian account of Niebuhr, or a better display of the *self-searching* quality of Niebuhrian realism. Mr. Neuhaus might look at Niebuhr's published diary notes from the 20's, his scattered autobiographical statements, or the introduction to his last book in the 60's if he wishes to see such confessions from Niebuhr's own hand.

Along the same line, it is no accident that Mr. Neuhaus misstates Niebuhr's concept of irony (from *The Irony of American History*) as "the evil and unintended consequence of noble intention." He leaves out Niebuhr's point that the evil was the result of unconscious, often self-concealed, and not excusable, vice, the inevitable accompaniment of power and pride such as America had and now has in abundance. Niebuhr's realism looked at the evil still at work in the best of men and political systems. He was deeply suspicious of any claims to final truth, including his own and his country's.

The claim that Niebuhr is the founding father of today's neoconservative movement, explicit in much of Michael Novak's work and implicit in Mr. Neuhaus's review, would be more accurate and more comforting if these would-be descendants showed some sense of Niebuhr's lasting demand for self-criticism and egalitarian justice, especially with regard to America as it contends against the perversions of Communism. This, after all, is the real problem with the pretentious political discourse of the present moment. There is only the conservative anti-Communism which Niebuhr abhorred, and the Left's sentimentality and will-to-believe that he so thoroughly castigated; there is a resurgence of the laissez-faire philosophy that Niebuhr thought he had buried and an awakening of the individualistic piety that Niebuhr consistently ridiculed. What's missing is the liberal realism and liberal anti-Communism that were the work of the —like him or not—mature Niebuhr. Niebuhr could bemoan the spread of Communism in China, and still see that supporting Chiang was morally and pragmatically stupid. And he could tell those who called him and Dean Acheson appeasers to go to hell. Today the name-callers are in office and giving speeches on Nicaragua.

Who knows? Perhaps the neoconservatives will so praise Niebuhr that their students will actually go back and read him. The tough ones—those capable of agonizing over the strange mixture of good and evil in history—will find a challenge and a guide. . . .

RUSSELL SIZEMORE
Brighton, Massachusetts

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS writes:

Richard Wightman Fox has eight complaints, as I count them, about my review of his book. He suggests I misrepresented Reinhold Niebuhr's "principled anti-Communism." I am well aware that Niebuhr opposed U.S. policies in Vietnam, as did I, and as I had occasion to discuss with Niebuhr at the time. His opposition was not because he had "softened considerably" on Communism but because he had concluded that U.S. policies in Vietnam were mistaken and ineffective in combating Communism. It was a view that many people, rightly or wrongly, shared at the time.

On the question of whether Niebuhr believed there is salvation apart from "the life of political commitment," Mr. Fox asserts (page ix) that it is "the bedrock conviction" of "all Niebuhrians" that there is not. If Mr. Fox believes, as he now suggests, that Niebuhr and "all Niebuhrians" differ on this critical point, he will perhaps make that clear in his second edition. In my judgment, neither Niebuhr nor all Niebuhrians believe that there is "no salvation apart from the life of political commitment."

As to whether Niebuhr thought "salvation" to be "a much more mythological category" than I do, in 1967 Niebuhr wrote of his confidence that individual selfhood "is subsumed in the counsels of God and enters the mystery of immortality by personal relation to the divine." I can—I hope I forever will—live with that.

On the matter of violence, I was not speaking of radical proponents of the class struggle, but explicitly wrote that "Niebuhr did rock his *pacifist* allies with his emphasis on the inescapability of violence" (emphasis added). On whether I "exaggerate[d] Niebuhr's disability" in his last years by calling him an invalid, I refer Mr. Fox, although I should not have to do so, to Niebuhr's 1967 essay, "A View from the Sidelines," in which Niebuhr three times refers to himself as an "invalid" and once as "crippled." That accords with my personal observation of Niebuhr at the time. I agree with Mr. Fox that, given his condition, Niebuhr was remarkably productive during the years in question.

I do not see that Mr. Fox and I disagree on Niebuhr's use of the terms tragedy, pathos, and irony. In his published sermons and prayers, and very explicitly in the aforementioned essay, there is indeed "ample evidence" for believing that Niebuhr may have had long second thoughts about his habitual choice of the primacy of the political in his life. The difference with Mr. Fox is that when I speculate that Niebuhr might have viewed his situation as tragic, I say that I am speculating. To be sure, it was tragedy accompanied by pathos, which is perfectly congruent with Niebuhr's use of these terms.

Mr. Fox is undoubtedly right that, when Niebuhr cancelled June Bingham's biographical project, "he owed Bingham a deeper apology, and he owed himself a deeper scrutiny of his own actions." But that does not warrant Mr. Fox's posthumously supplying that "deeper scrutiny" and stating his analytical explanation as fact. My point was that Niebuhr may later have been embarrassed by the idea of a biography and so changed his mind about the project. I brought up the subject only as one illustration among others of Mr. Fox's tendency to blur the line between speculation and fact, frequently in a manner unfavorable to Niebuhr. In his last years, Niebuhr wrote about his embarrassment in find-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing that "my moral teachings, which emphasized the mixture of self-regard and creativity in all human motives, had not been rigorously applied to my own motives." It is becoming in a biographer to recognize the severe limitations in doing for his subject what his subject did not do for himself.

Of course the theological Niebuhr and the political Niebuhr are not "separable." They are distinguishable, however. The first should not be collapsed into the second, as Mr. Fox tends to do throughout his book and does most egregiously in his conclusion. There Niebuhr is measured solely by reference to worldly influence rather than being placed in the tradition of theology and moral philosophy where he at least equally, and I believe chiefly, belongs. And of course Mr. Fox does not declare his own book to be the "definitive biography." I was disagreeing with those who do say it is that. The belief that there is such a thing as a definitive biography hardly reveals "an absolutist frame of mind." A definitive biography, I take it, is a definition of the subject so comprehensive, reliable, and authoritative that subsequent efforts must be measured by reference to it. Mr. Fox's *Reinhold Niebuhr* is not that, although I do wish he had taken more note of my saying that it is an "outstanding biography" and the best telling of the story we have to date. Surely that is no little achievement.

In response to Russell Sizemore, I would have thought that I had said quite enough about the role of ambiguity in Niebuhr's person and work. Mr. Sizemore seems much more exercised than I am—or than Richard Fox apparently is—about the partisan uses of the Niebuhr legacy in current political disputes. In that connection he raises arguments which, were I to respond to them, would take us far beyond the intention of the original review. I content myself with joining him in the hope that people will indeed go back to read Reinhold Niebuhr and discover in him "a challenge and a guide" who directs us to considerations that cannot be captured by the political labels of this or any time.

Conscription

To the Editor of Commentary:

I enjoyed Philip Gold's review of Eliot A. Cohen's *Citizens and Soldiers* [Books in Review, February]. But surely he is wrong to say that the U.S. is "the only great power in history to attempt to meet its global military commitments entirely through the use of citizen volunteers." The British empire got right through the 19th century without conscription, and did not even introduce it until halfway into World War I.

Perhaps I might add my own favorite answer to this American dilemma: a Foreign Legion on the French model. (Of course, in deference to progressive sensibilities, it might have to be called an International Brigade.) Particularly if coupled with an eventual right to citizenship, an American Foreign Legion would have no difficulty attracting a few divisions of volunteers. And the spectacle of neutralist European politicians explaining their citizens' voting with their bodies in this way should be good for a laugh. I can even suggest an equivalent to the French Foreign Legion's historical North African home base of Sidi bel Abbes—Managua.

Peter Brimelow

New York City

Philip Gold writes:

I must point out to Peter Brimelow that I said "citizen volunteers," not simply volunteers. One of the reasons the British did not resort to conscription was that they made ample use of non-citizen volunteers: Indians, Afghans, Egyptians, Gurkhas, etc. Further, the British did use conscription for their navy. They called it "impressment," and when they impressed Americans, we went to war over it.

School of American Ballet student performance: Merrill Ashley. Copyright: Martha Swope, 1967.

Thanks to the Library, American dance has taken great leaps forward.

American dance is more popular than ever, and one of the reasons is The New York Public Library's Dance Collection.

Choreographer Eliot Feld says the Library at Lincoln Center is "as vital a workroom as my studio." Agnes de Mille says, "the revival of any work is dependent on access to the Library's Dance Collection."

And they're not the only ones. For dancers and choreographers everywhere, over 37,000 volumes, 250,000 photographs, and an enormous film archive have been essential elements in the renaissance of American dance.

That's just one way The New York Public Library's resources serve us. The Library offers plays and puppet shows for children, programs for the elderly and disabled, extensive foreign language and ethnic collections, and scientific journals vital to the business community.

Again and again, the Library enriches our lives.

The New York Public Library

WHERE THE FUTURE IS AN OPEN BOOK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

In the world of ideas, no other magazine comes close.

COMMENTARY 165 East 56 Street, New York, NY 10022

I want to discover Commentary's world of ideas. Please enter my twelve-month subscription for the regular price of $33.00.

☐ My check for $33.00 is enclosed. ☐ Bill me

Name

Address

City State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Family, the Nation, and Senator Moynihan

Glenn C. Loury

Last year, Daniel Patrick Moynihan—Democrat, the senior U.S. Senator from New York, former U.S. Ambassador to India and to the United Nations, and once professor of government at Harvard—returned to Cambridge to deliver the prestigious Godkin Lectures at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. His return to Cambridge involved a return as well to a topic on which his ideas had generated great controversy almost exactly two decades earlier, when he was serving as Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Johnson administration—the family. Indeed, Moynihan devotes the first part of the published version of his Godkin Lectures* to a review of the events surrounding the release and subsequent denunciation of the policy paper he had then prepared, "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action."

In this paper, later dubbed simply "The Moynihan Report," he advanced two arguments. The first was that the debilitating effects of slavery and the long years of racial oppression had so undermined the position of the black male within the family that a "matri-focal family structure" had emerged in this group which seemed likely to persist. The second was that the attainment of full racial equality was so threatened by this reality that, despite the recently enacted civil-rights statutes, substantial economic disparity between the races also seemed likely to persist. On both points, what was necessary by way of response was a national policy aimed at changing family behavior among blacks.

To explain the diminution of the black male's family role during slavery and its aftermath, Moynihan borrowed, virtually intact, an analysis which had been made over a quarter century before by the black sociologist E. Franklin Frazier. Recent historical research has demonstrated that this analysis is almost certainly wrong. The racial differences in family structure which so alarmed Moynihan are a post-World War II phenomenon, not to be found in the earlier historical record, and they cannot be explained by reference to the experience of black slavery. Examination of census forms for individual cities and counties in the late 19th and early 20th centuries has shown that for blacks and whites alike, most women heading families were widows; that even among the very poor, a substantial majority of families was intact; and that the association between broken family structure and lower social class derived mainly from the higher mortality rate among poor men. The evidence also shows that in the early 20th century the intact family was the norm among Northern, urban black migrant communities. The historian Herbert Gutman has found that 85 percent of black families living in Harlem in 1925 were intact, and that the teenage mother raising her children alone was virtually unknown; he found similarly stable families among blacks in Buffalo in 1910. As late as the 1940 census, when 10.1 percent of white families were female-headed, only 14.9 percent of black families were so headed.

But Moynihan did not have the benefit of this recent research when writing his report, and at the time Frazier's explanation for the growth of out-of-wedlock births and female-headed households among blacks seemed as plausible as any. What Moynihan did have was the instinct, the hunch, that without some concerted effort aimed at reversing this now-critical pattern, the civil-rights revolution alone would be inadequate to secure the equalitarian expectations it had released. "Nothing was done in response to Frazier's argument," he wrote in his report, and went on:

> Matters were left to take care of themselves, and as matters will, grew worse not better. The problem is now more serious, the obstacles greater. There is, however, a profound change for the better in one respect. The President has committed the nation to an all-out effort to eliminate poverty wherever it exists, among whites or Negroes, and a militant, organized, and responsible Negro movement exists to join in that effort. Such a national effort could be stated thus: the policy of the United States is to bring the Negro American to full and equal sharing in the responsibilities and rewards of citizenship. To

Glenn C. Loury, professor of political economy at Harvard, is spending this year at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. His article, "Behind the Black-Jewish Split," appeared in our January 1986 issue.

* *Family and Nation*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 224 pp., $12.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this end, the programs of the federal government bearing on this objective shall be designed to have the effect, directly or indirectly, of enhancing the stability and resources of the Negro American family.

This was, Moynihan now acknowledges, an extraordinary proposition. He could not be sure he was correct in all particulars. Still, the matter was sufficiently urgent and the mood of the administration in domestic-policy matters sufficiently adventuresome that he chose to seize the moment, with fateful consequences.

WITHIN one month of the receipt of his report at the White House, Moynihan's ideas became the basis for a historic speech by President Johnson, given at Howard University in June 1965. (Johnson called it "the greatest civil-rights speech of my life.") In it the President committed his administration to move beyond equality of opportunity for black Americans and to seek "not just equality as a right and a theory, but equality as a fact and as a result."

One aspect of this effort, for which Johnson's speech is most often remembered and quoted today, was to be the promulgation of Executive Order 11246, the legal basis of affirmative-action requirements for federal contractors. But looming just as large in Johnson's initial conception of how "equality as a fact and as a result" could be achieved was the family. Said the President:

> So unless we work to strengthen the family, to create conditions under which most parents will stay together—the rest: schools and playgrounds, public assistance and private concern, will never be enough to cut completely the circle of despair and deprivation.

He announced his intention to convene a White House conference of experts, black leaders, and government officials to explore how this might be done.

Initial reaction to Johnson's speech was positive. In the New York *Times* Tom Wicker likened it to the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation decision, noting that Johnson had extended the "separate-is-inherently-unequal" principle into the area of family life, where the races were quite separate indeed. In doing so, Wicker wrote, Johnson had "face[d] squarely what must be ranked as the most difficult problem in American life." Another liberal columnist, Mary McGrory, reported that the speech had been cleared with Roy Wilkins, then head of the NAACP, and with Martin Luther King, Jr., both of whom were "in enthusiastic accord."

But it was clear even in the first days after its delivery that Johnson's speech had created serious problems for black leaders. For the conception put forth there implied that blacks would have to be involved actively in remedying the social disorganization of the ghetto. As Miss McGrory noted at the time: "The first Southern President in a hundred years . . . told the Negroes that in compassion and concern he would not be outdone. Now to be constructive, he must have their help." This, it soon emerged, would not be forthcoming. Associates of the civil-rights leader James Farmer were cited by Miss McGrory as saying that Farmer "has been prevented from speaking out for fear that a call to improve Negro community life might be misinterpreted as a slowdown to integration. In the past Negroes who have advocated the 'bootstrap' approach of Booker T. Washington have run the risk of being called 'Uncle Tom.'"

There were few willing to take this risk in 1965, or for many years thereafter. By the fall of the year it was already clear that the President's foray into this sensitive area had failed. At a planning session for the full White House conference, amid the political echoes of the rioting in the Watts section of Los Angeles in August, one black leader after another downplayed the importance of the family issue, insisting that only a massive infusion of federal dollars into the ghettos could begin to address the crisis. High on their agenda was the $100-billion Freedom Budget (and those were 1965 dollars!) of A. Philip Randolph and Bayard Rustin. Floyd McKissick insisted that the plight of poor blacks could only be remedied by a change in "the capitalistic system." Moynihan's report was bitterly attacked; the need for greater family stability was dismissed without debate. When the White House conference itself finally convened, in June 1966, the subject of the family had been stricken from the agenda. As one White House aide put it: "The family is not an action topic for a can-do conference."

BY DARING to suggest that dysfunctional family behavior among poor blacks constituted an insuperable barrier to economic equality, Moynihan had elicited an emotional, ideologically-charged response which permanently altered racial discourse in America. The now-familiar indictment, "blaming the victim," which is still invoked whenever anyone suggests that failings of values and character might somehow be connected with an individual's poor economic condition, was literally invented in reaction to Moynihan's argument (by the psychologist William Ryan in an article in the *Nation*).

Family and Nation is at its best in these passages of political memoir. Particularly striking is Moynihan's description of the effect on President Johnson of the collapse of the family initiative. "From being buoyantly open to ideas and enterprises, he became near contemptuous of civil-rights leaders who he now believed cared only for symbols." A precious moment had been lost; from that point forward, a cynical President would manage the race problem but he would not attempt to solve it, certainly not if solving it required getting out front and leading. Soon enough

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he became absorbed by other matters. Those committed to the silencing of Moynihan, and to the banishment of the topic of behavioral pathology in the ghetto from public discussion, managed to have their way.

A dear price was paid for this indulgence, although it was not paid by those responsible for it. The years immediately following saw a deepened radicalization of the civil-rights community, a turn northward that culminated in the Poor People's Campaign of 1968, and a sweeping expansion of the Supreme Court's desegregation decrees into the ethnic enclaves of the urban Northeast and Midwest. Then came the advent of our still-current era of racial preference, accompanied by the invention by intellectuals, both black and white, of ever more elaborate constructs to rationalize the brutal facts of inner-city life as the inevitable consequence of a bankrupt society. In the meantime, the social disruption which so alarmed Moynihan continued and still continues apace, and in fact has grown much worse in the intervening decades.

In his recapitulation of this course of events Moynihan is as gracious as could be expected of one who, having been vilified as a racist, has lived to see history prove him right in his original assessment. He notes approvingly the movement among contemporary black leaders and intellectuals to face squarely and at long last the problem of family disorganization in the black community; there is, today, a greater degree of honesty in the discussion of this problem than was the case in 1965. By way of an I-told-you-so, he allows himself no more than to note that "Controversy is never resolved among those who begin it. Rather, a succeeding generation comes along that accepts one of the competing views, and that is that."

Alas, if only it were so. The intellectual rubble of that earlier period has yet to be fully cleared. To invoke such terms as "values," "character," or "social pathology" in speaking about the poor (black or otherwise) is still today to invite the charge of blaming the victim or, if the speaker is black, of being an Uncle Tom. Remarkably, one still encounters the same line that was used to dismiss Moynihan twenty years ago—namely, that acknowledging a behavioral basis to economic deprivation feeds stereotypes about blacks and provides grist for the racists' mill. It is as if the facts about inner-city life, staggeringly evident to anyone with eyes to see, could be blunted by simply banning any discussion of them from polite society. In this respect, Moynihan's "that is that" is still somewhat premature.

IN ANY EVENT, if Moynihan is on the whole pleased at the greater readiness among many to discuss the issue of family disorganization in the ghetto, there is another development in the arena of social policy which troubles him deeply, and that is the increasing influence, as he sees it, of conservative ideas. In the latter part of his book he sets himself the task of refuting these ideas, and here he becomes much less convincing.

From this point forward *Family and Nation* turns into a brief for the propositions that: (1) The massive expansion of the social programs associated with the Great Society has been of enormous benefit in reducing poverty, especially among the elderly. (2) This success, along with demographic developments and shifting sexual mores, has created the historically aberrant and morally disturbing circumstance that poverty is now much more pronounced among young children than among older persons. (3) There nevertheless remains the possibility that some common ground might be found on which sensible liberals and conservatives can construct a national policy aimed at increasing the welfare of the American family, but only if we first abandon the idea that government efforts to help may have sometimes made matters worse.

I do not take issue with either the first or the second of these propositions. The reduction in poverty among the elderly due to the growth in the real value of Social Security benefits and the advent of Medicare represents an achievement of historic proportions. And there *is* something disturbing in the cumulative effects, noticed by Moynihan, of an ever more generous provision to the elderly combined with the erosion, due to inflation, of real levels of assistance to dependent families with children, down by nearly a quarter since the early 70's. A reexamination of priorities seems warranted.

That the poor have come increasingly to consist of young women and their children living without a husband and father is a matter of great significance. But the Moynihan of today believes that we can meet this problem simply by summoning up the will to do for the young what we have managed to do for the old, and that in so doing we need not concern ourselves with the question of whether our efforts might not exacerbate the proliferating social pathology he has documented.

Thus Moynihan seems intent upon negating the political effect of Charles Murray's influential book, *Losing Ground* (1984), and especially the "thought experiment" Murray has conducted to determine what would happen if we did away with all federal assistance to working-aged persons.* So preoccupied is he with this analytic exercise—which no one, not even Murray, takes seriously as a realistic proposal—that he dismisses without proper consideration some of Murray's most trenchant ideas. And as for his own ideas, these are so vaguely stated that one arrives at the last page of this book without ever having been given an indication of the specific features of family life which

* See Murray's article, "Helping the Poor: A Few Modest Proposals," in COMMENTARY, May 1985.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moynihan would seek to promote through his "family policy." In his wandering and discursive narrative one is often entertained, occasionally informed, but mostly left longing for a 1986 version of the Moynihan who in 1965 could write:

> From the wild Irish slums of the 19th-century Eastern seaboard, to the riot-torn suburbs of Los Angeles, there is one unmistakable lesson in American history: a community that allows a large number of young men to grow up in broken families, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any set of rational expectations about the future—that community asks for and gets chaos. Crime, violence, unrest, disorder—most particularly the furious, unrestrained lashing out at the whole social structure—that is not only to be expected; it is very near to inevitable. And it is richly deserved.

One knew where the Moynihan who wrote that statement stood. He admired the nuclear family and thought its preservation essential, especially among the poor. He had a healthy respect for the central role of male authority in the child-rearing process. He understood how the norms and values characteristic of an entire community could work to induce individuals to act in ways destructive of their own possibilities for advancement. He saw a role to be played by political leadership in publicly affirming the old-fashioned virtues, and in promulgating policies which encouraged them. For all one knows, he may still believe these things, but the reader of *Family and Nation* cannot so conclude with confidence. Instead, he will find here the idea that a healthy family policy for the nation would consist simply in increasing the financial resources in the hands of heads of households in which children happen to be raised.

But it hardly constitutes a sufficient specification of the principles which should guide the formulation of social policy toward the family to say that its objective should be to make children better-off. As Moynihan notes, the problem of family instability is no longer confined to poor blacks; much of the American population is now affected, with teenage pregnancy and unwed motherhood reaching alarming proportions. What should we do about this? Is it enough to put more cash in the hands of those responsible for the care of children? Should public policy attempt, as well, to encourage the avoidance of births before marriage? Should it consciously attempt to strengthen the male role within the family? Should the increasing frequency of divorce engender any policy response? Should dependent minor parents be abetted or should they be discouraged in their efforts to receive assistance directly, without involving *their* parents? Is homosexual adoption a good idea? On these matters, we receive no useful guidance.

Though Moynihan argues strongly that poverty and family structure are intimately intertwined, he seems unwilling to consider how policy might, directly or indirectly, promote any specific type of family structure, in the interest of ameliorating poverty. He urges at one point that social policy be based on social values, not on social science, yet he relies entirely on social science to defend his few proposals to increase the resources of households containing children. He never refers in this discussion to the social values motivating these proposals (other than the imperative that a decent provision be made for the poor), just as he fails to consider their potential effects on the values and the behavior of their beneficiaries.

To judge from *Family and Nation* itself, one reason for this would seem to be Moynihan's diffidence before the internal politics of today's Democratic party. He recalls how President Carter, early in his administration, naively proclaimed his intention to hold a White House conference on the family; bickering over matters of definition delayed the event until 1979, when there finally took place, to little practical effect, a much watered-down conference on "Families." (Indeed, just recently the divorced black mother who had been slated to chair that conference wrote proudly of her principled resignation when the White House urged upon her a married white male vice-chairman. How dared they suggest that a husband and wife raising children together were preferable to a mother doing the job alone!) Today, the growing influence within the Democratic party of feminist and homosexual-rights constituencies would probably render such a conference altogether out of the question.

Twenty years ago, reflecting on his 1965 experience, Moynihan wrote: "The time when white men, whatever their motives, could tell Negroes what was or was not good for them, is now definitely and decidedly over. An era of bad manners is almost certainly begun."* Today's version of this wisdom would appear to be: the time when public officials, whatever their motives, could intimate to citizens, whatever their race, what manner of family life was or was not good for them, is now definitely and decidedly over. This is tantamount to saying that the time for leadership itself has passed—yet how, one may ask, will pathological social trends so broadly based and pervasive as those underlying the "feminization of poverty" be reversed without such leadership? Does Moynihan perhaps really believe they are not to be reversed, but institutionalized instead? On this, as on so much else, he leaves us in the dark.

It is certainly true that an effort to lead public opinion on this matter would entail serious political risks. But would those risks not be outweighed by the potential benefit to be derived from stem-

* "The President and the Negro: The Moment Lost," COMMENTARY, February 1967.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ming the tide of early out-of-wedlock births? It can be seen in retrospect that the black community has paid an enormous price for delaying by two decades a concerted effort to grapple with the problem which Moynihan identified in 1965. Surely the nation as a whole will suffer grievously if we refrain from any effort to shape our citizens' values on these matters today.

Consider, for example, the great debate which raged in New York City during 1984 over the Board of Education's proposed course of instruction in "Family Living Including Sex Education for Grades K-12." The planned course avoided any judgment concerning the relative merits of different family structures, a matter that caused concern to some local clergy. The New York *Times*, however, editorialized at the time that one could not teach that intact families are preferable to broken families without offending great numbers of students; after all, according to public-health statistics for 1984, some 79 percent of the children born in central Harlem had mothers who were not married. Now, is this simply a fact about the world which public instruction must accommodate through a studied neutrality? Or does it, rather, call for a concerted effort to teach the values of the traditional family even (or perhaps especially) to those children least likely to see them confirmed in their private lives at home? Can there be an effective family policy which takes *no* position on such an issue?

I AM reminded here of a distinction introduced by the economist Albert Hirschman between tastes, defined as individual preferences about which we do not argue (e.g., whether we like apples or pears), and values, defined as preferences over which we do argue, both with ourselves and with others. We do not, for example, treat a preference for discrimination against blacks or women as a taste to be accommodated. Rather, we attempt to persuade, cajole, or compel our fellows to make "progress" in such areas, and we insist that our educational institutions instill in our young the "proper" views concerning them. Values, in other words, are personal preferences so central to our collective lives that as a political community we cannot properly be neutral about them. As Hirschman has noted: "A principal purpose of publicly proclaimed laws and regulations is to stigmatize antisocial behavior and thereby to influence citizens' values and behavior codes."

Senator Moynihan seems to have implicitly accepted the notion that preferences concerning household living arrangements and childbearing outside of marriage ought to be regarded as tastes rather than as values. One might, however, argue —just as it was argued regarding racial discrimination—that these are instead issues on which we can and must establish a commitment. After all, the well-being of our children is at stake.

Participants on both sides of the great contemporary debate over "traditional values" understand this very well. Radical feminists and gay-rights activists want the nuclear family "dethroned" from its position as the presumptive ideal type. Fundamentalist Christians consciously seek its preservation. At issue here is something far weightier than a demographic projection showing how household living arrangements have changed since the 1950's. The central question must be whether we, all of us, view that change with indifference or with alarm, and the way we answer that question will depend in turn upon our answer to the even more fundamental query, What kind of people are we? The senior Senator from New York seems to think he can lead a search for a national policy on the family while standing on the sidelines of these questions. In truth, he cannot.

That is why I am skeptical, to say the least, of Moynihan's notion that liberals and conservatives might yet find some common ground on which to build a national family policy. Conservatives, much influenced by Charles Murray's argument, are concerned about the possibly detrimental effects of public assistance on the behavior of young adults. Liberals answer (correctly) that the evidence simply is not there to prove that variations across states or over time in the level of AFDC payments are significantly associated with comparable variations in the extent of unwed pregnancy or female-headed families. But this hardly exhausts the matter.

Public policies affecting the poor range far beyond direct cash assistance to dependent children. A systematic study has yet to be undertaken of the effect on family structure of the full package of benefits, which includes food stamps and medical and housing subsidies. Murray has also documented changes in educational and criminal-justice practices—the increasing difficulty of getting unruly youngsters out of public-school classrooms so that others might learn, the declining likelihood of arrest and punishment for remunerative criminal activities—which have had the effect of reducing the perceived return to "good behavior" on the part of the very poor. He argues as well that the growth and increased liberalization of the "welfare complex" have undermined the old ethos of working-class communities according to which one can achieve a position of respect among one's peers by staying with a low-wage job, marrying and supporting the mother of one's children, and avoiding trouble with the law.

The fact is that we do not know the extent to which trying to help the very poor, in the specific ways characteristic of the late 60's and early 70's, may have abetted the growth of dysfunctional behavior. But Murray and others have shown that we have good reason to be concerned.

Moynihan's principal criticism of *Losing Ground* is that Murray cannot prove with data that his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speculations are correct. This is fair enough—until we recall that neither could the Moynihan of 1965 "prove" his hunch that, unless drastic action were taken to improve family stability among blacks, the opening-up of economic opportunity would be inadequate to the task of achieving racial equality. As he himself notes, public policymakers often have to act on their hunches, without the benefit of a "definitive" study.

AMONG the major hunches of liberals today is the notion that, were federally provided jobs available to the many unemployed ghetto youths, we would see a substantial reduction in the number of single-parent families, since women would have a greater incentive to marry the (now gainfully employed) fathers of their children. The Senator shares this hunch, and it sounds plausible enough, but he cannot "prove" it. For one thing, the lack-of-jobs hypothesis does not account for the fact that the pregnancies occurred in the first place. One might, indeed, argue with equal plausibility that it is the failure or refusal to assume responsibility for a family which accounts for the lack of initiative among young fathers to find and keep such low-wage employment as does exist. This latter hypothesis would also explain why welfare mothers in one employment-training experiment (Supported Work) showed more favorable results than did ex-criminal offenders or male high-school dropouts: the mothers had to go home and look their children in the face every day, realizing that the responsibility for these youngsters lay on their shoulders alone.

On these issues Moynihan sometimes speaks with disturbing confidence:

> Government did not transform the behavior of those in greatest difficulty; it pretty much left them be. Behavior that was already self-destructive simply went forward, with the consequences growing more pronounced—which is the normal progression of self-destructive behavior.

We must ask the Senator, as he asks Charles Murray: How does he know? Who says so? This conclusion, enunciated with such certainty, does not square with the hunches of many of those working with inner-city welfare mothers today. The "community women" employed in Harlem to advise teenage mothers in Project Redirection (a two-year program aimed at preventing a second unwed pregnancy among poor young women who have already borne one child out of wedlock) seem to have come to different conclusions from the Senator concerning the effect of government aid on behavior. According to the evaluation report of the project, done by the respected Manpower Development Research Corporation, these women

> . . . initially took an activist stance in their efforts to intercede with the welfare system on behalf of participants. This pattern changed, however, when [certain] behavior patterns were beginning to emerge. It seemed that many were beginning to view getting their own welfare grants as the next stage in their careers. . . . [I]t became apparent that some participants' requests for separate grants and independent households were too often a sign of manipulation by boyfriends, in whose interest it was to have a girlfriend on welfare with an apartment of her own. . . . [S]taff realized that these attitudes and behaviors were . . . counterproductive to the . . . goal of promoting self-sufficiency.

True, these firsthand observers of life in central Harlem cannot "prove" their hunches, either. Should we nevertheless listen to them, or does their testimony perhaps lend too much support to the "conservative" side of the debate?

When it comes to the effect of intricate, interacting social policies on complex individual behaviors, there is an irreducible level of uncertainty attaching to our knowledge. This does not mean we should be agnostic on such matters; it does mean we should be pragmatic, and ready to acknowledge the truths that come from experience. Senator Moynihan, no stranger to these virtues, might find more scope for their application were he less concerned to defend today's liberal policy edifice against both the promptings of experience and the encroaching judgment of the American electorate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicaragua: A Speech to My Former Comrades on the Left

David Horowitz

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I was one of the founders of the New Left. I was one of the organizers of the first political demonstrations on the Berkeley campus—and indeed on any campus—to protest our government's anti-Communist policies in Cuba and Vietnam. Tonight I come before you as the kind of man I used to tell myself I would never be: a supporter of President Reagan, a committed opponent of Communist rule in Nicaragua.

I offer no apologies for my present position. It was what I thought was the humanity of the Marxist *idea* that made me what I was then; it is the inhumanity of what I have seen to be the Marxist *reality* that has made me what I am now. If my former comrades who support the Sandinistas were to pause for a moment and then plunge their busy political minds into the human legacies of their activist pasts, they would instantly drown in an ocean of blood.

The issue before us is not whether it is morally right for the United States to arm the *contras*, or whether there are unpleasant men among them. Nor is it whether the United States should defer to the wisdom of the Contadora powers—more than thirty years ago the United States tried to overthrow Somoza, and it was the Contadora powers of the time who bailed him out.

The issue before us and before all people who cherish freedom is how to oppose a Soviet imperialism so vicious and so vast as to dwarf any previously known. An "ocean of blood" is no metaphor. As we speak here tonight, this empire—whose axis runs through Havana and now Managua—is killing hundreds of thousands of Ethiopians to consolidate a dictatorship whose policies against its black citizens make the South African government look civilized and humane.

A second issue, especially important to me, is the credibility and commitment of the American Left.

In his speech on Nicaragua, President Reagan invoked the Truman Doctrine, the first attempt to oppose Soviet expansion through revolutionary surrogates. I marched against the Truman Doctrine in 1948, and defended, with the Left, the revolutions in Russia and China, in Eastern Europe and Cuba, in Cambodia and Vietnam—just as the Left defends the Sandinistas today.

And I remember the arguments and "facts" with which we made our case and what the other side said, too—the Presidents who came and went, and the anti-Communists on the Right, the William Buckleys and the Ronald Reagans. And in every case, without exception, time has proved the Left wrong. Wrong in its views of the revolutionaries' intentions, and wrong about the facts of their revolutionary rule. And just as consistently the anti-Communists were proved right.

Today the Left dismisses Reagan's warnings about Soviet expansion as anti-Communist paranoia, a threat to the peace, and a mask for American imperialism. We said the same things about Truman when he warned us then. Russia's control of Eastern Europe, we said, was only a defensive buffer, a temporary response to American power—first, because Russia had no nuclear weapons; and then, because it lacked the missiles to deliver them.

Today, the Soviet Union is a nuclear superpower, missiles and all, but it has not given up an inch of the empire which it gained during World War II—not Eastern Europe, not the Baltic states which Hitler delivered to Stalin and whose nationhood Stalin erased and which are now all but forgotten, not even the Kurile Islands which were once part of Japan.

Not only have the Soviets failed to relinquish their conquests in all these years—years of dramatic, total decolonization in the West—but their growing strength and the wounds of Vietnam have encouraged them to reach for more. South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Ethiopia, Yemen, Mozambique, and Angola are among the dominoes which have recently fallen into the Soviet orbit.

DAVID HOROWITZ was the editor of *Ramparts* magazine and a founder of the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign. His early books include *Student* (1962) and *Empire and Revolution: A Radical Interpretation of Contemporary History* (1970). More recently he has been the co-author (with Peter Collier) of *The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty* and *The Kennedys: An American Drama*. A somewhat different version of the present article was read at Berkeley on April 4 at a conference entitled "U.S./Nicaragua: Exploring the Possibilities for Peace."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To expand its territorial core—which apologists still refer to as a "defensive perimeter"—Moscow has already slaughtered a million peasants in Afghanistan, an atrocity warmly endorsed by the Sandinista government.

Minister of Defense Humberto Ortega describes the army of the conquerors—whose scorched-earth policy has driven half the Afghan population from its homes—as the "pillar of peace" in the world today. To any self-respecting socialist, praise for such barbarism would be an inconceivable outrage—as it was to the former Sandinista, now *contra*, Edén Pastora. But praise for the barbarians is sincere tribute coming from the Sandinista rulers, because they see themselves as an integral part of the Soviet empire itself.

"THE struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting." So writes the Czech novelist Milan Kundera, whose name and work no longer exist in his homeland.

In all the Americas, Fidel Castro was the only head of state to cheer the Soviet tanks as they rolled over the brave people of Prague. And cheering right along with Fidel were Carlos Fonseca, Tomas Borge, Humberto Ortega, and the other creators of the present Nicaraguan regime.

One way to assess what has happened in Nicaragua is to realize that wherever Soviet tanks crush freedom from now on, there will be two governments in the Americas supporting them all the way.

About its own crimes and for its own criminals, the Left has no memory at all.

To the Left I grew up in, along with the Sandinista founders, Stalin's Russia was a socialist paradise, the model of the liberated future. Literacy to the uneducated, power to the weak, justice to the forgotten—we praised the Soviet Union then, just as the Left praises the Sandinistas now.

And just as they ignore warnings like the one that has come from Violetta Chamorro, the publisher of *La Prensa*, the paper which led the fight against Somoza, and a member of the original Sandinista junta—"With all my heart, I tell you it is worse here now than it was in the times of the Somoza dictatorship"—so we dismissed the anti-Soviet "lies" about Stalinist repression.

In the society we hailed as a new human dawn, 100 million people were put in slave-labor camps, in conditions rivaling Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Between 30 and 40 million people were killed—in peacetime, in the daily routine of socialist rule. While leftists applauded their progressive policies and guarded their frontiers, Soviet Marxists killed more peasants, more workers, and even more Communists than all the capitalist governments together since the beginning of time.

And for the entire duration of this nightmare, the William Buckleys and Ronald Reagans and the other anti-Communists went on telling the world exactly what was happening. And all that time the pro-Soviet Left and its fellow-travelers went on denouncing them as reactionaries and liars, using the same contemptuous terms with which the Left attacks the President and his supporters today.

The Left would *still* be denying the Soviet atrocities if the perpetrators themselves had not finally acknowledged their crimes. In 1956, in a secret speech to the party elite, Khrushchev made the crimes a Communist fact; but it was only the CIA that actually made the fact public, allowing radicals to come to terms with what they had done.

Khrushchev and his cohorts could not have cared less about the misplaced faith and misspent lives of their naive supporters on the Left. The Soviet rulers were concerned about themselves: Stalin's mania had spread the slaughter into his henchmen's ranks; they wanted to make totalitarianism safe for its rulers. In place of a dictator whose paranoia could not be controlled, they instituted a dictatorship by directorate—which (not coincidentally) is the form of rule in Nicaragua today. Repression would work one way only: from the privileged top of society to the powerless bottom.

The year of Khrushchev's speech—which is also the year Soviet tanks flattened the freedom fighters of Budapest—is the year that tells us who the Sandinistas really are.

Because the truth had to be admitted at last, the Left all over the world was forced to redefine itself in relation to the Soviet facts. China's Communist leader Mao liked Stalin's way better. Twenty-five million people died in the "great leaps" and "cultural revolutions" he then launched. In Europe and America, however, a new anti-Stalinist Left was born. This New Left, of which I was one of the founders, was repelled by the evils it was now forced to see, and embarrassed by the tarnish the Soviet totalitarians had brought to the socialist cause. It turned its back on the Soviet model of Stalin and his heirs.

But the Sandinista vanguard was neither embarrassed nor repelled. In 1957, Carlos Fonseca, the founding father of the Sandinista Front, visited the Soviet Union with its newly efficient totalitarian state. To Fonseca, as to Borge and his other comrades, the Soviet monstrosity was their revolutionary dream come true. In his pamphlet, *A Nicaraguan in Moscow*, Fonseca proclaimed Soviet Communism his model for Latin America's revolutionary future.

This vision of a Soviet America is now being realized in Nicaragua. The *comandante* directorate, the army, and the secret police are already mirrors of the Soviet state—not only structurally but in their personnel, trained and often manned by agents of the Soviet axis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the most important figure in this transformation is not a Nicaraguan at all. For twenty years, from the time the Sandinistas first arrived in Havana, they were disciples of Fidel Castro. With his blessings they went on to Moscow, where Stalin's henchman completed their revolutionary course. Fidel is the image in which the Sandinista leadership has created itself and the author of its strategy. Its politburo, the *comandante* directorate, was personally created by Fidel in Havana on the eve of the final struggle, sealed with a pledge of millions in military aid. It was Fidel who supplied the arms with which the Sandinistas waged their battles, just as he supplied the Cuban general—Zenen Casals—who directed their victorious campaign (just as the Soviets supplied the general who directed Fidel's own victory at the Bay of Pigs). *Without Castro's intervention, Arturo Cruz and the other anti-Somoza and pro-democratic* contras *would be the government of Nicaragua today.*

And it was Fidel who showed the Sandinistas how to steal the revolution after the victory, and how to secure their theft by manipulating their most important allies: the American Left and its liberal sympathizers.

Twenty-five years ago Fidel was also a revolutionary hero to us on the New Left. Like today's campus radicals, we became "coffee-pickers" and passengers on the revolutionary tour, and we hailed the literacy campaigns, health clinics, and other wonders of the people's state.

When Fidel spoke, his words were revolutionary music to our ears: "Freedom with bread. Bread without terror." "A revolution neither red nor black, but Cuban olive-green." And so in Managua today: "Not [Soviet] Communism but Nicaraguan *Sandinismo*" is the formula Fidel's imitators proclaim.

Fidel's political poems put radicals all over the world under his spell. Jean-Paul Sartre wrote one of the first and most influential books of praise: "If this man asked me for the moon," he said, "I would give it to him. Because he would have a need for it."

When I listen to the enthusiasts for the Sandinista redeemers, the fate of a hero of the Cuban revolution comes to my mind. For in the year that Jean-Paul Sartre came to Havana and fell in love with the humanitarian Fidel, Huber Matos embarked on a long windowless night of the soul.

The fate of Huber Matos begins with the second revolution that Fidel launched.

All the fine gestures and words with which Fidel seduced us and won our support—the open Marxism, the socialist humanism, the independent path—turned out to be calculated lies. Even as he proclaimed his color to be olive-green, he was planning to make his revolution Moscow red.

So cynical was Fidel's strategy that at the time it was difficult for many to comprehend. One by one Fidel began removing his own comrades from the revolutionary regime and replacing them with Cuban Communists.

Cuba's Communists were then a party in disgrace. They had opposed the revolution; they had even served in the cabinet of the tyrant Batista while the revolution was taking place!

But this was all incidental to Fidel. Fidel knew how to use people. And Fidel was planning a *new* revolution he could trust the Communists to support: he had decided to turn Cuba into a Soviet state. And Fidel also knew that he could no longer trust his own comrades, because they had made a revolution they thought was going to be Cuban olive-green.

Although Fidel removed socialists and the Sandinistas removed democrats, the pattern of betrayal has been the same.

To gain power the Sandinistas concealed their true intention (*a Soviet state*) behind a revolutionary lie (*a pluralist democracy*). To consolidate power they fashioned a second lie (*democracy, but only within the revolution*), and those who believed in the first lie were removed. At the end of the process there will be no democracy in Nicaragua at all, which is exactly what Fonseca and the Sandinistas intended when they began.

When Huber Matos saw Fidel's strategy unfolding in Cuba, he got on the telephone with other Fidelistas to discuss what they should do. This was a mistake. In the first year of Cuba's liberation, the phones of revolutionary legends like Huber Matos were already tapped by Fidel's secret police. Huber Matos was arrested.

In the bad old days of Batista oppression, Fidel had been arrested himself. His crime was not words on a telephone, but leading an attack on a military barracks to overthrow the Batista regime. Twelve people were killed. For this Fidel spent a total of eighteen months in the tyrant's jail before being released.

Huber Matos was not so lucky. Fidel was no Batista, and the revolution that had overthrown Batista was no two-bit dictatorship. For his phone call, Huber Matos was tried in such secrecy that not even members of the government were privy to the proceeding. When it was over, he was sentenced to solitary confinement, in a cell without sunlight, for *twenty-two years*. And even as Fidel buried his former friend and comrade alive, he went on singing his songs of revolutionary humanism and justice.

Milan Kundera reveals the meaning of this revolutionary parable of Huber Matos and Fidel. Recalling a French Communist who wrote poems for brotherhood while his friend was being murdered by the poet's comrades in Prague, Kundera says: "The hangman killed while the poet sang."

Kundera explains: "People like to say revolu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is beautiful; it is only the terror arising from it which is evil. But this is not true. The evil is already present in the beautiful; hell is already contained in the dream of paradise. . . . To condemn Gulags is easy, but to reject the poetry which leads to the Gulag by way of paradise is as difficult as ever." Words to bear in mind today as we consider Nicaragua and its revolution of poets.

To believe in the revolutionary dream is the tragedy of its supporters; to exploit the dream is the talent of its dictators. Revolutionary cynicism, the source of this talent, is Fidel's most important teaching to his Sandinista disciples. This is the faculty that allows the *comandantes* to emulate Fidel himself: to be poets and hangmen at the same time. To promise democracy and organize repression, to attack imperialism and join an empire, to talk peace and plan war, to champion justice and deliver Nicaragua to a fraternity of inhumane, repressive, militarized, and economically crippled states.

"We used to have one main prison, now we have many," begins the lament of Carlos Franqui, a former Fidelista, for the paradise that Nicaragua has now gained. "We used to have a few barracks; now we have many. We used to have many plantations; now we have only one, and it belongs to Fidel. Who enjoys the fruits of the revolution, the houses of the rich, the luxuries of the rich? The *comandante* and his court."

To this grim accounting must be added the economic ruin that Fidel's Marxism has wrought. Among the proven failures of the Marxist promise, this is the most fateful of all. The failure of Marxist economies to satisfy basic needs, let alone compete with the productive capitalisms of the West, has produced the military-industrial police states which call themselves socialist today. Nicaragua, with its Sandinista-created economic crisis and its massive military build-up, is but the latest example of this pattern.

Twenty-five years ago we on the Left applauded when Fidel denounced Cuba's one-crop economy and claimed that U.S. imperialism was the cause of the nation's economic plight. It seemed so self-evident. Cuba was a fertile island with a favorable climate, but U.S. sugar plantations had monopolized its arable land, and the sugar produced was a product for export, not a food for Cubans. The poor of Cuba had been sacrificed on the altar of imperialist profit. Whenever we were confronted by the political costs Castro's revolution might entail, we were confident that this gain alone—Cuba's freedom to grow food for Cubans—would make any sacrifice worthwhile. The same illusion—that the revolution will mean better lives for Nicaragua's poor—underlies every defense of the Sandinistas today.

It is nearly three decades since Cuba's liberation, and Cuba is still a one-crop economy. But the primary market for its sugar is now the Soviet Union instead of the United States. Along with this have come other economic differences as well. Cuba's external debt is now *200 times* what it was when Fidel took power. And it would be far greater if the Communist *caudillo* had not mortgaged his country to his Soviet patron. So bankrupt is the economy Castro has created that it requires a Soviet subsidy of over $4 billion a year, one-quarter of the entire national income, to keep it afloat. Before the revolution, Cubans enjoyed the highest per-capita income in Latin America. Now they are economic prisoners of permanent rationing and chronic shortages in even the most basic necessities. The allotted rations tell a story in themselves: two pounds of meat per citizen per month; 20 percent less clothing than the allotment a decade earlier; and in rice, a basic staple of Cuba's poor, *half* the yearly consumption under the old Batista regime.

The idea that Marxist revolution will mean economic benefit for the poor has proved to be the most deadly illusion of all. It is *because* Marxist economies *cannot* satisfy economic needs—not even at the levels of the miserably corrupt capitalisms of Batista and Somoza—that Marxist states require permanent repression to stifle unrest and permanent enemies to saddle with the blame.

THIS is also why Castro has found a new national product to supply to the Soviet market (a product his Sandinista disciples are in the process of developing in their turn). The product is the Cuban nation itself, as a military base for Soviet expansion.

The event that sealed the contract for this development was the moment of America's defeat in Vietnam in April 1975. This defeat resulted in America's effective withdrawal from the crucial role it had played since 1945, as the guardian of the international status quo and the keeper of its peace.

To the Soviet imperialists, America's loss was an opportunity gained. In 1975 the Kremlin began what would soon be a tenfold increase in the aid it had been providing to Cuba. Most of the aid was of military intent. Toward the end of the year, 36,000 Cuban troops surfaced in Africa, as an interventionary force in Angola's civil war. Soviet aid to Cuba tripled and then quintupled as Castro sent another 12,000 Cuban troops to provide a palace guard for Ethiopia's new dictator, Mengistu Haile Mariam, who had thrown himself into the Soviet embrace with a campaign which he officially called his "Red Terror." A year after his henchmen had murdered virtually the entire graduating class of the high schools of Addis Ababa—just the most poignant of Mengistu's 100,000 victims—Fidel presented him with a Bay of Pigs medal, Cuban socialism's highest award.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ethiopia's dictator is only one of the international heroes who regularly pass through the Cuban base to be celebrated, trained, and integrated into a network of subversion and terror that has come to span every continent of the globe. And in the Sandinista revolution Fidel's colonial plantation has produced its most profitable return: an opportunity for Moscow to expand its investment to the American land mass itself.

Nicaragua is now in the grip of utterly cynical and utterly ruthless men, exceeding even their sponsors in aggressive hostility to the United States. The Soviets may be the covert patrons of the world's terrorist plague, but not even they have had the temerity to embrace publicly the assassin Qaddafi as a "brother" the way the Sandinistas have. The aim of the Sandinista revolution is to crush its society from top to bottom, to institute totalitarian rule, and to use the country as a base to spread Communist terror and Communist regimes throughout the hemisphere.

The Sandinista anthem which proclaims the Yankee to be the "enemy of mankind" expresses precisely the revolutionaries' sentiment and goal. That goal is hardly to create a more just society—the sordid record would dissuade any reformer from choosing the Communist path—but to destroy the societies still outside the totalitarian perimeter, and their chief protector, the United States.

Support for the *contras* is a first line of defense. For Nicaraguans, a *contra* victory would mean the restoration of the democratic leadership from whom the Sandinistas stole the revolution in the first place, the government that Nicaragua would have had if Cuba had not intervened. For the countries of the Americas, it would mean a halt in the Communist march that threatens their freedoms and their peace.

IN CONCLUSION, I would like to say this to my former comrades and successors on the Left: you are self-righteous and blind in your belief that you are part of a movement to advance human progress and liberate mankind. You are in fact in league with the darkest and most reactionary forces of the modern world, whose legacies—as the record attests—are atrocities and oppressions on a scale unknown in the human past. It is no accident that radicals in power have slaughtered so many of their own people. Hatred of self, and by extension one's country, is the root of the radical cause.

As American radicals, the most egregious sin you commit is to betray the privileges and freedoms ordinary people from all over the world have created in this country—privileges and freedoms that ordinary people all over the world would feel blessed to have themselves. But the worst of it is this: you betray all this tangible good that you can see around you for a socialist pie-in-the-sky that has meant horrible deaths and miserable lives for the hundreds of millions who have so far fallen under its sway.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where Arabism and Zionism Differ

Elie Kedourie

ARABISM and Zionism are ideologies. In other words, they offer a blueprint for political action based on historical arguments which purport to establish the true character of, respectively, Arabs and Jews. They are, then, nationalist ideologies.

Nationalism, generally, gives an account of human society, and a vision of the good life based on it. For nationalism, the primordial human reality is the nation. The nation, it holds, produces national values. One, but only one, among these many national values, the product of the national genius, which identify and help to preserve a nation, is that nation's religion. For nationalism, also, a national religion has simply instrumental value, and the truth of a religion is subordinate to its value as the badge or emblem of the nation.

There is, then, *prima facie* a conflict between religion—as religion views itself—and nationalism. For a religion, the supreme consideration is the claim that it is true, not whether it can serve to provide a sense of identity and continuity to a group such as the nation. Still less is religion disposed to look upon itself as the mere product of the genius of a nation. Again, for monotheistic religions like Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, belief in a divine revelation is taken for granted by the believer, to whom it does not occur that it could be questioned. Believers refuse to see their religion diminished by allegations—such as those made by some writers of the European Enlightenment—that it is a deliberate fraud concocted by priests in the service of kings, or an unconscious piece of fetishism, as Feuerbach and his follower Marx claimed, or the product of hidden psychological drives, as Freud argued. Nationalism, we may note in passing, comes from the same intellectual stable as these modern European ideologies.

Such being the believer's outlook, there is incompatibility and conflict between religion and nationalism. But to leave matters there is not adequate or satisfactory. Religion is, typically, not simply a belief, or a rule, or a practice followed by isolated solitaries like the cenobites. It is rather a social affair: religion is postulated upon, and assumes, a community of believers. Moreover, religious beliefs held in common do generate—even if this is not their primary purpose—the social cohesion and solidarity on which nationalism itself relies. They do constitute a badge of group identity such as nationalism desiderates for the nation. Thus—to take a clear contemporary example—the social cohesion generated by the Greek Orthodox faith provides a basis for *enosis*, i.e., the argument that the Greeks of Cyprus are part of the Greek nation and should become part of the Greek state. Here, to be Greek, and to be an adherent of the Greek Orthodox faith, seem to be interchangeable, if not identical, states of being.

This leads to the conclusion that between religion and nationalism the relation is not always one of outright opposition and conflict. Religion and nationalism may be seen, rather, as linked in a dialectical relation, now opposing and now supporting one another.

The relation between Islam and Arab nationalism further illustrates and clarifies this dialectical relation. The ideology of Arab nationalism derives from precisely that European thought of the Enlightenment and the first half of the 19th century which made revealed religion problematic for its traditional and hitherto uncomplicated believers. The same development may be seen when Arab nationalism began to impinge on traditional Islam.

Islam had been the focus of loyalty for Muslims who believed that they could lead a fully Islamic life only in a Muslim state ruled by Muslims. The only Muslim theory of politics is that of the Caliphate or Imamate—namely, that the Muslim *umma*, or community, should be under one ruler who is the apostolic successor of the Prophet. It is of course the case that the theory quickly ceased to be true in practice, since there came to be, fairly early in Islamic history, more than one Muslim ruler. The theory, however, did not take—did not know how to take—cognizance of this state of affairs. It is thus striking that until the very end of the Ottoman empire, a Muslim who came from

ELIE KEDOURIE is professor of politics at the London School of Economics, a Fellow of the British Academy, and the author of *Islam in the Modern World*, among other works. Mr. Kedourie has been teaching this year at Brandeis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside into the Ottoman domain would be taken by this theory to have automatically assumed the status of an Ottoman subject.

Much less did Islamic political theory take account of, or in any way accommodate, diversity of tongue and culture, or the habitual existence of a diverse society of states. The only distinction which the theory recognized was that between Muslim and non-Muslim territory. This is in great contrast to the European situation where the diversity of territorial sovereignties was recognized quite early and given theoretical expression in such legal maxims as that the king is emperor in his kingdom, or in treatises like Jean Bodin's *Six Books of the Republic* (1576), with its discussion of the concept of sovereign power within a particular territorial community.

To the Islamic theory, nationalism posed a challenge and a threat. In the cases of Greek, Balkan, and Armenian nationalism, the challenge was that of non-Muslim subjects rising up against a Muslim ruler. One response to such a challenge was the invention, by Westernized Ottoman officials, of the theory of Ottomanism. This theory implicitly dismissed the Islamic cohesiveness on which Ottoman rule had rested, and substituted for it loyalty to the Ottoman ruling house which was supposed to transcend religious differences, and to do away with the traditional subjection of non-Muslim to Muslim. Ottomanism, however, had no attractive power. It went against the traditional attitudes and loyalties of the Muslim masses.

Still less coherent or concordant with Islam were two nationalisms which appeared in the empire almost simultaneously, namely, Turkism and Arabism. Turkism, or the theory that the Turks constitute a nation which should have a state of its own, had no way of dealing with Islam except by denying its importance in, or relevance to, politics. It simply asserted that the Turkish nation was the proper unit of political organization. This line of thought culminated in the doctrine which Mustafa Kemal (known as Atatürk, 1881-1938) forced on the country he ruled, one of the elements of which was laicism—i.e., the strict separation of state and religion, the holding of Islam at arm's length, and even, at times, its persecution. Islam here could not come to terms with nationalism and vice versa, even though Turkism rested on, and benefited from, the cohesiveness which Islam had, over the centuries, inculcated.

Did the same hold true of Arabism, or was it possible for it to be compatible with Islam? An attempt to argue that the two are compatible is associated with the Syrian Abd Al-Rahman al-Kawakibi, writing at the turn of this century. Muhammad, the argument went, was an Arab prophet, the Qur'an was revealed in Arabic, and it followed that Islam had a special place and peculiar reverence for the Arabs. Kawakibi was a radical who believed that the Ottoman empire, especially under Sultan Abd al-Hamid, was despotic and corrupt, and that a new, and more wholesome, political order had to replace it. Kawakibi envisaged the establishment of a federation of Islamic nations, with Mecca as its spiritual center and a "spiritual" Caliph from Koreish, the Propet's tribe, superseding the Ottoman Sultan-Caliph. But the notion of a "spiritual" Caliphate was nonsensical in Islamic terms, and a federation of Muslim nations found no place in Islamic political theory.

What was true of Kawakibi was also true of his much more eminent fellow Syrian contemporary, Rashid Rida, who in his youth was also a radical, and quite discontented with the condition of Islam and the Ottoman empire in the last decade of Abd al-Hamid. The Sultan's deposition by the Young Turks in 1909 did not improve matters. After a brief flirtation with them, Rashid Rida decided that the Young Turks were both anti-Arab and anti-Islamic. For a brief moment he thought that salvation lay in the anti-Ottoman rebellion led during World War I by Husayn, the Sharif of Mecca, who himself justified his movement by denouncing the Young Turks' irreligion. But ultimately Rashid Rida offered no satisfactory resolution of the tension between traditional Islam and modern conditions.

Increasingly after 1918 the ideologies of Arab nationalism came to the fore and, like other nationalisms, argued that the Arabs were a nation entitled as such to a state of their own. The signs by which the Arabs were held to be identified were their language, their culture, and their history. Religion, thus, had seemingly no bearing on the question of who was an Arab. However, if history was one of the dimensions defining Arabism, then this very history showed that the Arabs first made their mark on the world with the appearance of Muhammad and the spread of his message. Muhammad was thus an Arab cultural hero whom every Arab, regardless of his religion, had to revere—so argued one of the founders of the Baath party, the Greek Orthodox Michel Aflaq. The Iraqi Sunni Muslim, Abd-al-Rahman al-Bazzaz, put it somewhat differently, declaring that in the Muslim world the Arabs held the same position as the Communist party of the Soviet Union holds in the Communist world.

But whatever the worth of such arguments, it remained the case that the social cohesiveness on which Arab nationalism could build was still that traditionally instilled by Islam. And with the increase in the importance of Saudi Arabia in inter-Arab politics, the congruence of Arab nationalism and Islam, not to say their actual identity, came to be considered natural. For in the Arabian Peninsula, where homogeneity of language, race, and religion was more or less complete, it was natural for Arabism and Islam to be considered one and the same thing. To this day, however,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this congruence, not to say similarity, between the two, though taken for granted, has not been justified or theorized, nor does there seem to be recognition of the real tensions and conflicts between Arab nationalism and Islam as a revealed, worldwide religion which recognizes only one legitimate kind of rule, and makes no provision for cultural, linguistic, or racial differences.

That there is tension, and that this tension is unresolved, is nevertheless quite evident. One has only to recall the polemic between Sati 'al-Husri, the eminent ideologue of Arabism, and Shaykh Mustafa al-Maraghi, the rector of al-Azhar university in the 1930's. Husri argued that Arab unity had primacy over Islamic unity, and Maraghi the contrary. The two positions are diametrically opposed, and there was no way of reconciling them. Nearer to the present day, Sayyid Qutb and the Muslim Brotherhood both in Egypt and in Syria have delivered a reasoned, sustained, and ferocious attack—for which they have paid with their blood—on Arab nationalist doctrine in its Nasserist and Baathist form, which they have denounced as a regression to pre-Islamic paganism. The murder of Egyptian President Sadat by members of an extremist offshoot of the Muslim Brotherhood in October 1981, and the repeated clashes between the Brotherhood and the Baathist regime in Syria, culminating in an uprising in the city of Hama—large parts of which consequently suffered destruction at the hands of the authorities in February 1982—attest to the abiding tension and violent conflict between two irreconcilable world views.

Just as Arab (and other) nationalisms in the Muslim world are an outcome of the encounter between the West and Islam, the penetration of modern European views about history and culture, and the adoption by the Muslim world of the categories and concepts of European politics, so Zionism is the outcome of the penetration at about the same time of the same influences into the Jewish world. The differences, however, between the historical experience of Jews and Muslims, and between the political notions respectively associated with Judaism and Islam, could not have been greater.

From its beginning, Islam was associated with political power. Soon after Muhammad's revelation, the Caliphate became a great power, and successive Muslim states remained powers to reckon with until modern times. The ancient Jewish state, by contrast, was a very small state trying to survive on the margin, and in the midst, of the formidable powers which surrounded it. More than once, the Jewish state came to grief in its encounters with the great powers of the ancient world.

The last of these disastrous encounters, that with the Romans, led to the destruction of Jewish autonomy in the land of Israel. Henceforth Jews were deprived of a territorial base and of any political power. But they survived, and continued to do so, in a remarkable, almost worldwide network of communities held together by common religious beliefs and the social solidarity which these beliefs produced, and by a rabbinical leadership which stood guardian over these beliefs and maintained the solidarity which was their outcome.

It is interesting to note that in the period when European dominance over the world of Islam seemed well-nigh complete and irresistible, some Muslim thinkers held up the Jews as an example to their fellow Muslims of the disastrous consequences of political powerlessness. To my knowledge, however, no Muslim thinker has ever pointed to the remarkable survival of Jews and Judaism, even when deprived of political power, as something to ponder upon, and from which to draw a moral. Perhaps this would have been too much to expect, since from the very beginning, and up until now, there has been a tight, unbreakable connection between state and religion in Islam. The Sassanid maxim that rule and religion are twins was taken over and justified by Muslim divines on the score that Muslim power was indispensable to the safeguard of Islam. If indispensable, then it followed that, whatever the character of this power, it had to be obeyed. This is a far cry from the Jewish situation both before and after the dispersion.

The occupation of the land of Israel by the progeny of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was the outcome of a covenant with God, and conditional upon its fulfillment by individuals and the collectivity. Another remarkable feature of the political life of the children of Israel was the highly pejorative view of kingship which is to be found in the Bible. This is manifest not only in the famous passage in which, through Samuel, God itemizes for the benefit of the children of Israel the oppressive burdens of the kingship for which they were yearning, but also in the manner in which the prophets address, and speak about, kings. One may go so far as to call the ancient Jewish polity a dyarchy in which the authority of the prophets rivaled that of the kings, and was sometimes superior to it. This dyarchy preceded by a great many centuries the similar distinction in Western Christianity between *regnum* and *sacerdotium*.

After the disastrous clash with Rome, the rabbis (who were the heirs of the prophets) added two significant features to Jewish political theory, namely, not to go up to the land in a column, and not to calculate or to hasten the End. The End was, of course (in the words of the Hebrew blessing), the restoration to his throne of "the anointed one the son of David Your Servant"—a restoration which was to come about not through military power but by divine action and in God's own good time.

This was the traditional Jewish position before the impact of modernity. There were, however (as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moshe Idel has pointed out in a recent paper), many conflicting tendencies within Jewish thought regarding the related question of whether it was a religious duty to live or to seek to settle in the land of Israel. In the Middle Ages Judah Halevy and Moses Nachmanides insisted that the land had a particular numinous quality, and that living in it was necessary for the performance of the commandments. But Abraham Bar-Hiyya, Ezra of Gerona, and Abraham Abulafia held very different views. They affirmed that salvation was easier outside than inside the land; or that exile itself was a substitute for living in the land and for the Temple sacrifices; or that political conditions in the land were such as not to be conducive to study, and thus *aliyah* was to be discouraged.

Zionism, in any case, meant a radical overturning of a universe of discourse hallowed by the authority of those whom for centuries the Jews had accepted as their guides and leaders. For Zionists did believe in human beings taking their fate in their own hands, and engaging in political, and then if necessary in military, action—did believe, in other words, in going up to the land in a column, and did conceive of a secular End. This end was the establishment of a Jewish state which, whatever it was, could not mean the restoration to his throne of the anointed one the son of David, and was not founded on a covenant whose transgression would infallibly destroy the state. This new ideal had innumerable consequences for the manner in which Jewish society was to be viewed, and all kinds of implications for the traditional structure of authority and belief against which the Zionists revolted.

Zionism, then, like Arab nationalism, was incompatible with the traditional religious view of the world. To be sure, reasons for the incompatibility, as well as its character, were different in the two cases, but the fact of incompatibility remains.

As WITH Arab nationalism in its relation to Islam, the relation of Zionism to Judaism could not be a simple one of outright conflict and opposition. There is what may be called a necessary ambivalence in the attitude of Zionism to Judaism. Zionism depends on the existence of Jews—and there is no way of being a Jew without, in some way or another, being affected more or less deeply by Judaism, which in its institutions, systems of belief, and modes of behavior is preeminently the handiwork of the rabbis.

Some, and particularly Zionists, have dreamed of a modern, cohesive, and purely secular Jewish society. Societies, however, in which the secular outlook is dominant are a very new feature in world history. The anarchist slogan, *ni Dieu ni maître*, "neither God nor master," sums up well the aspirations and ideas of this kind of society. The question arises whether such a society can sustain itself for any length of time and provide fulfillment to its members; the question must remain an open one. The United States is as secular a society as can be imagined, but many have wondered whether the market on its own, and without a common religious basis, can continue to sustain public and private morality, and whether material prosperity does not go hand in hand with a spiritual and moral void. As for other, militantly secularist societies, which proscribe the free pursuit by each individual of his own economic betterment, the spectacle they offer is such as to render comment superfluous.

In any case, whatever hopes secularists have entertained, Israel is not now this kind of society. And even if it were, so long as it is not secure it will need the support of Jews who are not Israelis —and Jews have, by definition, some connection or other with Judaism. The Arab nationalists have also found that they cannot do without Islam. And like Arab nationalists, Zionists for their part have not been able to come to terms intellectually with the assumptions and categories of religious thought. When necessary or expedient they have either made practical compromises—which have left the theoretical conflict unresolved —or else have sociologized religious categories for secular purposes.

Islam, as the Muslim Brotherhood has argued, can do very well without Arab nationalism (or any other kind). So-called fundamentalists like Sayyid Qutb, Maududi, and Khomeini have propounded coherent and cogent arguments in support of this position. There was a similar coherence and cogency in the traditional rabbinical response to the Zionist world view. This response was at its most intellectually vigorous among the East European Jewries which are now gone. A pale image is found in the views of the Neturei Karta sect in Jerusalem, who have made no attempt to grapple theoretically with the situation brought about by the establishment of the state but who give an impression of ineffective, and impotent, disapproval. The Agudath Israel movement, once militantly anti-Zionist, adopted the expedient of keeping Zionism at arm's length and, after 1948, decided to make a kind of cold peace with it.

There remains religious Zionism and the Bloc of the Faithful (Gush Emunim) it inspires. This current of thought seems, at first sight, not only to recognize the problem, but also to provide a reconciliation between Zionist ideals and religious values. But one suspects that the reconciliation remains fragile, since when all is said and done, religious Zionism, like secular Zionism, does not confront or surmount what the injunction not to hasten the End implies and requires. To hasten the End, or simply to facilitate it, or to prepare for it, requires us to take active political and, if need be, military measures. To do so is to engage in an enterprise both hazardous and broken-backed—hazardous because no one embarking on a political or a military venture can possibly en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sure or foretell a happy outcome, broken-backed because the most successful outcome of such a venture must always leave something to be desired, must always contain dissonances and disharmonies, and can never provide total satisfaction. And absolute peace and harmony, total satisfaction, are what characterize messianic days. Hastening the End is, thus, a paradoxical and self-contradictory enterprise.

For us who do not live in messianic days, to engage in this hazardous and broken-backed activity of politics is a necessity. But we are less likely to suffer from shattered illusions, and more likely to avoid shipwreck, if we recognize politics for what it is, and keep in mind what it can and what it cannot accomplish.

Politics serves to attend to the common concerns of a society. It is remedial and mediatory. It can best do what it is fitted to do when there is least divergence between the public interest articulated by the state and the interest of the private citizen. When this is the case, the citizen's loyalty to the state is in effect his loyalty to institutions, procedures, and traditions which mediate between the public and the private interest. Where public and private ends pull in opposite directions, then a polity becomes oppressive and a political ideology is resorted to in order to instill a loyalty which institutions in their ordinary workings are powerless to supply. This is the condition of Arab countries where the ideology of Arabism is used to compensate—vainly as we might think—for the absence of institutions which are not simply the engines of compulsion, and for the loyalty which existing regimes are powerless to evoke.

But Israel is, happily, not a polity of this kind. Its institutions emanate from, respond, and seek to minister to the body politic. It is, politically, a going concern. This condition is not the creation of an ideology, for ideologies exactly similar to Zionism we find to coexist with tyranny and worse. It is thus a moot question whether Zionism, however it arose, whatever its role in the establishment of the state (and the relation among ideology, political action, and political outcomes is always complicated and equivocal, and often downright ironical), with all its ambiguities and difficulties, is vital for the survival and continued welfare of Israel. This survival depends ultimately on the patriotism of its citizens—a patriotism which makes possible the functioning of a citizen army—and their trust in institutions which they themselves have set up, and which they have to work; and it depends on the support of fellow Jews abroad—a support which derives from solidarities much older and loyalties more tenacious than any modern ideology.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Scandal of "Peace Education"

André Ryerson

IN THE fall of 1982 the leaders of the nuclear-freeze movement, still buoyed by what they considered a popular tide, introduced to America's schools the subject of nuclear war, and what they judged fit to prevent it. Assisted by grants from foundations large and small, obscure and famous, educators for the freeze wrote curriculum guides inviting teachers to make this new subject formally a part of their schedule. Some public grumbling was heard when the National Education Association (NEA) in 1983 published *Choices: A Unit on Conflict and Nuclear War*, but then the matter sank from sight as other issues displaced the brief attention provoked by the advent of a new school subject.

Although the nuclear-freeze campaign has faded, it should not be imagined that the schools have abandoned "peace education," "peace studies," or "nuclear war education." Some fifty teaching guides now exist, all managing to fit into a very thin slice of the political spectrum. The two organizations with clear ascendancy in the field are the 1.7 million-member NEA, the largest labor union in America, and Educators for Social Responsibility (ESR). Not content to let the spread of the new curriculum depend on teacher initiative alone, these groups have succeeded in convincing states such as Oregon, and municipalities from New York and Milwaukee to Pittsburgh and Los Angeles, to require legally that "peace" or "nuclear war" education be made part of the short list of subjects which all children must study.

A closer look at the three most widely used curricular guides, *Choices*, *Dialogue*, and *Perspectives*, is therefore in order.

I

A TEACHING unit for junior-high-school students written for the NEA by the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS), *Choices* opens with a justification by John Mack, a professor of psychiatry at Harvard who has made no secret of his desire to change America's defense policy. This desire he readily combines with his professional interest in children:

> Young, and even very young, children are telling their parents and teachers that they are afraid of dying in a nuclear war. In the past, we have been poorly informed and ill-equipped to respond to these fears and have offered little to young people outside of unconvincing reassurances. This history of silence and ignorance in too many American classrooms is now being overcome, as pioneering curricula on the subject of nuclear war are being introduced in high schools and junior high schools throughout the country.

Dr. Mack goes on to say that "recent studies demonstrate that the nuclear arms race and the experience of living with the threat of nuclear annihilation have had a significantly adverse impact on the emotional lives of young people." In fact, however, as Joseph Adelson and Chester E. Finn, Jr. have shown,* such studies for the most part have been produced by amateurs in the field of survey work, and, even when not, they have combined methodological shoddiness with overt political purpose.

As any parent knows, fear is an emotion communicated very readily from adult to child. One would therefore expect evidence far better than that hastily adduced by politically active psychiatrists claiming that children are in a state of terror about nuclear weapons, lest the treatment prove iatrogenic and the fears to be allayed become the effect of the therapy that is applied. Yet teachers sensitive to this consideration, or who might in any case question the propriety of using the classroom to communicate their private fears about the world to children, are told by the authors of *Choices*: "It is also important for you to admit your fears about nuclear war. This may help students more freely admit their own fears."

Lesson 1 of *Choices* begins by distributing to students a picture of a mushroom cloud. The children are asked what it means to them. This is followed by "The First Atomic Bomb," where the teacher is to "read one factual and one personal account of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima." The "factual" account gives no background to World War II, and does not even mention who started it. The "personal account" includes a child's description of the Hiroshima

ANDRÉ RYERSON is a writer and artist currently at work on a novel entitled *Toymaker*. His article, "The Cult of Hiroshima," appeared in our October 1985 issue.

* "Terrorizing Children," COMMENTARY, April 1985.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devastation. Then, lest the horror of it all be too hastily absorbed, the next steps are these:

2. Divide the class into groups of four to five students.
3. Ask students to discuss their feelings about the Hiroshima accounts.
4. Have the groups list three or four things they felt after hearing these accounts.
5. Ask a spokesperson from each group to present the group's list to the class.
6. Allow students time to discuss their thoughts and feelings about Hiroshima and the atomic bomb.

Further optional exercises, with the class still divided into intimate groups, include distributing "pictures drawn by atomic-bomb survivors 30 years after the event," from the book *Unforgettable Fire*, with the same extended ritual as above, and again concluding, "Allow students time to discuss their thoughts and feelings about Hiroshima and the atomic bomb."

Whatever else their state of ignorance these days, it can scarcely be argued that junior-high-school students do not know that atomic bombs kill people. Given the absence of any context to explain the extremely limited choices imposed by conditions of war in general, and the war waged against the Japanese in particular, these class exercises devised by the Union of Concerned Scientists, which single out from the great lexicon of the war's documented horrors but one sort committed by one side, can only produce in thirteen-year-olds the reactions that UCS surely intends: pity for the Japanese, disgust for America.

The same theme is resumed in Lesson 4 under "Effects of Nuclear Explosions," this time with radiation sickness added to the catalogue of human and material destruction. First, teachers are told to "Ask students to review from Lesson 1 the effects of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. This discussion gives an introduction to the nature and effects of nuclear weapons." The review completed, the students are to read about radiation sickness "and then discuss the long-term effects on those who are not immediately killed by the explosion." Teachers who might hesitate, at this point, have their resolve strengthened by the UCS: "This part of the lesson may be one of the most disturbing portions of the unit. The students have been given many unpleasant facts, but it is crucial to realize the destructive nature of nuclear weapons." The next message gets repeated at intervals: "Though the first atomic bomb was much smaller than today's nuclear weapons, and therefore does not give a true picture of the extent of destructive capacity, we will use the memories of atomic-bomb survivors to educate ourselves and students about an event we hope to prevent from ever happening again." Students are encouraged to start a private journal in which they may record and elaborate their new-found fears, sense of national guilt, and convictions of how the world in consequence must be changed.

To ensure that sorrow and guilt not distract from the primary emotion of fear, the Union of Concerned Scientists recommends "Ground Zero," an exercise that permits the children to "detail the effects of a one-megaton bomb at different distances" from "the point on the earth's surface on or above which a nuclear weapon explodes," with concentric circles to distinguish varying effects on humans and property. "Provide students with copies of a map or show an overhead projection of their city. . . . You may choose to have students draw the concentric circles on the maps. If so, they will need compasses." Etc. The authors of *Choices*, as one can see, cannot be faulted for a lack of thoroughness.

THE designers of this manual are aware, however, that to construct a whole philosophy of disarmament, more than raw fear and guilt are needed. Broader issues of human relations—economics, the nature of conflict, a general picture of the world—must also be introduced and taught. Thus, among possible explanations of why the West has an adversary relationship with the Soviet Union, there are two that enjoy prominence in *Choices*, as in all the "peace" curricula. The first is that we Americans have a primitive tendency to imagine people who are different from ourselves as our "enemies." Our problem, in a word, is psychological. The second, more hard-headed explanation is that nations, like individuals, are unduly selfish, and refuse to share equally with others their goods and resources; war, in this view, is but the end product of "competitiveness," resulting from the institution of private property.

The UCS offers exercises by which to drive these lessons home. The start of Lesson 2 ("Personal Conflict") presents the psychological thesis: "Whether our opponent is perceived as a friend, enemy, or stranger may produce very different resolutions to the conflict." This prepares students for the assertion that our difficulty with the Soviets is essentially a problem in our heads. And the analogies students are asked to entertain are sufficiently trivial to support this claim.

For instance, in selecting personal conflicts to illustrate the harsher realities of the world, the authors of *Choices* might have examined the situation created, say, by a bully demanding another child's lunch money under threat of violence (a not uncommon occurrence these days). Instead, the situations favored by *Choices* run from borrowing another's bike without asking permission, to stepping ahead in line; the exercise is then to imagine how events would evolve if you "assume that the other person is your friend," or "your enemy," or, finally, "a stranger." *Choices* guides the teacher: "Does assuming the other person is an enemy produce the same result as assuming your opponent is a friend? Does eliminating a 'me vs. you' attitude help resolve conflicts?"

The idea that nothing very serious (other than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American cultural prejudice) separates the United States and the Soviet Union is the basis of the "U.S.-USSR Fact Sheet," which informs students that the USSR has 270 million people, a harsh climate in the east, important reserves of minerals, and "some unfriendly countries" on its frontiers, due—among other provocations—to the presence along one border of "as many as 1 million Chinese troops." By contrast, through some circumstance of good luck, "The United States is bordered on the north by Canada and on the south by Mexico, both friendly countries." The U.S. also has not suffered nearly so much from war, having lost only about a million men in battle since its birth, whereas "the Soviet Union lost about 20 million people in World War II in addition to about 11 million in World War I and the Civil War of 1918."

Oddly enough, in this summary of Soviet suffering, the UCS seems to have overlooked one of the most sensational statistics of the century—the number of Soviet citizens done to death by their own rulers. Admittedly, such a statistic of social genocide—even the mere mention of the Gulag—might interfere with the purpose of Lesson 2, which is to show that our dislike of the Soviet system and leadership is merely mental and that it proceeds from a lack of familiarity, an ingrained cultural parochialism, of which Americans should work harder to cure themselves. Of the Soviet habit since 1917 of invading and assimilating neighbors, not a word is said.

In addition to the delusion that the Soviets are our enemies, there is the danger of the world struggle for resources. "What happens when an increasing number of people want scarce resources?" The UCS answer to this problem comes in the form of a game, in which an odd number of candies is given out to groups with an even number of students. The subsequent discussion by the class as to how it overcame this obstacle to perfect sharing constitutes the lesson.

Other exercises of sharing and "cooperation" are suggested, among them "The Dollar Game." Here the class is divided in two, and each side bids how many cents it will pay for a dollar bill offered by the teacher, but with the catch that both sides must pay the teacher the sums they bid, win or lose. The aim is to get the students to set aside competition, and "cooperate": "After one side goes over 50 cents, it may become apparent that *you* will gain at the next bid, since the sum of the two bids will be more than $1. One side may even begin to negotiate with the other at an earlier point." Of course, the idea that eliminating competition among bidders is a virtue would only occur to academics displeased with the workings of a free economy. If companies bidding for a highway contract were to follow the ethics recommended by the UCS and the NEA, they would be subject to criminal indictment by the state prosecutor for colluding to fix prices.

With the only grounds for tension between the United States and the Soviet Union being an "us vs. them" mentality (from which we alone appear to be suffering) and an ill-controlled craving for scarce resources, the expenditure of U.S. public funds on arms becomes irrational, not to say immoral. To dramatize this lesson *Choices* has a game called "The United States National Budget." Again the class divides into groups, with each group receiving twenty tokens and a sheet listing the various categories into which the tokens may go. The students (with no background information whatsoever) are invited to allocate the tokens as they think right, and are explicitly told: "Your twenty tokens represent all of the money in the national budget." The various groups are afterward asked to compare their answers. *Choices* then instructs the teacher: "Pass out the proposed 1987 National Budget (Worksheet 603). Tell students this represents the average figures of the proposed 1987 United States budget."

Here is how the twenty tokens are distributed in the "National Budget":

Category	Number of Tokens
1. Social Needs: Education Food and nutrition Job training Social services	1
2. Social Security, Retirement, and Unemployment	6
3. National Defense	9
4. Physical Needs: Natural resources and environment Transportation Housing Community development	1
5. Health: Medical research Medical programs for the elderly, handicapped, and poor	2
6. Science and Politics: Energy Science Agriculture International affairs	1

The purpose of the exercise is to "shock" children about "the truth" of U.S. defense spending, and to demonstrate how miserly and inhumane we are by comparison in allocating funds for "social needs." But either the Union of Concerned Scientists is ignorant of known facts, or it has difficulty performing a task of simple arithmetic: to allot nine out of twenty tokens—or 45 percent—to National Defense, when the actual defense budget in recent years has run consistently between 26 and 29 percent, is a piece of major misinformation for teachers to be telling students.

Beyond the plain falsehood concerning the pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portion of our defense budget, there are, as so often in *Choices*, crucial omissions here, whose purpose can only be to create a false picture of reality. To use the term "national budget" instead of *federal* budget, and then to list "education," "food and nutrition," "retirement," "physical needs," "transportation," "housing," "community development," "health," "medical research," "energy," "science," "agriculture," and so on, is seriously to mislead the young, who may not know that such things are funded overwhelmingly by state or local governments, or are sustained by private enterprise. It might, in addition, interest our children, if not educators inhospitable to defense budgets, that in constant dollars public spending for defense has risen only 1.2 percent in the last twenty years, whereas the increase in America's spending on "social needs" has risen a breathtaking 214 percent. As a consequence, the share of total public spending consumed by defense since 1965 has *declined*, from 37 to about 15 percent. But facts like these have the inconvenience of not conforming to the image of America that the UCS entertains.

II

THE programmed feelings that *Choices* is designed to arouse in students—fear, horror, shame, and finally righteous indignation—must, in keeping with the therapy promised from the first page by Dr. Mack, resolve themselves in action. But there is a problem here. Despite what they have been told by the youth culture and by "progressives," children, even as old as thirteen, still tend to believe that adults by and large know more than they. And since adults for the most part have not yet joined the crusade to get rid of the weapons constructed for our defense, children may hesitate to throw themselves into the "peace" movement with quite the alacrity that the UCS and the NEA would like. To overcome this diffidence, *Choices* (along with other "peace" curricula) has come up with an ingenious device—a fable to inspire the young—called "The Hundredth Monkey." So useful is this tale to its purposes that *Choices* makes sure to set it forth as early as Lesson 1, referring back to it reverently in subsequent lessons as though to the founding myth of a religion.

"The Hundredth Monkey" is, among other things, a fascinating instance of the deliberate misuse of scientific knowledge for political ends. The original facts on which it is based are these: in 1952 some Japanese scientists observing the behavior of macaque monkeys on the island of Koshima decided, as an experiment, to leave yams (a food unfamiliar to the monkeys) scattered upon the beach. One of the monkeys, a young female, soon found that the edibility of the yams was much improved by washing them in the nearby water, to remove the sand. Soon other monkeys, beginning with the younger ones, imitated the first, until the washing of yams had become, as it were, an acquired cultural habit.

Those are the facts. In the version given in *Choices*, however, there are significant modifications. The young female, "named Imo," discovers that seawater removes sand from yams. "She taught this trick to her mother. Her playmates also learned this new way and they taught their mothers, too." This mild distortion continues: "Only the adults who imitated their children learned this social improvement. Other adults kept eating the dirty sweet potatoes."

At this point the story acquires wings and takes flight into myth:

> In the autumn of 1958 something startling took place. Though the exact number is not known, let us suppose that when the sun rose one morning there were 99 monkeys on Koshima Island who had learned to wash their potatoes. Let's further suppose that later that morning, the hundredth monkey learned to wash potatoes. THEN IT HAPPENED!
>
> By that evening almost everyone in the tribe was washing sweet potatoes before eating them. The added energy of the hundredth monkey created a breakthrough! Thus, when a critical number achieves an awareness, this new awareness may be communicated from mind to mind.
>
> Although the exact number may vary, the Hundreth Monkey Phenomenon means that when only a limited number of people know of a new way, it may remain in the minds of only these people. But there is a point at which if only one more person tunes in to the new awareness, the idea is strengthened so that it reaches almost everyone!
>
> Your awareness is needed in preventing nuclear war.
>
> You may be the "Hundredth Monkey."

The idea that a "new awareness" will be accepted by all remaining skeptics "if only one more person tunes in" is a piece of social fantasy. And to apply this fantasy to the monkeys of Koshima, as a scientifically observed event, is complete and utter nonsense. Yet *Choices* with a straight face tells both teacher and students: "The experiment illustrates the concept of 'critical number' whereby the attainment of a certain level of concentration causes some quality, property, or phenomenon to undergo a definite change." And lest the moral be lost on any inattentive student, the teacher is instructed to ask the class: "How are people who learn about nuclear war like the monkeys who learned to wash the sweet potatoes?" And: "Can adults learn about nuclear war from young people?"

Although indifference to American values and to vital facts of world history is apparent in *Choices* from the first lesson to the last, the particular use of the Hundredth Monkey myth adds another dimension to the misuse of public education. Unlike what happened at Koshima, where a young member of the monkey colony did indeed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make an autonomous discovery, these junior-high-school students are doing no such thing. They are being coached by adults. And yet they are being made to believe that this is not so, that *Choices* is merely opening a door upon their own privileged perceptions, which possess a superior moral status to those of their parents and other adults.

Now it happens that something very similar occurred in American history once before. In 17th-century Salem a group of children, their status as "innocents" enabling them to command authority over adult society with quite astonishing effect, began denouncing adult members of the community as agents of the devil. We now know more fully what happened: the children were not hearing "divine commands," but had absorbed adult emotions from two unhealthy sources, an atmosphere of bitterness existing between their own village clan and a rival group of families, and the superstitious tales of horror told the children by a kitchen maid. Turned hysterical, the children began identifying members of the rival clan as "witches," and were believed on faith in their natural innocence. This circular pattern of influence, from adults to children and then from children back to adults, but now amplified by the presumption of some moral or divine privilege in children, might appropriately be called the Salem Syndrome. The contemporary usefulness of the concept is that it conforms, in all essentials, to what we observe operating between "peace educators" and children in the public schools.

THE emotions induced by *Choices*—fear (of imminent nuclear holocaust, owing to our means of defense), shame (at having invented atomic bombs and made use of them to end World War II), horror (from tireless study of Hiroshima), and above all anger (at adult America for persisting in maintaining its nuclear deterrent, owing to false suspicions of the Soviet Union)—run the risk of simply depressing students and discouraging them from taking any action at all. To counter this danger, Lesson 9 encourages them to imagine, as the title puts it, "A Better World."

On this theme students are asked to compose poems, skits, and songs, to construct collages and paint posters, with the year "2080 A.D." offered as a possible target date for the emergence of a more loving, less hostile America. Lesson 9 also urges teachers to "Have students listen to some music that encourages creativity," listing such options as "There's a Place for Us" from *West Side Story*, "Ain't Gonna Study War No More" by Pete Seeger, and "Imagine" by John Lennon. The first of these is a soulful duet for lovers separated by the ethnic prejudices of a pair of warring gangs; the second preaches the pacifist credo that to stop wars we should get rid of our military; and the last attributes war and the world's other ills to the persistence of religion and the continued existence of national boundaries.

The tenth and concluding lesson of *Choices* opens gravely:

> The final day of the unit will give students time to reflect on the unit and consider ideas for action. At the beginning, you should remind students of the story of "The Hundredth Monkey" and the power of the individual to make a difference, especially when joined with others in a group action. Imagining what a better world could look like (Lesson 9) can also be productive in encouraging students to act on their beliefs.

A list of suggested activities follows, aimed first at the school community itself ("Do a videotape on the unit and play for the school"; "teach younger children within the school topics learned in the unit"; "form student groups on issues of nuclear war and its prevention") and then at the larger adult community, the school now transformed into a center for "peace" activism, provided free of charge by the taxpayers. "Contact the PTA and make the class's concerns known." "Contact the local radio and TV news and ask to present a one-minute summary of class opinions on nuclear weapons or nuclear war." "Set up a literature table at a community event such as a flea market or block party."

That done, the students can begin lobbying regional politicians: "Call or write your state legislators. Find out their positions on arms limitation and peace through strength. Write back expressing your views." Nor should the children's crusade shirk from advancing to the federal level: "Write the White House and tell the President of your concerns." "Write your Representatives and Senators, and ask their views on nuclear war, national defense, and potential arms agreements such as SALT, START, freeze, and No First Use. After you receive their letters, write back explaining how you agree or disagree with their views."

But the most provocative if elliptical suggestion, stopping just short of inciting to civil disruption, is the following: "Find out the role the military plays in the community. Are weapons produced at a local plant (see the map which follows)? Is research and development in progress at a local university? Are weapons stored at a nearby base?" The map on the facing page is the final image the children are shown, and it nicely ties in with the mushroom cloud that opens the manual. It is titled, "Nuclear Weapons Locations in the United States," and is the handiwork of the innocent-sounding Center for Defense Information (CDI), which might more aptly be named the Anti-Defense Center. The map pinpoints every U.S. Air Force base, Navy base, Army base, ICBM missile field, and every research or industrial site suspected of making or housing nuclear weapons. No equivalent map of the USSR is offered. At the foot of the page appears the title of the article in which the map originally appeared: "Preparing for Nuclear War: President Reagan's Program."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

WHEN the nuclear-freeze movement was at its apogee, a group calling itself Educators for Social Responsibility (ESR) formed in the Boston-Cambridge area to carry the cause into the public schools. It has been highly successful in its task, assisted by an allied group of youthful recruits (with NEA support as well) called "Student/Teacher Organization to Prevent Nuclear War" (STOP). Launching its campaign in hundreds of schools across the country with a "Day of Dialogue" in the fall of 1982, ESR subsequently turned out three huge curriculum guides: *Dialogue: A Teaching Guide to Nuclear Issues*; *Decision Making in a Nuclear Age*; and *Perspectives: A Teaching Guide to Concepts of Peace*. Several of the authors of *Choices* also helped write the teaching guides for ESR, but with a revealing difference. Where *Choices* is content to suggest, the guides produced by ESR assert; where the former allows but a glimpse of occasional intimacy with the Left, in the latter this cautionary veil has become completely transparent.

A specialty of Educators for Social Responsibility is its readiness to begin working on young minds from the earliest school age. While *Choices* is prepared to wait until the young have reached junior high, ESR starts in kindergarten. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find in both *Dialogue* and *Perspectives* a heavy emphasis on children's stories, ideal instruments in the task of teaching the very young the attitudes necessary for changing the world.

To demonstrate to children that Western fears of the Soviet Union are merely based on mistaken perceptions, *Perspectives* recommends "The Stranger: A Modern Fable," which "tells the story about how people, in their fear of a giant stranger, bring out their cannon against him. When they finally get to talk to him, they like him a lot and he is invited to stay in their country." In another story, "The Tears of the Dragon," the misperception idea is neatly fused with another, that of the-child-as-saintly-leader-of-adults: "A little boy refusing to believe a village rumor that a dragon is evil, decides to invite the dragon to his birthday party, thereby overcoming prejudice and misinformation." Then there is "Jonathan and the Dragon," wherein a child once again shows adults the folly of their ways: "After the mayor and townspeople have tried violent means to no avail, a little boy gets the invading dragon out of town simply by whispering a polite request to him." (ESR might consider shipping a few cartons of this invaluable story to assist the mujahedeen in Afghanistan.)

Other stories follow, each making its simple and unmistakable point. "The Tomato Patch" demonstrates that it is not real conflict but rather the making of weapons which is the cause of war. "The Pig War" presents two groups claiming the same piece of territory, and has as its moral that "deciding to share avoids conflicts." "Potatoes, Potatoes" is a "right-to-the-point story about two countries at war, a mother's attempt to shield her two sons from it," and teaches its lesson in the form of a question: "If people spend all their time fighting, building, and polishing weapons, who will have time to grow food to sustain the people?" A continuous theme of these stories suggests to small children the frightening notion that their food will disappear if we persist in maintaining our defenses.)

Two final stories make the case that enlisting in the military services of one's country adds violence and stupidity to one's character. In "Two Admirals," "Two competitive and egotistical admirals turn the village to a shambles as they try to outdo each other; the innkeeper offers a prize to the one who can keep the peace longer." In "The Generals," a pair of generals "would rather go to the beach and play than fight a war," but their cultural rigidity makes them invent excuses to avoid the effort of changing their routine, so that the story "ends with their destruction."

Nowhere in these teaching guides are children reminded that in America we enjoy a system of government that places the military under the control of elected civilians, voted into office by the people, and that there is not a single case of our military having so much as attempted to break off from this authority to start a war.

IF stories are one way to guide children to foreordained conclusions, classroom discussion completes the task. Here is the sort of questioning judged appropriate for a teacher addressing children in the 2nd and 3rd grades (ages 7-8) on the existence of atomic bombs: "Do you really think there is such a thing? Do you think a war could end the world? Does that scare you?" ESR cites one response to such questions in order to justify its own adult activism: "Sam's reaction supports one of our strongly held views: *That adults' peacemaking efforts are a source of reassurance for children*" (emphasis in original). This is one of the favorite devices in the movement's tireless manipulation of children: not only does inducing fear open the way to fresh conversions in the young, but worry about the psychological damage inflicted on children is then used to enlist the support of parents.

While ESR has no qualms about encouraging fears of nuclear holocaust, it is prompt to quell fears related to Soviet aggression. Such fears are "based on misinterpretation and misinformation," and should be gently corrected by the teacher of small children along the following lines: "Judy, you said something interesting about the Russians. But actually the leaders of the Soviet Union have said they want to work on peace, and we know that a lot of people there feel the way we do and are working hard to prevent war."

For slightly older children, in grades 4 to 6,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dialogue recommends a more detailed inquiry into nuclear war, with the teacher ready to answer such questions as, "What happens to people when a nuclear bomb explodes near them?" Should a child respond with the anxious complaint that "it's just not fair that other people have made the world like this," the teacher can vigorously nod: "We agree. Lots of grownups all over the world are trying to find ways to make the world better and get rid of things like bombs. Maybe you could help by writing letters."

IN CONFRONTING mainstream America, even in the form of its youngest representatives, ESR is aware that there are still substantial obstacles to overcome. For example, the editors of *Perspectives* report that one group of 6th graders whom they questioned in the course of preparing their volume "had a strong image of the Soviets as enemies." This "was based on little information," in the editors' view, as was the students' equally mistaken idea of life in totalitarian societies: "They were perceived as colorless, almost inhumanly oppressive places. . . . There was no joy. There was nothing to buy. People worked long hours in almost slave conditions. And they were governed by brutal, aggressive dictatorships." "Where," ESR asks plaintively, "did such young students acquire these images?" More importantly, "As they grow older, how will these images taint the way they look at international relations, at the prospects of peace?"

Even teachers may be "misinformed" about the nature of the Soviet Union. Lesson 7 of *Dialogue*, "Letting the Soviets Enter the Dialogue," sets out to overcome this state of backwardness. Teachers and students together are asked to read official Soviet publications about Soviet aims, policies, the conditions of life in the Soviet Union, and its relations with neighboring countries. Incredibly, they are asked to take all assertions found in these publications at face value.

To be sure, this may prove difficult at first, since "in many instances the teachers will find themselves initially uninformed and suffering from prejudices similar to their students." Consequently in reading Soviet documents "teachers will have to work through material which may challenge their own assumptions."

The teachers are further cautioned "that reluctance to learn about the Soviets will manifest itself in many disguised forms. As an example, a student may insist that anything written by the Soviet government can't be trusted because it is propaganda and doesn't represent the opinion of the people." To this seemingly sensible objection, ESR replies vaguely: "In general, challenging our stereotypes is more uncomfortable than maintaining our familiar distrust." And with patience the student's resistance can be overcome: "Teachers can help students to understand the underlying motivations for their resistance by asking the right questions in a supportive way."

Without so much as a sentence to acknowledge that in the Soviet Union honest expression is illegal, existing only in the form of underground *samizdat* passed from hand to hand, ESR cheerily recommends "examination of Soviet newspapers and periodicals" as "an excellent way to learn about Soviet life and Soviet thinking on contemporary issues." As to Soviet publications aimed at sympathetic Westerners, such as *New Times*, its "experts" can even help Americans better understand (in the words of ESR) "the problems of human rights, Soviet aid to Cuba, the problems of youth in the West and the USSR, the proper handling of juvenile delinquency, efficiency of workers in socialist and capitalist societies, women's rights, and national minorities." Also recommended from the USSR Academy of Sciences is *Peace and Disarmament*, which "contains numerous articles on the struggle for peace."

THIS awesome willingness to gaze upon the Soviet Union with a benevolent eye is not extended, reciprocally so to speak, to the United States. One would think, for example, that an organization supposedly bent on stopping wars would pay some attention to a real war, actually taking place, rather than to merely hypothetical wars in the future, in apprehension of which we are asked to begin disarming ourselves at once. When the ESR teaching guides first appeared, the war in Afghanistan had been raging for years, yet nowhere in the 269 pages of *Dialogue* or the 402 pages of *Perspectives* can one find a single paragraph dealing with it. By contrast, references to the Vietnam war are frequent, and are used throughout these curriculum guides to illustrate American deception, brutality, and violence. To show what opposition to Communism can lead to, extensive attention is paid to the killing of civilians by Lt. William Calley at Mylai.

While ESR is prepared to take the most transparently invented public statements of Soviet intentions at face value, the one time a definition is offered of American intentions in the postwar period, it occurs in a section of the guide devoted to "Propaganda in Textbooks." Here is what ESR unblushingly calls an example of "propaganda," cited from an American textbook: "The Americans of 1945 did not suppose, as so many had in 1918, that victory relieved them of further international responsibility. Many saw America's role as a historic opportunity. Some hoped to use American power to build a lasting structure of world peace and to advance the cause of liberal democracy."

In searching for the causes of war and the sources of the East-West conflict, ESR, like a poet discovering the universe in a grain of sand, is able to locate them all within the borders of the United States alone. *Decision Making*, which specializes in the evils of the 1950's, describes the Alger Hiss and Rosenberg trials as "a hoax on history" and carries the distinct implication that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these events were responsible for the cold war, with an unbalanced America initiating the nuclear arms race which followed. *Perspectives* and *Dialogue* carry the indictment to the present.

ESR does not hesitate to name Ronald Reagan as an obstacle to world peace, and a figure to be regarded by children with anxiety. Selected remarks by the President are placed alongside pacific statements by Martin Luther King, Jr. and Albert Einstein, not just for the obvious invidious effect but also as an opening wedge into the whole question of civil disobedience. Since King is a genuine American hero, ESR ingeniously evokes his image to lend sanction to its own views on civil disobedience in general, and acts of civil disobedience against America's provisions for national defense in particular.

Among the milder incitements to such action is an article reprinted in *Perspectives* from the Boston *Globe* about the conscience struggle of a U.S. serviceman stationed in West Germany. In violation of the Army Code, the soldier began attending West German "peace" rallies, whereupon he was arraigned by the Army for participating in political demonstrations while in uniform. In the article, the young soldier is hailed as a sort of martyr by his cousin, a pastor who had advised him, for having demonstrated "a broader view of life and commitment."

In the same vein, a section in *Perspectives* entitled "Colonial Peace Churches" pays tribute to earlier pacifists, in order that students may better appreciate why today "people may be asked not to pay that portion of their taxes which goes to the building of weapons, or to resist being drafted into the military." The editors of *Dialogue* grant that "facts and rational arguments" have their place in bringing about political change, but events like "the report of a priest dumping blood on a Trident submarine are at least as valuable."

The articles ESR cites and quotes, the books, films, videotapes it recommends add up to an endless catalogue of what is wrong with America as seen through the eyes of the Left. Even when it makes the gesture of granting a word to those who view the world differently, the result is a mockery of any semblance of real debate. President Reagan's speech to the National Association of Evangelicals, for example, with its religious references and explicit designation of the Soviet Union as an "evil empire," might have served as the occasion for a bona-fide inquiry into Reagan's views of the Soviet Union and the reasons behind them. Instead, ESR feeds the students rigged questions, designed to suggest that the President's religious terms of speech and thought have obscured his understanding of the world: "Why does the President refer to 'sin and evil,' not 'bad and injustice'?" A tone of irony creeps in: "What does he mean by 'freedom' and how have we kept the 'torch' going?" "What does he say are the Soviet attitudes toward God and morality? Why do you think this upsets the President?" Without any documents offered to provide an answer, ESR asks the students, "Do the Soviets want to take over America?" The possibility that Leninist ideology might include the notion of world conquest is regarded by all the "peace" curricula as nothing but an old-wives' tale.

THAT President Reagan's speech did not sit well with the Educators for Social Responsibility is not surprising. For decades social scientists with advanced views have been trying to purge us of the antiquated idea that there might actually be such a thing in this world as forces wishing us ill. Since ordinary people persist in thinking otherwise, ESR invites students to enlarge their minds on the subject by considering the insights of Eastern mysticism: "Our society is a conflict-oriented society. We tend to see the world in terms of competing interests. . . . [But] in Eastern philosophy . . . conflict and paradox (represented by yin and yang) are part of a harmonic unity." Ignoring the prohibition against thumping for or against a religious faith in the schools, ESR suggests that "the roots of our attraction to conflict" reside in "Western tradition and religious values," and urges teachers to "explore with the students the good guy/bad guy dichotomy that pervades our Western mythology and our texts, or the God and the devil imagery that is part of the Christian ethic."

To help students free themselves from such burdensome notions, *Perspectives* offers a selection from *This Is It*, by Alan Watts, the American guru, whose sermon aims at proving that good and evil are actually indissoluble. "To Confucius it seemed much better to be human-hearted than righteous, and to the great Taoists, Lao-tzu and Chiang-tzu, it was obvious that one could not be right without also being wrong, because the two were as inseparable as back to front." Watts concedes that to the Western mind such words "may sound cynical" (not to say air-headed), but that is due to our narrow cultural and religious training:

> Actually they reflect a marvelous understanding and respect for what we call the balance of nature, human and otherwise—a universal vision of life as the Tao or way of nature. . . . Therefore wisdom did not consist in trying to wrest the good from the evil but in learning to "ride" them as a cork adapts itself to the crests and troughs of the waves. At the roots of Chinese life there is a trust in the good-and-evil of one's own nature which is particularly foreign to those brought up with the chronic uneasy conscience of the Hebrew-Christian cultures.

The Educators for Social Responsibility do not bother asking the high-school students in their care just where we would be today if we had treated Nazism in 1942 as meriting "understanding and respect," or what the outcome might have been if instead of opposing the Axis forces

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Western might, we had sought "to 'ride' them as a cork adapts itself to the crests and troughs of the waves."

The feminist contingent of ESR then takes the podium, as *Perspectives* offers selections from a work by Joanna Macy (*Despair and Personal Power in the Nuclear Age*), wherein it is claimed that science has proved we no longer need to defend ourselves. Primitive science saw reality as composed of entities, instead of processes. "If I am one of these entities, then, I certainly want to protect myself . . . whether as a personality or a nation-state." But now all that is over, because science (in the view of Miss Macy) has discovered "processes" and abolished "entities," as a result of which all our old—i.e., patriarchal—ideas concerning power have been dissolved; true power today consists in being vulnerable:

> So now we see power in a new light. It is not invulnerability, but openness. In a way we have known this all along . . . because that is the direction of evolution: life forms as they evolve become ever more vulnerable to their environment, the better to connect and respond.

This quite fantastical version of biology (our antibodies, busy devouring harmful toxins and bacteria, fortunately have not yet heard of Miss Macy's new conception of "power") is followed by the lesson at which this whole exercise in mysticism aims and the reason for its inclusion in the "peace" guide. "Having been conditioned by the old patriarchal paradigm of power, we are not accustomed to viewing this capacity [for vulnerability] as *power*. It is important we do so now, because our survival depends on moving beyond the primitive, competitive, win/lose notions of power." In other words, the West must disarm.

On younger children, obviously, Alan Watts's and Joanna Macy's maunderings are not likely to have much impact. For them the ethos of surrender is better taught through less abstract methods, such as the growing body of new "cooperative" games designed by the adversary culture to supplant the old "competitive" games—with their deplorable concepts of "winning" and "losing"—that children have played down through the ages. One such game described in *Perspectives* is a variant form of arm-wrestling in which the teacher gives a chocolate to the "winner" each time he prevails; but the hope is that the children will eventually "catch on" that if each child alternately ceases to resist, and limply lets the other win, they will jointly accumulate a far greater mass of chocolates. The same Skinnerian approach is evident in a second game, the "peace" version of the old tug-of-war, now made over—with each side's letting the other prevail—into a "Tug of Peace."

Perhaps the oddest exercise along these lines has an eerily totalitarian flavor. It is a game called "Peacewatch," which *Perspectives* describes as follows: "Each student picks from a hat the name of a fellow classmate to 'watch' for the day so that everyone is both watching and being watched but with no one knowing who is watching whom." The class is asked to design a medal, made of paper, to be awarded to the child most skilled at this mutual spying operation. The child is then acclaimed "Peacemaker of the Week."

HAVING ceaselessly manipulated the children in its care, Educators for Social Responsibility, like the Union of Concerned Scientists, then holds up to adults the brainwashed children as proof that our society is deranged, and that drastic action is needed (the Salem Syndrome). In the case of ESR, the tone of contrived solicitude for children's fears about nuclear war becomes especially oily: "We must listen closely to their concerns, hear their outrage, and show that some adults are deeply committed to helping them clarify their own views, find their own approaches to action, and express their feelings in their own ways."

So committed is ESR to having children "find their own approaches to action"—and so anxious to ensure that "their own approaches" are the correct ones—that it provides teachers with a detailed list of projects for the children to undertake under their guidance. What follows is a partial selection from this list.

For elementary-school children: "Write to the President and other government representatives" about your "views concerning the arms race"; to improve children's views of the Soviets, "Try having them rewrite fairy tales from the point of view of the villain"; "create posters and ask neighborhood shop owners to display them"; have children "meet with religious representatives in their community to encourage them to arrange a special program about nuclear war for a church or synagogue service"; "put on a play or neighborhood fair which has as its theme the prevention of nuclear war"; "put together a TV and/or radio message about the nuclear arms race"; "prepare a picture window display . . . and find a bank or other public institution in which to put it"; "design 'a Peace Mural' and ask the local library or local city/town hall to display it"; "learn peace songs" and "present them as a concert"; "create . . . comic strips with superhero(ine)s fighting for the eradication of all nuclear arms"; "design placemats which can be laminated and placed in local eating places"; "organize a 'Children's March for Peace' through your neighborhood"; "make and display banners"; "if you have access to a button machine, have children design 'Buttons for Peace' "; "draw a portrait of a peacemaker" (e.g., Joan Baez, Helen Caldicott, Gandhi) "and mount it with a short biography in the student's own words"; "pick a tune" and "write the words to a song about the peacemaker. Sing it in class. Teach it to others in the school."

Older students are encouraged to emulate "peacemakers" (the American Friends Service Committee is cited), and to invite them to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school to be interviewed; their biographies should be written by students and "placed in the local library" or made into "a show for the local cable network." Social activism takes on the proportions of a moral duty as teachers are instructed to ask: "What would you need to develop in yourself to become such a social activist? Imagine you have become the social activist your class 'created.' What would you do? How would you change things?" Students should "join a group," "attend rallies that are being held in your area," "raise money [for] rallies or marches in other areas," and call on the town "to hold a public hearing" to challenge plans for civil defense.

Finally, beyond their class duties of indoctrination, the teachers are instructed on "How to Involve Parents," with the caution, "Start with a group of parents who are on your side rather than stirring up resistance which you will have to deal with later." The teachers themselves are directly solicited to join ESR and contribute money to the cause. Thus the curriculum guide as activist manual and fund-raising device; we have come a long way in this country in our educational practices.

IV

One might be tempted to dismiss Educators for Social Responsibility as a marginal left-wing element in the larger scheme of American education. This would be a serious mistake. The National Advisory Board of ESR includes such persons of power and prestige as George Rathjens of MIT; Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; David Fraser, president of Swarthmore College; H. Michael Hartoonian, supervisor of social studies education for the state of Wisconsin; Mary Futrell, president of the NEA; Terry Herndon, former executive director of the NEA; Matthew Prophet, superintendent of schools of Portland, Oregon; Charles Slater, superintendent of schools of Brookline, Massachusetts; Floretta McKenzie, superintendent of schools for the District of Columbia; Harold Raynolds, superintendent of education for the state of Alaska; Reverend J. Bryan Hehir, associate director of International Justice and Peace, U.S. Catholic Conference; Adele Simmons, president of Hampshire College (which serves a consortium of five colleges with a college version of "Peace Studies"); Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame; and, not least, the omnipresent Carl Sagan.

It is thanks to influential people and institutions like these that state and city governments have been talked into making "peace education" mandatory in their public schools. But now that they have done so, it is appropriate for the rest of us to bethink ourselves what should be done.

The advent of "peace education" raises fundamental questions about the proper function of public education in a democracy. Never in the history of the United States have the public schools been conceived as a licit vehicle for one political segment of the population to convert the children of another. So obvious has this long seemed that there are few (if any) formal laws prohibiting so outrageous an abuse of the public trust as what "peace" educators have ventured.

The assumption that underlies publicly-funded education in a pluralist society where school attendance is compulsory is that the schools exist to teach basic skills, basic knowledge, and uncontested values needed for democratic citizenship. On matters where the people divide, notably in religion and politics, the schools are to maintain a position of strict neutrality. To do otherwise invites the transformation of the schoolhouse into a battleground for community civil wars. This well-established principle in no way prohibits the creation of private schools, in which persons who want their children taught in the particular mores of Christian fundamentalism, Jewish orthodoxy, or Quaker pacifism are at full liberty to do so. What is not permissible is the suborning of public institutions that are the property of all into tools for the specialized beliefs of a zealous few out to convert the children of others.

The large degree of local control which American communities still enjoy over their schools permits relief from the current disorder by those who would wish to correct it. We—taxpayers and parents—have long assumed that public schools should remain politically neutral. We have assumed that teachers' politics are their private business, not the public's, and so have demanded no political tests for the job; but the other half of the implicit contract has been that teachers, in turn, are not to use their authority over children for indoctrinating them in their own political enthusiasms. Teachers who push "peace education" in the classroom are manifestly violating the terms of this trust. The public is entitled to say that they should either cease the indoctrination, or find another form of employment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reflections on the Art of Lying

Dafna Allon

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. . . . Poesy . . . filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie.

—Francis Bacon, 1597

THE art and the science of lying have both made noteworthy progress since Bacon's day, and most particularly in our century. It was Marx who discovered the blinding truth that truth itself is a relative notion like any other, related mental constructs reflecting a certain historical organization of society. That he was right has been amply proved in the Soviet Union, where truth is not only irrelevant but excluded by the very nature of society.

An inbred prejudice still lingers in our breast telling us, nay, warning us, that truth will out (some day). We still think we know a lie when we see one. But this is an obsolete preconception in our world of "images" deliberately constructed to deceive. Nietzsche ironically offered the metaphysical proposition, "*Wahrheit heisse es, wenn herdenweise gelogen werde*" ("It could be called the truth when the lying is done en masse"). Language itself is the trap, the positivists taught us. Yet where else are we to turn?

Let me turn for a moment to Hebrew. In all other languages that I know, tenses exist and are of importance. In the English I was taught at school, the sequence of tenses mattered even more than the tenses themselves. Tenses do exist in Hebrew but they don't matter all that much.

The flexibility and timelessness of Hebrew are pertinent to the question I am concerned with here, the nature of truth. To attack the subject by an outflanking move from the Islamic side, let me quote from the great Hungarian Jewish Orientalist of the last century, Ignaz Goldziher, descanting upon Islam's lack of fixed doctrine: "Is theologian 'A' a heretic for disagreeing with theologian 'B,' or 'B' for disagreeing with 'A'?" He then goes on to quote theologian "C": "Why should truth be the prerogative of the one rather than the other? Does truth go by rank or precedence? Because of greater virtue and knowledge? In what scales and with what measures shall the degree of virtue be measured?" There is a deliberate refusal to define something seen as indefinable by its very nature.

The Hebrew conception of truth is poles removed: truth is what remains and endures through time, what can be trusted to stay true. A closely-reasoned exposition of the Hebrew words that express this conception is to be found in a remarkable address entitled "What Is Truth?" by the Lutheran theologian, Hans Freiherr von Soden, delivered at the University of Tübingen in 1927:

> The possibility of trust [in one's neighbor] is the root *aman* in Hebrew, whence is derived the word *emuna*, meaning faith, belief, security, conscience, reliance. If I am sure of my friend, who has given me his word, whose marks of affection accorded me have proved valid, I have the right to call him a true friend. Thus the truth presents itself to the Hebrew in the aspect of fidelity, the fulfillment of a promise, veracity. . . . Facing the world, the Greek says, "This is," and the Hebrew, "So be it—*Amen*." Instead of the vision of a whole, what the Greeks called *theoria* [what is beheld], we have here a totally different view—the vision of the last judgment.

The Hebrew-speaking reader will not need to be reminded that the Hebrew word for truth, *emet*, shares two of its three consonants with two of the three consonants of the root, *aman*, an invariable sign of closeness approaching identity. In the last analysis, then, the truth is what you believe, and Tertullian's *Credo quia absurdum*—"I believe because it is absurd"—is not so absurd after all. Spinoza says this is a misquotation: what Tertullian taught was simply that the true quality of faith is to believe without needing to understand.

Spinoza himself proffered what he saw as a self-evident axiom, not susceptible of proof and not needing it—the belief that no one can be made to believe something that he does not believe, that there is a spontaneous, inner conviction of the truth that cannot be contraverted. There is something of the sort in French criminal law to provide guidance to investigating judges: in deciding whether the man before them is speaking the

DAFNA ALLON, a new contributor, was born in South Africa and has lived in Israel since the 1940's. Her writing on politics and literature has appeared in Israel, England, and France.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truth, judges are told they may have to resort to their own "inner conviction." This comforting "inner conviction" idea was exploded long before the social psychologists came along with their foul jargon about "cognitive dissonance" and the intelligence specialists taught the politicians the value of "disinformation" (not to mention "destabilization"). In any case, every schoolboy TV-watcher now knows about "brainwashing," and the whole notion of historical truth (if not truth here and now) went down the memory hole in *1984*. Orwell's cup of prophecy has been fulfilled to the brim and still overflows.

Which brings me, albeit circuitously, to the old teaser: "truth in fiction." What makes one "believe" a story one is reading, or at least "suspend disbelief" in order to believe it while one reads? The theme is a well-worn one, but considering it may take us a little farther on the stony road to truth.

MANY years ago I read two stories, one a good while after the other, which struck sparks when they met in my mind and have stuck in my memory ever since. The one I read first was "The Diver," by V.S. Pritchett, in the *New Yorker* some time in 1970: I laughed aloud as I marveled at its workmanship, steely strength, and tender irony. It was some two years later that I bought a collection of Isaac Babel's stories in French translation, just published by Gallimard. According to Adèle Bloch, the translator, the title story, *Mes premiers honoraires* ("My First Fee"), had been written "some time between 1922 and 1928." Two writers worlds apart, half a lifetime apart, two writers as unlike as can be imagined, wrote these two perfect and very different stories —at bottom the same story!

Pritchett read the Babel story for the first time, sitting back comfortably on my living-room sofa here in Jerusalem, when he came for a PEN meeting in 1974. "Well, yes," he said with a broad smile. "Yes, but how can you compare me to him? —he was a genius!" Good for Pritchett. It's not too late nor is it superfluous to celebrate Isaac Emmanuelovich Babel, and there is more than an anecdotal interest in this meeting of true minds and even in the bibliographical history of the stories. Pritchett told me that the *New Yorker* people had thought his story obscene and objected to certain lines. It appeared in England in December 1970 in *Nova*, in what he said was "a less censored" form, and came out finally in 1974 in *The Camberwell Beauty and Other Stories*. It hardly matters what was left out at first and what was put back later—the final version is presumably as full as Pritchett wanted it.

Now for Babel's story. What does "written some time between 1922 and 1928" mean? In later years Babel developed a habit—a tactic?—of leaving manuscripts of his lying in corners and desk drawers in the homes of his friends. (This tactic was adopted by Solzhenitsyn and over the years became a strategy of concealment impervious even to skilled KGB operatives, until inevitably one link at last gave way.) Some of Babel's writings surfaced after the deluge receded. There is no knowing how much was lost. It will simplify matters if we start with a straightforward account of Babel's death and much-delayed resurrection.

Babel was part of the Soviet apparatus, from the Revolution, through the Civil War, and on through the years, famous for his reports on the feats of the Red Cavalry under Marshals Budenny and Tukhachevsky. Accepted as "one of us" (or if you prefer, "one of them"), he could enjoy years abroad in Europe, just like Ilya Ehrenburg and others. He was apparently untouched in the great purges, but only apparently. How could someone whose name was linked with that of Tukhachevsky—who was accused of being a German spy and executed under Stalin's orders in 1937—not be endangered? Babel stopped writing, or rather stopped writing for publication. Not good enough—failure to endorse was equal to being against. Nor, though he could keep silent, could he quench his need to know. He told Nadezhda Mandelstam, the wife of the poet Osip Mandelstam, that he had gone to visit Yezhov, the head of the GPU, the secret police, out of pure curiosity, "to smell the smell of death."

Osip Mandelstam did not know how to be silent, so he was sent to the first and farthest prison camp in the far north to die of exhaustion and exposure. Babel was killed because of his stubborn silence. Arrested late in 1939, he was tried on January 24, 1940 and executed on March 17, 1941. The charge against him is not known, but rumor had it that it was "spying for Japan." Absurd? Not at all. Here you have the quintessential, paranoid hallucination, invariable and irreducible, of Russian anti-Semitism past and present: the Jew whom you keep beyond the Pale is precisely the destined agent of the enemy threatening you on all your frontiers. "Spying" was simply a standard item *inter alia* in the accusations made in the purges before and after World War II.

The certificate with the date of Babel's death was delivered to his family shortly after Stalin died in March 1953. On December 23, 1954 the Military College of the Supreme Court of the USSR stated that the sentence on Isaac Emmanuelovich Babel had been revoked because of "newly discovered circumstances," without particularizing further. The death certificates and the tight-lipped "rehabilitations" in the so-called "thaw" after the deaths of Stalin and Beria were and remain but cold comfort. Only the absolute worst that had been imminent—the deportation of all Soviet Jews to Siberia—was averted.

Grim days were back again when Khrushchev emerged at the head of the "collective leadership"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1956-57. It had taken him many years to fight his way to the top. It was not a straight ascent and not by any means strewn with roses and myrtle all the way. He had served Stalin well in the Ukraine for decades, and though he was not a native of that region he had been, in Ehrenburg's words, "infected by the kind of visceral anti-Semitism" endemic there.

Khrushchev's dislike and distrust of Jews in general was expressed in typically incautious remarks to visiting socialist notables from abroad—Jews were dirty, work-shy, clannish, and of course treacherous. Infuriated by developments in Poland in 1956, he stormed at the Polish leaders as he got off the plane, "So you're still at it—helping the Jews!" At a more formal get-together, he orated: "You have lots of leaders with names ending in '-ski' but an Abramovich remains an Abramovich and you have too many Abramoviches in your leading cadres."

KHRUSHCHEV was still far from being a sure bet for the leadership even after his famous "secret" revelations about Stalin at the 20th Party Congress in February 1956. The use of outright terror was receding, the thaw was still holding for the time being. It was in 1957 that the first collection of Babel's stories was published, but I have no details as to what stories they were, or how large the edition was, or in what month in 1957. This last matters, because it was later in the same year that Khrushchev succeeded by maneuver and intimidation in disposing of the opponents who outnumbered him in the Politburo. Now the screws of party political control were tightened again. Khrushchev held the lid down as Jews faced charges of "economic crimes" that carried the death penalty from 1961 on, and he kept them simmering on the back-burners of anti-cosmopolitanism and pro-atheism.

When Ehrenburg called on him not to let Babi Yar, the ravine outside Kiev where tens of thousands of Jews had been massacred by the Nazis in September 1941, be built over and made a marketplace, Khrushchev wrote to him, "I advise you not to interfere in something that is none of your business. Better write some good novels." A few brave, weak, and isolated voices began to be heard against anti-Semitism. In 1959 the writer Viktor Nekrasov raised the issue of the absence of a monument to the "Soviet people" slaughtered at Babi Yar, without naming the Jews outright. Yevgeni Yevtushenko's poem "Babi Yar" was what really infuriated Khrushchev. The poet was reciting the work to audiences that in sum numbered many thousands. It was finally published, after much soul-searching on the part of the editorial board of the Writers' Union, in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in September 1961 (with some excisions).

Khrushchev did his best to quash the resulting sensation, at least on his home ground. After all, Babi Yar was Kiev, the capital of "his" Ukraine, and like all the rest, then and now, he never admitted that those slaughtered at Babi Yar were Jews. As a counterblast, he resuscitated a mythical "traitor of Kiev," a wretched innocent Jew whose name he brandished through all the Russias, but he could not stop Yevtushenko's poem from echoing around the world. When Dmitri Shostakovich wrote his 13th Symphony around it, Khrushchev could not hit him directly, but it was remarkable how many famous bass baritones found their talents unequal to the role.

Why spend so much time on Khrushchev? Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Khrushchev got himself neatly deposed, through sheer overconfidence, on October 16, 1964. Less than a month later, on November 11, a memorial meeting for Babel was held in Moscow, supposedly in commemoration of his seventieth birthday, climaxed after midnight by an emotional tribute by Ilya Ehrenburg. "And then they killed him," was all he could bring himself to say about Babel's execution. (Ehrenburg himself was the one and only member of the much-vaunted World War II "Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee" whom "they" did not kill after the war.) He now generously offered to forgo his quota of paper for his next work and contribute it to getting Babel's works published. Whether or not this sacrifice was found necessary, Babel's *Collected Works* were at last published in Moscow in the winter of 1966.

Our story, however, was not included. An English-language collection, *You Must Know Everything: Stories 1915-1937*, did not have it, either. Translated by Max Hayward and edited by Babel's daughter Nathalie, this collection was copyright by her in 1966 but was only published in 1969 in New York and in England in 1970. It is here that we are told about the Moscow "commemoration," in an unsigned, fairly lengthy Note, apparently not written by Nathalie Babel since she states that she was not in Moscow in November 1964.

According to the Note it was only in the spring of 1967 that the Union of Writers of Uzbekistan published four stories by Babel in its monthly review, *Star of the Orient*, appearing in Tashkent. Two of these stories had never been published before in the Soviet Union, and one of them was, at last, "My First Fee." The Note hazards a surmise that the four stories had been considered unacceptable for the Moscow official edition and then "found their way to Tashkent, much further from the censor's eyes." Executed, officially rehabilitated, confraternally commemorated, Babel still had hurdles left to jump: author of *Red Cavalry*, horse-lover and race-course habitué, he would have appreciated the irony of it. The *Star of the Orient* almost certainly published the stories in Russian and now they existed, though shining from afar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The French translation by Adèle Bloch only appeared, as I have said, in 1972, though her introduction to the Gallimard edition was copyright 1966. I do not know where or whether the story appears in English—it is not in my edition of the Penguin edition of Babel's *Collected Works*—but for me the main thing is that I read the story, in French, two years after I read Pritchett's "Diver."

I can alas read Babel only in translation. (Indeed, I persuade myself that the fact of reading him in translation is at least part of the spell.) Once, in Odessa, Babel was hired to help a luscious young Jewish girl with touching literary ambitions translate Maupassant. He recounts how he transposed her "tediously correct, lifeless style" into a different kind of reality. "I took the manuscript home," he writes, "and . . . spent the night hacking out clearings in the woman's prose. The work is not as bad as it sounds. A sentence is born both good and bad at the same time. The whole secret lies in a barely perceptible twist. The control handle must be warm in your hand. You must turn it only once, never twice."

Whenever I compare English and French versions of Babel's stories, I feel that what most of his translators fail to convey is an ironic verve, a raciness, a *Yiddish* quality in his Russian. He did write in Yiddish (and in Hebrew). Sometimes, however, there are things a translator just doesn't know about. In one of his stories, for example, Babel pillories his favorite victims, petit-bourgeois Odessa Jews getting rich, and his special darlings, "their powdered wives, fat from idleness and naively corseted, passionately squeezed by ardent students of medicine and the law," as they play cards, with diamonds glinting on their deft fingers that shuffle, cut, and deal, and diamonds glinting in the rouged lobes of their ears. One translator balks at "rouged" and risks "perfumed" instead, forgetting or not knowing that one puts perfume *behind* the ears and not on the lobes.

Reading this, suddenly I was a child again, watching my mother dress to go out to an evening bridge party, in Johannesburg, South Africa, some time in the early 1920's.

I AM sitting on the floor, hugging my knees, seeing her every movement reflected in the three tall, narrow mirrors of her elegant dressing table. She is already tightly laced into hip-length, pink-frilled whalebone corsets. She slips an ankle-length satin dress over her head and a Brussels-lace tunic over that, both to be buttoned all the way up the back, without disturbing the heavy honey-colored coils of her hairdo. (The woman hairdresser came in the morning and I took out the towels and brushes and combs to the sunny lawn at the back of our house.) Her diamonds have been brought from the bank, the new, square-design brooch, the platinum engagement ring with tiny diamonds all around, and the long, drop earrings. My mother dabs a little rouge on her chin and the merest smudge on each earlobe before slipping in the little golden hooks of the swaying earrings.

It's thirty years since she died and more than twice that long since she picked up her diamonds from the little heart-shaped repoussé silver trays on her dressing table, among the array of silver-backed hand mirror and hairbrushes (one hers, two his), silver glove-finger stretcher and clothes brushes, buttonhook and shoehorn. We were not rich, not even really well-off by Johannesburg standards, but that was one more reason for keeping up appearances and getting invited to bridge parties. My mother had the mathematical mind and my father the flair; they always played partners, and the winnings were a consideration. When they got home the passionate, angry post-mortems went on till the small hours. I never learned to play.

Brussels lace, silver-backed brushes, diamonds, all this in a small house without waterborne sewerage, fronting a red-earth, rutted street with a fine Scots name, Dunbar, ending abruptly on a rock-strewn *kopje* (a small hill). Johannesburg was not forty years old, still a mining camp, swarming with tin miners from Cornwall, engineers from Scotland, English younger sons, Italian importers of gourmet specialties, and Jews galore from Lithuania and Poland and Germany and Rhodes and a whole clan from Safed in Galilee. The Jews mostly started out as peddlers or in the liquor trade (like my paternal grandfather, a learned man); they went into real estate (that is, land speculation) or diamonds, and many of them ended up as rich as you care to imagine. Importing timber was as Jewish a trade as exporting diamonds—it was a timber merchant who gave the money to found the School of Mines, the nucleus of the University-to-be of the Witwatersrand.

Joh'burg was out to cut a figure and the Jews were the people for the job: they began amateur theatrical groups, which were soon putting on *Medea* and *King Lear*; they sent their children to dancing school to learn the difference between a gavotte and a minuet, and gave them elocution lessons so they would not speak like Afrikaners. They sent Ethel Heyman to Paris with a little money and she came back with cartloads of huge Claude Monets for the new art gallery near the railway station. They were great on literature—my father taught me Byron's *Isles of Greece*, all of it, at the age of three and a half.

First and foremost, however, came music. My mother played the piano—all those volumes of sheet music, Liszt and the rest, bound in soft green morocco leather. An autographed photograph of the great Belgian violinist, Ysaye, idol of the musical avant-garde of the day, hung in her bedroom. She followed Wagner with the score on her lap. We listened to Caruso, Galli-Curci, Selma

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kurz, the Irish tenor John McCormack, on thick, breakable 78's. My father's favorite was Gilbert and Sullivan. It was all wasted on me. In my very first year in school I was turned out of singing lessons because I was so far off-key that I derailed the whole class. I took what comfort I could in the ballads our Afrikaans teacher taught us, "Take Me Back to the Old Transvaal," "Limping Ferreira," and the delectable "*Suiker Boss*" (Sugar-Bush), one day to be a worldwide hit.

The sons of the Jewish peddlers and speculators mostly became lawyers, like my father, who gave the militant young barrister Gandhi his first brief in the Transvaal High Court. There were Indians aplenty in the center of town in those days, before we all got sorted out according to our skins. Luminous-eyed, polite, they stood behind the counters in their incense-scented, open-fronted shops. They sold my mother silks from shining bales for costumes for herself and party dresses for me, silks from Japan and China, from Tussore, Assam, Shantung, Damascus. Their humbler fellows we called coolies, simply for identification—as in "Mummy! The coolie-cart is here." The rattling horse-drawn contraption came to our back gate with fresh fruit and vegetables grown by Portuguese vegetable gardeners on the farther outskirts. Afrikaner farmers, less frequent visitors, came to town at the end of summer in their ox wagons with crops for sale—there could be as many as fourteen wide-horned oxen in one "span," as it was called, pacing slowly down our street. A forked stick showed an orange or two, small and full of seeds, but very sweet, or a small pineapple, so tart it cut your tongue, but you've not eaten any finer since.

And the Africans? They were taken for granted. We called them "kaffirs," all unknowing that this was the insulting word the Arab slave-traders used for their merchandise—"heathens," "infidels," *unbelievers*. We later adopted "Bantu," unscientific shorthand for "Bantu-speaking." Their official designation was right on target—"non-Europeans." They were all around us, running our homes for us, their young women carrying our babies slung on their hips, their men collecting the barrels of our night-soil and whisking them away on mule-driven carts. Gangs of prisoners, arrested for coming into town to look for work without having the necessary passes, were hired out for roadbuilding or laying tramlines or even to private building contractors. They would hammer the roadbed or heave the metal rails into place, grunting short rhythmical phrases to an impeccable inner drumbeat. Armed Afrikaner warders kept them at it with a shout or a kick to the nearest backside.

The Africans' heroes were the indentured gold miners, recruited from as far south as the Transkei and as far north as Nyasaland and Mozambique. They hacked, hammered, drilled the rock-face, down to a mile or more below ground. They came up in droves in the big elevators, a sweating mass pinning in their shift boss, often a Jew, to spill out onto the surface in tribal dances in the sunlight, taking the beat from a leader's piercing whistle blasts. "Kaffirs" was also a generic term for gold-mining stocks—"Kaffirs up 5 points" and all Joh'burg was in a fever of buying and selling.

One mistake in translation—that touch of rouge on the lobe of the ear—has let loose this flood of memories. I come out of a trance to see Babel's stories lying on the table alongside Pritchett's letters to me in his small, firm handwriting, not easily deciphered.

What was it that English, American, and Soviet editors alike found so censurable in the two stories? Illicit sex, of course. Sex? Pritchett wrote me, "I have always been drawn to the fantasy lives of people, that is to say the moment when they break through the routine of their lives. This breakthrough continually occurs in love, and while it is not very original to notice this, it cannot to my mind be left out." So the real answer is love, love, love.

Pritchett said there was "a good deal of jumbled autobiography" in his story, though he was not the diver of the title. His first-person narrator is a twenty-year-old Englishman, working for a firm of leather merchants in Paris. He admits that he hasn't a mistress, he even boasts about it—his mind is on higher things. "I walked about packed with stories, but when I sat in cafés or in my room with a pen in my hand and a bare sheet of paper before me, I could not touch it. I seemed to swell in the head, the chest, the arms and legs, as if I was trying to heave an enormous load onto the page and could not move. The portentous moment had not yet come."

Babel's narrator is also twenty. He is a proofreader for a printer in Tiflis. "To be living in Tiflis in the spring, to be twenty and not to be loved—that's a great misfortune. Just such a misfortune happened to me." He too is full of unwritten stories. "From my youngest years, I had consecrated all the powers of my being to composing novellas, pieces, thousands of stories. They lay resting on my heart like toads on a stone. Possessed with diabolical pride, I did not want to set them down prematurely. To write less well than Tolstoy seemed to me a waste of time."

For both of them the floodgates are forced open by the same overpowering pressure of the moment of love. Each of them conquers his first woman by telling her a tall and chilling story about himself that both horrifies her and takes her captive. In each case the woman is a good deal older than the man; in neither is the sexual act gratuitously sensual.

The parallels go deeper than Pritchett's red-cheeked diver, who comes up again so cheerfully,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and higher than Babel's towering inventions. Two smooth stones are sent skimming across the water, and the circles spread to infinity.

These two very different writers have in common not just this one idea or this one experience, but the gift itself, the great, fertile gift of the storyteller. Babel's stories pressed on his heart, he writes, "like a toad resting on a stone," and he repeats the image. "Like an enormous load," writes Pritchett. When the storytellers at last unburden themselves, they draw their listener to the lodestone, they hold him in thrall, he has to know what happens next. Some writers who have this specific gift are not of the first rank and some great artists lack it altogether—Pasternak, Proust. Jack London had it, H.G. Wells, Raymond Chandler; Solzhenitsyn has it.

This talent is akin to but not exactly the same as the gift of gab. It is close to the world of children's lies, the pure exercise of the untamed imagination. Pritchett himself has written several stories about people who spin tales for the sheer pleasure of it; in some instances the listener knows he is being told a story, in others he is taken in. It is no coincidence that the full name of Pritchett's character, Chatty, in the story "The Chain-Smoker" is Chatterton, like the young poet who deceived the 18th century with a fake medieval poetry cycle, much admired by Coleridge, himself a prize borrower-fabricator. Like the hero of "The Diver" and like Babel's proofreader, Chatty conquers the woman by the sheer power of words. In another story in Pritchett's *Blind Love* collection, an engaging character plays solo: " 'It's Thursday, Mrs. Lax,' she says. 'It's my day for telling lies.' "

In "The Chain-Smoker" and in our two stories, the essential thing is that the story which wins the woman's heart is an invention engendered in the heat of infatuation, a piece of straight lying, openly shown to be such in the telling of the whole story (itself a fiction) but eagerly believed in by the woman. The listener wants to believe.

But this is not always so. The famous liar in Gogol's *Dead Souls* knows that his successive listeners know he is lying, but he still becomes murderously angry when outfaced. (Of course, in the crucial instance when he tells the truth, he is not believed.) To pass for a moment from fiction to fact, always less credible, Stalin believed that Churchill was lying when he passed on warnings, checked and double-checked, that Hitler's army would attack Russia on June 21, 1941 (the attack took place at dawn on the 22nd). Stalin did not believe the warnings, because both lying and suspecting he was being lied to were of the essence of his thoughts and deeds. He had good reason.

Pritchett tackles the subject from the angle of the storyteller, not of the audience. He writes in his autobiography: "The only certainty is that I come from a set of storytellers and moralists and that neither party cared much for the precise. The storytellers were forever changing the tale." He writes of a grandfather/preacher: "About murder he was vehement. It attracted him; he seemed close to it. . . . Grandpa kept on year after year about murder. . . . He had a dramatic mind."

Babel also had a grandfather with a dramatic mind, an ex-rabbi of sorts, who wrote a never-ending record in Yiddish describing all the neighbors of his entire lifetime, "undertakers, cantors, Jewish drunkards, woman cooks who prepared the feasts at the circumcision celebrations and the rascals who performed the ritual operation—such were his heroes, all good-for-nothings, stutterers with misshapen rumps, knobby noses, pimples on their bald pates." His treasures were "grammars of every language in the world and the sixty-six volumes of the Talmud." According to Babel, this grandfather "forged signatures and composed letters for deserted wives to use for blackmail purposes." His inventive powers also went into the splendid, comic, heartrending curses he showered on his wayward grandson. It is worth reading the whole story, "In the Basement," just to savor the ferocious irony of the last curse.

You must indeed read everything of Babel's you can find. It was not casually or unthinkingly that Nadezhda Mandelstam said of him, "Babel with his gift for storytelling." But there is more to it than that. His is also the surpassing ability to conjure up an entire human milieu, its sounds, sights, and smells, in just a few sentences, by indirection. Maupassant has this power *par excellence*, which is precisely why Babel admired him so immensely. A Russian writer of our day, Vladimir Nabokov, has it. So has another Frenchman, Georges Simenon, a master magician—you can't see how he does it; the illusion is simply there, even in the flattest of translations. To some writers it comes as naturally as breathing; others have to shape and polish small pieces one after the other and fit them together laboriously with care and cunning. Pritchett told me that he spent many months on "The Diver." Babel wrote and rewrote his stories with endless patience, discarding adjectives, paring down, stripping bare.

For Simenon, the break in routine, the fatal crack in the smooth surface of the everyday, is the opening for murder, the possible, necessary, inevitable murder. With Pritchett, you have the other face of things. The breakthrough is that of fantasy in the presence of love. "Fantasy" is a loaded word in the history of English criticism: it stands for the unmeasured, liberating force of the imagination. As for Babel, in the years "between 1922 and 1928" it was still possible for a young man in Odessa or Tiflis, like his counterpart in Paris or London, to describe how he was at last freed by love so that he could put down on paper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the stories he was laden with, stories that carried utter conviction to the readers. In his later years Babel had moved far beyond Pritchett and Simenon and most other writers. His dilemma was too stark, his insight too deep, his curiosity too unbounded. He lived in too distant a land, on a different planet, as they say. At the end of his story about translating Maupassant, he recounts how he spent a whole night reading a book on Maupassant's life and his death in the utter disintegration of his human identity. "I read the book from cover to cover and got up from my bed. The fog crept up the skylight, screening off the universe. My heart contracted. An echo of truth had reached me."

WHAT makes a story live is the reader's shock of recognition of truth. This truth is not the same thing as "the precise," which Pritchett says his tale-bearing forebears were not unduly worried about. In what way are some stories felt to be "true" and others not? "True to life" is the phrase often used, but we think we recognize this quality in stories about lives we know nothing of; witness, say, Malraux's Communists in the Shanghai of 1926. This perceived "truth" has nothing to do with a writer's being acknowledged as great.

Why are characters created by a writer more "real" to us than the writer himself, alive today or long dead? Characters can be real enough to lead a life independent of their creator's will, as it were. Anna Karenina turned out a very different person from the way Tolstoy envisaged her at the start. Hamlet is a real, live person, while Shakespeare remains shadowy despite all the research. How much studious energy has gone into analyzing Hamlet's vacillations, though obviously there would have been no play without them!

Shakespeare's attitude to the stage and his reflections on the business of acting—after all, his main concern—are not obvious in the least. The play was the thing, but not the whole thing. "A man may see how this world goes with no eyes," says Lear, when his eyes are finally opened to his own folly and the cruelty of the powerful, after Gloucester has been blinded. How "real" is what is seen with the eyes? "Handy, dandy, which is the justice, which the thief?" The illusionist of the whole unsubstantial pageant may try to release us from his spells, just as he releases Ariel and Caliban: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." Prospero and the others are not only characters in the play, but actors. What is "real"—Prospero, or the man who acts the role, or the man who pulls the strings, Shakespeare himself? Prospero never existed but he is still real today. The conviction of truth in the minds and hearts of the others out there, the groundlings and their descendants, is built on the stuff of dreams, visions, fantasies, lies.

ARE we any nearer than we were at the start to understanding the power of the lie, as Bacon said, "that sinketh in . . . that doth the hurt . . . faces God and shrinks from man"? Its power can be at least equal to that of the truth, however "truth" is perceived. Not just any lie will do. You have to find the right lie for your purpose.

Take the star example, that old classic, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*—indispensable, indefensible, unbeatable. The unraveling of the forgery, proving it to be the work of the Russian secret-police bureau in Paris, was as complicated and melodramatic as the forged story itself. The older French and German sources of the story are not really relevant here, only the fact of the lie. It was old and tired when it made its first real hit in a book by one Serge Nilus, published about 1909 by the Russian Red Cross at the czarist residential town, Tsarskoe Selo. This absurd hodgepodge went into a second edition, and a copy reached the then Czar, Nicholas II. He was exalted by this proof of the anti-Semitic ideas fed him by his teachers, and he asked for further details—the name of the presiding "Elder of Zion" and so on. Inquiries were made and the Czar was informed that the whole thing was a fiction. "Drop the *Protocols*," he ordered, "We cannot defend a pure cause by foul means." Existing copies were not called in, but no further editions were allowed to be printed for several years.

The work survived, as we know. Proof of the forgery leaves your true anti-Semite unabashed and undaunted. "Let us suppose that the *Protocols* are false," said Nilus himself to a French acquaintance in 1909. "Is it not possible that God should nevertheless make use of them to expose the iniquity that is already approaching? . . . For the sake of our faith, God can transform the bones of a dog into [sacred] relics. He can proclaim truth through the mouth of a liar." Dogbones Nilus, priest and pious fabricator, knew his public. After the Russian Revolution, the shattered Russian ruling caste sought consolation in this product of its own native secret police, and the text reached Europe with the "White" Russian refugees—and in the baggage of the Allied Expeditionary Forces when they quit Russia.

The peak year was 1920: a new German edition identified Theodor Herzl as the "Chief Elder" who addressed the "secret meeting" of 1897. In the same year, 1920, the respectable English Conservative daily paper, the *Morning Post*, published the *Protocols* translated by the paper's former correspondent in Russia. In 1921, the even more respectable but somewhat more intelligent London *Times* exploded the whole thing. Its Istanbul correspondent, Philip Graves, uncovered the central sequence all the way back to a French novel of 1864. In the 1930's a Bern court considered the proofs again, and the verdict was forgery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As from the beginning, the truth of the matter was hardly of any consequence. Hitler read the work in the early 20's and told Rauschning that from it he had learned "political intrigue, the technique of conspiracy, revolutionary subversion, as well as prevarication, deception, and organization." In *Mein Kampf* (1924) he wrote: "The Frankfurter *Zeitung* repeats again and again that the *Protocols* are forgeries. This alone is evidence of their authenticity." A direct historical affiliation to latter-day Arab anti-Semitism can be traced through the Nazi specialists on Jewish "theory" who took refuge in the Arab countries after 1945, resuscitating the ancient anti-Jewish rage of the prophet "betrayed." The present manifestation is reinforced day in day out from the Soviet end. Perhaps the most extreme and astonishing evil that this concoction of lies has accomplished, both in Europe and in the Arab world, is that it might just as well have been true. Because it was believed, it produced the same effects as if it were true. All that it needed was the will to believe, and this has been in plentiful supply. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, during his brief tenure as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, called the *Protocols* "the supreme Orwellian inversion of truth." It hardly seems to matter.

There is yet another facet to the clouded crystal in which we see "truth" embedded as in an occluded gemstone. Even a lie can be consciously embraced by the pure in heart as truth for them. A letter written from prison by Anatoly Shcharansky in 1984 was read out in translation to a few hundred people outside the Jerusalem Theater late one afternoon. "Even if Galileo never said his famous *'Eppur, si muove'!*" ("All the same, it [the world] *does* move [around the sun]!"), wrote Shcharansky to his mother, "the belief that he did say it has encouraged prisoners of conscience for centuries and their belief in it comforts me today."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Variant Text

A Story

Allegra Goodman

Thursday Night

Dear Aunt Ida,

Attalia is screaming under the piano. She has taken it into her head that she needs a pair of boots. Having explained that her mother and I are perfectly willing to provide our children with necessary items, but unable to supply their ceaseless demand for toys, clothes, and every extravagance, the vital necessity of which is impressed on them by seven-year-old peers, I have resolved to let her scream herself to sleep. I'd say she's good for at least half an hour.

Beatrix has been exhausting herself. She is in London for the topology conference. As soon as she comes back Sunday she will have to prepare her paper for Majorca. These conferences are always a strain and raise numerous logistical problems. Beatrix's parents, living upstairs, would seem the logical choice for baby-sitting, but they are really no longer able to control the kids—especially now that Adam can walk. Aunt Clare is out of the question.

CECIL looks fondly at the smooth black surface of his Olivetti electronic and with a grim smile flicks off the switch. If only Beatrix were home to manage the kids. She goes to a three-day conference and they become unreasonable. Parents over forty-five should use the buddy system. He and Beatrix had made a pact to that effect when Adam was born. If either of them ran away he or she would take the other along.

They had both thought the baby-sitting situation would be better in Oxford than it had been in Brooklyn. When Beatrix taught math at Hunter and Cecil had a class at Brooklyn College their schedule had been much more hectic, but there was always Aunt Ida to take care of the kids. Then Beatrix got her chair at St. Ann's and Cecil had to give up the part-time position in English at Brooklyn. He had enjoyed that—the resignation letter, the packing. He feels he has made a small but significant political statement by leaving America, voting with his feet. American culture is dying. Apart from the museums and the ballet, there isn't much left of the city. It was also a relief to leave the Brooklyn *shul*, which had rejected the books of biblical criticism he had donated in his father's memory. But above all, Cecil was making a feminist statement by following his wife to Oxford. And besides, he hadn't got along with his department.

The great domestic advantage of moving was that Beatrix's parents, the Cahens, owned this enormous Norham Gardens house right here in Oxford, and glad of the company and the cooking, they had given over the first floor to Beatrix and Cecil. It had seemed ideal: two live-in baby-sitters upstairs. But naturally there were complications. The Cahens are in their late seventies; last winter Mrs. Cahen slipped on the ice and broke her arm; the cavernous house is unheatable; and as Beatrix is exhausting herself teaching her seminar and writing papers, it is Cecil who is stuck with the kids. He doesn't really mind baby-sitting up to certain limits, and he enjoys replastering the ceilings and shopping for pipe fittings, but keeping up with his research is difficult. Last year Cecil was invited to apply for a position at Leeds, but nothing came of it. Meanwhile, the house and the kids are time-consuming but usually tolerable, except when Beatrix is away and Attalia decides to scream herself sick. And except for Beatrix's older sister Clare, who has lived in the Norham Gardens house all her life. Suddenly inspired, Cecil flicks on the Olivetti and continues:

> Attalia is becoming more and more like her Aunt Clare—ruining her voice with screaming, and abandoning herself to increasingly frequent rages. Unfortunately, she follows Clare in her slovenliness. Even more unfortunate, Attalia shares her aunt's lack of artistic talent.
>
> In the three years since we moved from New York, Clare has insisted on making life in this house intolerable. She is sullen and angry, a bad influence on both children. But perhaps we will be spared the pleasure of living *en famille* in this battleship with Victorian plumbing if the sale on the Brooklyn house goes through. Or at least we'll have the cash to fix up this place. It will take at least two years to rewire the house. I don't see why Mr. Cahen won't subdivide it. Most of the other Norham Gardens castles are now quite nice 20th century. . . .

ALLEGRA GOODMAN, a new contributor, has just completed her first year at Harvard. She is a 1985 Presidential Scholar in the Arts for Writing, and her poetry has appeared in several journals. This is her first published story.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cecil gives up on the letter to his aunt in New York. He leafs through the new June issue of *Shavian Studies*. Finally he walks to the piano and the screams and whimpers stop. He bends down heavily under the keyboard. "Come to bed now."

Attalia glares at her father through the strands of her slippery brown hair. She screams rather loudly for her size. Fine pair of lungs. Pity she doesn't have an ear for music. Cecil had tested both of his children early on for any signs of musical aptitude. When Attalia was two he set her on the piano bench. She struck at the Steinway with her fists, banging the ivory keys. Cecil had waited a few minutes and then given up.

"I'll read to you in bed," Cecil concedes. The tired children scramble up and pad to their room. Cecil glances about for something readable. A stack of *Times Literary Supplement*'s balances on the sofa; the dining-room table is weighted with Beatrix's mathematics, Adam's crayons, Attalia's homework (probably not done), a bunch of bananas (probably soft).

"This puts me to sleep within minutes," Cecil tells the kids. He opens *Shavian Studies* onto Adam's bed. "Well, well—Lewis has found a variant text of *Major Barbara*." Now both children begin to cry.

THE next morning Cecil puts up a pot of coffee for his in-laws, the Cahens, and rushes to put on his *tefillin* before the children wake up and the Cahens and Clare come down to be served breakfast. For a moment the house is quiet. The sun glistens on Cecil's black-framed glasses and glows red through his ears. Then the kitchen stairs begin to creak as the old couple make their way down in the dark, and little shrieks escape from the children's room, where Adam is trying to comb Attalia's hair.

"Molly," Morris Cahen calls out hoarsely, "Molly, it's dark, turn on the lights."

"I can't see the switch."

"Above your head."

"You want me to break my neck jumping for a light bulb?"

At the bottom step a wooden door blocks the way to the kitchen. Morris grasps the doorknob, pulling and twisting until it is jammed.

"Cecil, you've locked us out!"

Cecil shuts his eyes tightly.

"He's locked us out, what do you think of that?"

Cecil opens the door and the Cahens stumble in. Morris has a gray suit and a quivering, jowly face. Molly wears a shapeless dress—conservative, she calls it. Cecil unwraps his *tefillin* and pours the Cahens their coffee. Attalia runs in.

"Daddy, I can't go to school."

"Oh, yes you can." Cecil lifts her up and seats her at the table.

Adam toddles in with nothing on. "Pot," he says plaintively, "pot."

After cleaning the living-room rug, Cecil makes an enormous quantity of porridge. Attalia watches morosely as her father dishes out the mush. She is dressed in dark green corduroy overalls and a brown and blue striped jersey. Cecil and Beatrix Birnbaum are non-sexist, so they dress their children in unisex clothing. Attalia's hair has never been cut. All ballerinas have long hair. Cecil takes Attalia to ballet class evey week. Even though she is the smallest girl there, Attalia is the most meticulous about the steps. She always watches her feet to make sure they are in the right places. Cecil pours each of the kids a glass of milk and a glass of orange juice. Adam drills a hole in his oatmeal with the back of his spoon and pours the juice and the milk into it together. Quite a chemist for a three-year-old, Cecil thinks. Delightful fellow.

"Cecil, I want to know why you are sending Adam to that Jewish kindergarten—or *gan* as you people call it—with the four-year-olds." Molly's voice gathers strength at the end of the sentence.

"Daddy, I can't go to school," Attalia whimpers.

The phone rings.

Upstairs on the third floor, Clare shuffles out of bed. She is wearing a dark pink velour skirt, three sweaters, and a shawl because she knows that if the radiator is left on she will catch fire, and if the windows are closed she won't be able to escape. Clare's hair hangs like water weeds; she pushes the stuff out of her face, puts on a pair of boots, and kneels down to examine the bottom of her bedroom door. The match she wedged in the door jamb is still in place. Then quickly Clare bolts the windows shut. Clare's room is the most dangerous in the house. The walls slant inward with the sloping roof, and at night Clare lies in bed knowing that if she sleeps the walls will crush her. Clare never bathes. She is wanted by the police for writing poetry. Why should she wait for them like Marat, alone and naked in the bathtub? Clare's life is doubly dangerous because she knows Hebrew. She pauses on the kitchen stairs, sensing she has forgotten something. Windows locked, door bolted, what could it be?

The kitchen always makes Clare nauseous. Adam is throwing oatmeal at his grandparents.

"Bad boy," Cecil frowns; then back into the receiver: "No, I was talking to my son. Sixty thousand—that's below appraisal. I know the house is in Brooklyn. The neighborhood was fine when I was there last. / Just some perfectly respectable Puerto Rican fellows. / Never any problem at all— / Let them drink their beer on the front steps—they'll keep away the crazies. / I'm throwing in the appliances. / No, not the fridge. / I'm shipping it to England. / What do you mean irrational? They don't make that model any more. It would cost as much to buy a new fridge as it would for me to ship the fridge from Brooklyn! Ben, are you there? . . ."

Clare walks slowly to the sink and drops her bowl and spoon in: "Burned," she states flatly.

"Well, we do our best," Cecil answers. But Clare is already deep in the hall closet pulling on a black trenchcoat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Clare, it's 70 degrees outside," protests Molly. "There are going to be patches of sun—you don't need the umbrella."

But Clare slides the thin steel point of the furled spear through her belt loop, and she is gone.

THE *gan* is housed in an annex to the Oxford *shul*. All the money for it was given anonymously by Marv Pollack, the father of Children's Vitamins. The playground reminds Cecil of a hamster habitat he once saw displayed in a pet-store window. The sandbox is filled with cedar chips. Sand becomes dirty and stale and transmits common childhood diseases. There is no jungle gym or slide or swing set. Instead an enormous complex of smooth wood has been built in the shape of an amino-acid chain. All the classroom furniture is made out of natural woods and fibers. There are seven computer terminals with full-color capability and joystick. The art center is decorated with laminated Chagall posters. It is here that Adam fingerpaints creatively, listens to Bible stories about *HaShem* (a/k/a God), plants pumpkin seeds, and during naptime learns deep relaxation on the futon rolled up in his cubbyhole. In the third-grade classroom Attalia will soon be sitting in a circle of tiny chairs for Good/Bad Talk. On the blackboard Ms. Nemirov has printed today's question:

HaShem or Darwin?
YOU
decide.

"I can't go to school, Daddy," Attalia wails. She clings to the foam seat of the Citroen. Cecil pries her loose, grasping her arms and hair. "Daddy," Attalia howls, "I don't have any teeth!"

"Well of course you don't; it's part of the human life cycle," Cecil reassures her. "If you could compose yourself, no one would notice. Right now, you're crying and looking ugly as the very devil," he tells her, quoting Henry Higgins, "but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive." Not having read *Pygmalion*, Attalia sniffles off to class.

Another father passes by with his little girl and fat wife. Cecil looks at the heavy woman and whispers softly, "there but for the grace of God . . .," thinking of all the similar types his mother and her anxious friends had introduced to him. They all had the three D's: they were dumpy, dowdy, and devout. Beatrix is none of these things. She is lean and brilliant—and as for being devout, she agreed to keep a kosher kitchen and let the kids attend the *gan*. Cecil does not expect more. He himself had been brought up in a house of strict observance, exquisite baking, and strenuously fond academic expectations. And although he does not believe in God he remains observant. His friends find it contradictory and even hypocritical, but Cecil has always enjoyed the contradiction, and still nurtures it. He finds spiritual sustenance in his academic discipline and intellectual structure in the rituals of his childhood.

He was thirty-five when he married. His parents hadn't lived to see it. His friends, of course, were flabbergasted. They remembered Cecil from his Columbia days when he refused to go to dances or talk to women. He swore he hated children, traveled to the Middle East, and enjoyed Swedish pornographic films.

He had met Beatrix on a bus in Israel. And in fact had written to his father in the hospital about the "ugly woman." "She's nothing to write home about," he had written. He showed Beatrix the letter soon after their marriage and she loved it. Cecil's father had died just before the wedding and left him the Brooklyn house. And so they spent the first years of their marriage there, with the old letters, the dusty furniture, the faded Schumacher drapes, and the framed pictures of Cecil that had been propped up on all the tables by his mother. They changed nothing.

In the evenings Beatrix would tell Cecil about the mathematical problems she was working on. He had been a math major before he switched to English, and so he knew just enough to see how beautiful the schemes were. He loved the way physicists came to Beatrix's seminars to see if they could apply her ideas to their work. But it made him strangely happy when it seemed there wasn't any real-world application for her ideas. The formal structure of Beatrix's mathematics had to be appreciated for its own sake. He'd often said the same was true of *halakhah*, Jewish religious law.

IN THE schoolyard Adam is already rolling in the cedar chips and rubbing dirt in his face and hair. The only clean thing about Adam is his eyes. Yes, he is a charming fellow, Cecil tells himself as he maneuvers out of the parking lot. There seems to be a bottleneck at the exit, where Margo Bettleheim is standing. Cecil reaches for the flyer stuck on the windshield and peers at the bleeding purple mimeograph.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

As a specialist in Jewish early-childhood education with a masters in the subject from the Hebrew University, and as a parent, I am compelled to speak out against a situation which I feel threatens the learning environment of the entire *gan*.

I will state flatly and unequivocally that I am appalled at the deception and irresponsibility of certain parents who have falsified official *gan* records and have registered their child under false pretenses. In short, by misrepresenting the age and stage of development attained by this child. Thus endangering the learning process of all involved.

It has been shown by Piaget that perceptual development and physical hand-eye-mouth coordination as well as other behavioral processes require a definite time period to develop. I am not convinced that this child has developed these skills, or that this child is ready to inter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

act at the level of food-and-toy sharing interpersonal interplay required at a more mature level.

We know the preschool years to be the most significant formative experience in the educational process (Golding and Simon, 1978). Join me in protecting the future of the next generation: fill out the form below.

MARGO BETTLEHEIM

—— Yes, I want to focus on the issue of an ordered educational process—and allow each child to develop as an organically-centered person.

—— No, I am unconcerned with the process of development, which is uniquely important to the success of the prescholastic learning environment. I am unconcerned about the interplay of persons of the same age.

Signature .....

Inching toward the exit in the line of cars, Cecil reads the letter and checks the space marked Yes. He signs on the dotted line:

Cecil Eugene Birnbaum

and hands the form to Margo, who stands firm at her post with a mass of blonde curls and two hard lines of lipstick.

ON HIGH STREET, Clare takes one last breath of fresh air and dives into Laura Ashley Fine Clothes and Fabrics. The place is lousy with sweet summer perfume, bolts of dizzy little prints, mulberry sailor suits, and American tourists with loud voices pulling all the flowered dresses off the walls. Clutching her black umbrella Clare squeezes her way to the dressing-room corridor. Rose-ruffled chintz is drawn between the women struggling into harebell-blue puffed sleeves and twenty-three-button dirndl skirts.

"May I help you, Miss?"

Clare stares at the new salesgirl wearing a starched pinafore.

"I'm afraid all our dressing rooms are occupied at the moment. Was there something special you had in mind? I have some lovely linens. But perhaps you want something more of a gamine look."

Clare walks to the great beveled mirror at the end of the corridor. She taps the mirror lightly. "Henry," she whispers hoarsely. The mirror swings open.

"Clare, dearest, how *are* you?" Henry puts a motherly arm around Clare and ushers her into his office. The walls are bare except for a bookcase which contains Henry's Rupert Brooke collection and the bound copy of Henry's lifework, a bibliography of the Lost Generation. There is no sign of chintz, flowers, or perfume at all. On the desk is an Incan statue of a fire god.

"Oh, I'm simply marvelous, Clare, simply marvelous. Pardon the mess." He points to the computer printout on the desk. "I've been checking the sales figures." Henry has dark shadows under his eyes because he works nights. After he finishes the day as manager of Laura Ashley, Henry turns to his real work—Equinox Press, known as Bleak House to its competitors. Equinox publishes a small dark circle of poets. Clare is now bringing out her second book with Equinox.

"I think you will be so pleased. I know I am," Henry tells Clare. He lifts a cardboard carton onto his desk and slits the strapping tape. "Two thousand copies, and this is the first one." He gives Clare a small rust-covered booklet. The cover is printed:

22 poems
by CLARE CAHEN
Equinox Press

"I got the paper from Holland," he continues, "I knew when I saw it that the texture was perfect. Absolutely exquisite. Just between us girls, the good Holland paper is worth the extra money."

CECIL is appalled by the prices in the Covered Market. He buys eggs, Greek olives, currants, but rejects the outrageously expensive sole just as it is about to be rung up. "I'm not made of money," he tells the old woman behind him in line. She looks at him strangely and moves away. New carts of vegetables are being unloaded. The market is full of exotic produce and the prices are being driven up. They are even selling kiwi fruits and orange-brown mangoes. Next thing you know, they'll put in a cappuccino bar and gentrify the whole neighborhood. Grasping his carrier bag and his *Times*, Cecil makes his way to the car. A violinist is playing on the sidewalk, and Cecil drops his change in the musician's open violin case.

AT HOME Clare has barricaded the kitchen with her carton of books. She is reading a poem to her enthralled mother and her dozing father:

ROMAN RUINS

Sun bones
Stand white—
Unlying in the grass
You swore was unafraid.
Strange song of my death
You left me lone—
Remembering the hollow
Of marrowed bone
And seeping sand.
Forgotten blood,
Numb, unpitying—
The sorrow of it is
You are
All—
And I—
I saw a black rock—
Alive in knowing death
Skitter away.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, Clare," says Cecil from the hallway, "but the ruins are gray, are they not? I don't remember a black rock, either—the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

area is hilly and green, that is, if you are talking about where you were sent as a kid during the Blitz." Cecil trips sprawling over the carton in the doorway. "Get this wretched trash out of my way!"

"Cecil, you are screaming at my daughter!" Molly screams. Cecil limps into the kitchen doubled over. He dumps the groceries on the table and eases himself into a chair, eyes smarting with pain. "I think I've thrown my back out." He states it with an icy coolness lost on his three in-laws.

Clare picks up the carton of books and moves slowly up the kitchen stairs. "Clare," Morris calls after her, "I don't want you to carry that load yourself. Cecil, go help her with those books."

Cecil doesn't move.

"In our family we were brought up to help and sacrifice for each other," Molly hisses. "Cecil, what are you doing for your family? I'll tell you what you're doing. You are working Beatrix to death. You are taking the grandchildren away from us."

Cecil turns around gingerly to face Molly. "I've been meaning to speak to you about this. Beatrix and I will be going to Majorca next month. . . ."

"Why do you send them to that *frumnik* school?" Morris breaks in suddenly. "You want them to grow up Israelis?"

"The *gan* isn't an Orthodox school, or *frumnik* as you so quaintly call it. Besides, it's not any of my business what the children grow up to be," says Cecil matter-of-factly. "I am forty-five now, and so I'll be too old for it to matter when they do grow up."

"Morris, did you hear that?" shouts Molly. "Pawns is what they are. Innocent children destroyed."

"Hello. Yes, this is he," Cecil speaks loudly into the telephone receiver. "Oh hello, Miss Greenberg. No, I was not aware there could be any difficulty with Adam at the *gan*. Yes, he is at a mature stage of development. / No, I would not say *completely* trained, but very nearly, yes. / I'm afraid I can't collect the children yet, I'm off to the Bodleian in just a minute. Yes, I consider myself a concerned parent. / What you are saying, then, in layman's terms, is that my son has peed in the prereading center. / No, I do understand the seriousness of the problem, but I'm afraid I really cannot collect him at this time. Well, smack him one. / Psychological scars? / You don't encourage this kind of behavior, do you?"

In the cool dim rooms of the Bodleian Library, Cecil muses on the hysteria of adults involved with small children. Taken in the proper perspective one's children are really rather amusing, actually. Spread before him are his notes on Shaw's music reviews. He may have found a connection between the theory of sound that can be extrapolated from Shaw's music criticism and the form of Shaw's language theory suggested in Higgins's phonetic experiments. A subdued sense of righteousness fills Cecil as he checks the originality of his idea by searching the bibliographic citations of *Shavian Studies*: Sound Theory. Nothing under that heading. Music Criticism. Nothing there. Confidence rising, Cecil checks under Phonetics. He winces. The idea must be discarded stillborn. There, in the column of papers on Shaw's phonetics, is the listing: "Musical Intonation in Higgins's Phonetic Theory," *Shav. Qt.* Apr. '59. Cecil pushes away the book bitterly and goes to collect the kids.

Miss Greenberg wears a bright green dress printed with daisies. She has white plastic daisy earrings to match. "Dr. Birnbaum, as grade-level chairperson, I have been delegated to ask you to withdraw your child from the *gan*. I think it is clear from our discussion on the phone that Adam's presence at this time could disturb, or even traumatize, the classroom environment."

"My good woman," Cecil begins, and then bursts into laughter.

"It may seem a trivial matter, but an important principle is involved. The *gan* is an extremely selective school, and there are many children on the preschool waiting list. Margo Bettleheim, for example, is particularly anxious about her son, Moshe."

"Well, I hardly know what to say," Cecil replies drily, "Perhaps I should let Adam speak for himself."

Miss Greenberg is relieved. "Yes, do discuss it with your son. This discussion could play a beautiful part in the bonding of your relationship. You know, whenever I have to speak as a teacher to a child, I try to think of the experience less as an evaluative encounter, and more as an opportunity to nurture growth and understanding."

The Cahens always sit at the kitchen table and watch while Cecil prepares the Sabbath dinner. Cecil can't decide which is worse, Attalia and Adam underfoot, or their grandparents who ask plaintively: "Could I trouble you for a little something in a tiny glass—very sweet?"

Cecil lifts Adam onto the kitchen counter and says briskly, "I hear you made a fool of yourself in school today." Adam giggles and crawls into the sink, then he stands unevenly with one foot in the drain.

"My God, he's going to maim himself," gasps Molly.

Cecil pulls Adam out of the sink and places him on the floor, where he begins to scream.

Attalia runs in from the living room. "Daddy, I have a new tooth," she shrieks. She opens her mouth and points to it.

"Congratulations," says Cecil, "I can't see anything, but I'll take your word for it."

"Clare, where are you going?" Morris calls out to his daughter, who is almost out the door.

"To dinner," she mumbles.

"To dinner where?"

"At the house of my publisher, Henry Markowitz."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I told you, I don't like the looks of him," says Molly suspiciously.

"Clare is forty-eight years old," reasons Cecil, "I should think she can go where she pleases."

The Cahens are taken aback by this flat statement that their daughter is forty-eight. But Molly asks just the same, "You are going alone?"

"Sid Berglund is coming!" Clare screams suddenly, and escapes into a waiting cab.

"That dinner sounds like a silent auction," Cecil remarks as he sets the table. "Clare speaks very little, and Berglund . . ."

"What does this Berglund speak?" Morris queries.

"Well, he's one of Beatrix's ex-graduate students. Some kind of shell-shocked physicist. He speaks math, I suppose."

Cecil sets out the dinner on the dining-room sideboard: challah, choucroute garni (with corned beef, of course), couscous with baked eggs and onions, kosher wine and currant cake with a double measure of currants sunk to the bottom. Molly looks at the dinner with a practiced eye. The egg in the couscous is overbaked, the kosher wine is like vinegar, the currant cake is burned on the bottom. She looks at Cecil and says sweetly—"Could I trouble you for a piece of bread?"

CLARE has never been to Henry's house. It lies in a new development near Summertown. Henry has lived here for three months, and he could not have visitors until his things were in place. Henry has many things.

"Clare, welcome!" Henry draws her into the parlor. Each parlor armchair is covered with swatches of fabric because Henry is in the process of choosing colors and textures for reupholstering. "Dear girl, I'm so glad you could come—forgive me—I'm making a hollandaise." Henry clatters into the kitchen with his white enamel pan and calls back to Clare, "Won't you look at the azaleas? They're just—just—I took photos of them this morning at dawn with one-thousand ASA, because you never know if the light will hold, and I do hope they came out. I would be so disappointed if those lovely colors got caught in the sprockets. There by the window in the blue. I've left some books by the lamps that might amuse you. Quarto leather—did you know I got a personal letter from Blackwells at Christmas? Don't ask how much I spent." Clare does not ask. She is looking at Henry's decanters. The cut crystal is clouded with the mossy stain of old, still liquor.

"Ouchy! Ouchy!" Henry is taking little biscuits out of the oven and burning his fingers as he pops each one into the basket lined with starched linen. The door opens softly and Sid Berglund enters with a bottle of Scotch. Sid wears a tattersall shirt tucked into his gray wool trousers; he has a flat nose and a receding chin.

Clare greets him.

Sid nods to her and walks into the adjoining dining room where he puts the Scotch on the sideboard. Above the sideboard hangs a framed drawing. Sid leans toward it squinting at the clear face behind the glass.

"I've willed it to the National Portrait Gallery," Henry tells them at dinner. "I wanted them to have my Dürer. Partly because they already have the oil from this study. And partly—oh, one really can't explain these things—the attachment to an institution." Henry spoons hollandaise onto Clare's salmon and asparagus and then dishes out the potatoes au gratin. "But I must tell you," Henry continues, "the exhibit at the British Museum is simply unbelievable. It is an Egyptian linen exhibit. We are all used to the preservation of stone, but that this delicate material can survive through the ages—Sid, I bought the catalogue. I want you to see it. I am really much more expert in silver, a *maven* really, but I have a few nice linen pieces. But silver is just so much more, somehow—you know. I felt that somehow I experienced a tremendous coming of age when I bought my service for twenty-four. I always associate it with that tremendously exciting yet frightening experience of renting one's own apartment and buying one's own books for the first time."

Clare and Sid look away, respecting Henry's emotion. Henry sets each piece of china on a tray and goes to fetch dessert. Suddenly Sid and Clare are alone.

"There will be an animal-rights demonstration at Wantage," Sid tells Clare urgently.

"When?"

"Ten o'clock. Bring lunch. Be there?"

For the second time that day Clare thinks she has forgotten something. She looks behind her quickly, feels for the purse between her feet. At her side the sharp spike of the umbrella is sheathed.

"I will come," she whispers furtively.

Henry sets down three Venetian glass bowls of pear sorbet. Each sorbet has on it five thin slices of kiwi fruit arranged to form a flower. "I am sorry I didn't bake; it's just that I take such childish delight in using this set of sorbet spoons. They were made by a very important woman silversmith. But, Sid, Clare, you have hardly said a word all evening. Sid, how is your dissertation progressing?"

"Much the same."

"Clare? This dinner must be quite different from Cecil's concoctions. I will never in my life forget the last meal I had in that house. Those children! On the floor, on the table. Good God!" Henry laughs. "Adam simply reached across the table—took a chicken leg and began to eat. No plate, no knife, just began to eat. I can't tell you! But Clare, this is your day. In honor of your book. I do wish you would be a good girl and let me give you some of our lovely dresses. Come to the store and pick out anything you like. Anything."

Henry looks at his two solemn-faced guests. "Well," he chirps brightly, "perhaps now would be the time to break out some champagne!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT HOME even the children are asleep. Clare steps on the edges of the kitchen stairs so they won't creak. She holds the umbrella close to her so that the tip won't scrape the wall. Softly Clare eases open the door to her room. Then she shoots her arm around the door jamb, flicks on the light, and bursts into the room. A slight shadow flickers on the wall. With all her energy Clare lunges. She pushes the button of the automatic umbrella and the black shield unfurls shooting the steel tip at the wall. Nothing. Clare closes the umbrella and wearily crouches down on her bed. Slowly the ceiling lamp fades and Clare begins to dream:

She stands on the dark pavement of Regent Street. She senses that Cecil is behind her. And there he is in the lamplight with his Olivetti *electronic taking down her thoughts*. Henry confronts Cecil. "My dear man, why are you troubling this poor girl?"

"I am merely recording her accent," Cecil replies. "I can locate anyone by his pronunciation. You, for example, are from Vienna, Brooklyn, NYU, Cambridge, Princeton, and Los Angeles."

"Good God. You ARE good. Have you met Cecil Birnbaum, the phonetics expert?"

"I am Cecil Birnbaum."

"Really? I am Henry Markowitz. I came from Los Angeles to meet you!"

Cecil disappears, but Henry puts on a white apron and ushers Clare into Laura Ashley. He helps Clare into a wedding dress while he chants an incantation:

"The white taffeta is pure silk. Marvelous design. / Off the shoulders. / Notice the details at the waist. / Fan-shaped train. / Just between us."

Clare looks into the beveled glass. The bodice hangs loosely on her. The satin train is tangled at her ankles. The sleeves fall off her bony shoulders and show the shaggy hair under her arms. She is untransformed.

THE next morning Cecil and the kids walk to *shul*. Attalia loves *shul*. She is allowed to wear the pink dress that her American aunt gave her. Beatrix is against pink. But out of courtesy to the relatives, Attalia should wear it once in a while. Adam wears an Oxford United sweatsuit. Cecil sports an "Abortion Rights" button. When they reach the *shul*, there are two strollers on the steps of the building. One of them has cross-stitched along the awning, M. Bettleheim.

Attalia stays in the cloakroom to play with the Goldman girls. Adam follows his father into the men's section. The *shul* was originally designed for an egalitarian congregation that never made a go of it. Now the sanctuary is rearranged for separate seating, and there are red velvet curtains in front of the Ark. But the walls are still covered with cork bulletin boards. One of the notices pinned up is Margo Bettleheim's open letter to the *gan* parents. Next to it is an advertisement for a cantor:

Young, vibrant Jewish group in Honolulu seeks like-minded lay leader to energize holiday services.

Will provide plane fare.

Write to The Bet Knesset Connection, Unitarian Church, Old Pali Rd., Honolulu, Hawaii, USA.

Ref. required.

MUST KNOW HEBREW!

"Good God," mutters the man standing next to Cecil.

"Oh, I quite agree, announcements like that in the sanctuary," says Cecil in sympathy. He recognizes the speaker as George Lewis, the very man who found the variant text of *Major Barbara* and was written up in *Shavian Studies*.

"I was not referring to the notice on the wall," Lewis replies coldly. "I was speaking of the obscene statement you are making by wearing that button on your lapel. I find it extremely offensive."

"Do you, now? Well, if we are to be perfectly candid, I found your little book rather offensive. I can imagine that twenty years ago a book like yours could accrue some kind reviews and perhaps earn you a lectureship at York. But at this time, when the whole question of the variant text has ceased to be an issue, when the very concept of a normative, authoritative text has been discarded, I am simply at a loss to understand how your book could contribute anything to the field."

"I do not talk about these things on *Shabbat*," Lewis replies scornfully. "You know, I'm always amazed at your lack of sensitivity. This congregation is not a place for statements, political or otherwise. But I will say this. If you utter a word in *Shavian Studies* challenging my work I am prepared to write a letter such as the pages of that review have never seen."

Today is Ezra Ben-Zion's bar mitzvah. Cecil walks to the back of the *shul* to congratulate Jonathan Collins, the wiry-bearded anthropology lecturer who instructed Ezra. "He did a fine job with the morning service. It's nice to hear the proper consonantal values for a change, and not those twisted Hungarian and Rumanian vowels from the old-timers. I compliment you on your teaching."

"Oh, it was nothing, really," Jonathan demurs, "he's Israeli."

"Jonathan, before the Torah reading starts, I'd like to have a word with you." They duck out of the sanctuary and stand in the quiet atrium.

"We have discussed this many times," Cecil continues, "but nothing has been done about it. You still allow Jack Bettleheim to come up to the Torah. Now you know as well as I that he isn't a Sabbath observer. And as if that isn't enough, he flaunts it by pushing a stroller to *shul*."

"Well, if we must be technical, Cecil, Margo Bettleheim pushed the stroller."

Cecil is not amused: "I am not talking about technicalities."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, Cecil!" Jonathan whispers, fascinated, "Do you mean to say, you are talking about the principles of Jewish law as they are connected to *God*?"

"God has nothing to do with the problem at hand."

Jonathan looks closely at Cecil's stern face. "Oh, I see," he says slowly, "you've heard about Margo Bettleheim's open letter."

"Don't try to trivialize this," Cecil says seriously. "What I am saying is that I cannot participate in a service in which men who are not *shomer Shabbat* —who don't observe the Sabbath—are called to the Torah. I thought I made my position perfectly clear when I was forced to resign from the religious practices committee."

"But Cecil, Jack was the Ben-Zions' choice."

"Where is it written," Cecil says sarcastically, "that the parents of the bar-mitzvah boy are allowed to choose a man who is not *shomer Shabbat*? *Halakhah* is *halakhah*."

"And God has nothing to do with this?" Jonathan chuckles. "You know, Cecil, you're what Mary Douglas used to call a primitive ritualist—the term primitive meaning nothing derogatory, of course. It's quite the best thing to be in anthropological circles."

Cecil presses on with quiet restraint. "I cannot and will not suffer a violation of *Shabbat*. I come here to pray and find Bettleheim's stroller at the door; I go in to the sanctuary and George Lewis threatens me and impugns my freedom of expression on reproductive rights."

"Oh, Cecil, they've found your soft spots."

Cecil turns away.

"Though I always have felt Lewis was a complete loss," Jonathan adds sympathetically. "I mean, there he is, filling up an academic post, with an office, a telephone, and half a secretary."

"I don't complain," Cecil says stiffly. "This is a matter of principle."

Jonathan coughs politely into his beard. He jumps nimbly into the service and Cecil follows more slowly. As Jonathan calls Jack Bettleheim to the Torah, Cecil folds his prayer shawl deliberately and kneels down on his hands and knees to search myopically under and between the seats for Adam.

Attalia puts on a full-scale show as they leave the social hall.

AT HOME, Morris and Molly Cahen are waiting for lunch in the kitchen. Cecil puts out a plate of herring, a basket of challah, and for Adam a bowl of mashed salmon. "PINK!" Adam screams. Carefully, he pats the salmon into his ears.

The doorbell rings five times in rapid succession and Cecil hears a deep female baritone cry out, "Hello! Are you home? Hello!"

"There is an Israeli accent at the door," Cecil tells Morris.

"So answer it," Morris replies.

The door swings open in Cecil's face, revealing a fierce woman in a fuzzy brown skirt, gray sweater, and hairy stockings. She grasps Cecil by the arm, "My name is Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni. I am here for Clare Cahen."

"In what capacity are you here for Clare, Miss Yardeni?"

"My name is Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni. I am here for Clare Cahen," she repeats. "Take me to her."

Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni enters the kitchen darkly. She sits down and crosses her legs—one hairy gray kneesock over the other. She glares with disgust at Adam on the table. "I dislike children," she tells him. "I should explain my presence here," she continues.

"What is this woman's name?" Molly begins to ask but Cecil cuts her off.

"As you know," Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni announces, "I am not unknown as a novelist in Israel. For one of my most important works, by the name *Induction Currents*, I have been urged to seek greater audience in the West. I am staying at the Wantage Center for Study of Jewish-Arab Relations until my rebound in August. The novelist and the novel is a parent-child relation of love and hate. I have entrusted this child of love and hate to Clare Cahen." She pauses dramatically. Then, in a dark, urgent voice, "Clare Cahen was to translate that child."

"Watch it, Adam, or I'll translate you!" Cecil moves the orange juice out of his son's reach.

"I have come for Clare Cahen. I have come for the money that I gave her."

Cecil begins to understand. "You mean that you paid Clare to translate your book and now you want your money back? You aren't going to get any money back from her. You have paid her, and she has spent the money. The exchange is completed."

"I have given to Clare Cahen 800 pounds from the 1,000 that the British Council gave me to translate my novel into English for the English and American audience. I will get it back."

"I'm afraid you underestimate my sister-in-law. She has a tremendous capacity to spend money. She believes she is wanted by the police, and when she doesn't take her pills she calls a cab and tries to get a flight out of Heathrow. Just last winter she managed to get as far as Spain."

"I want my money back and my manuscript. Take me to Clare Cahen. I will sue."

"Cecil," Molly calls out, "who let this woman in the house?"

"I think that before you sue," Cecil says with growing interest, "we need to establish whether Clare has translated your book."

Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni pulls a thick sheaf of pages in English from her bulging black bag.

"Is this Clare's translation?"

"This is not translation, this is fraud." She thumbs the pages of the manuscript. She reads:

> Yellow soap. Yellow hands. The egg bled into the sink from the surgical disks. The inner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moan of the grinding garbage disposal gnawing at my flesh.

"Where is the passion? Where is the shock and the pain? I will sue. Take me to Clare Cahen."

Morris rises and walks over to the novelist. Bending down he speaks loudly into her ear. "My daughter is a very sick girl."

"Your daughter is a psychotic! My ex-husband has experience with lawsuits. I have the name of his firm's solicitor in London. I came all the way from Wantage! I will sue!"

"Well, I am sure if you had an appointment Clare would be here." Cecil speaks with a strange mixture of defensiveness and formality. "As it stands, it seems she had an unavoidable conflict."

Yaffa stands up. She straightens her lumpy gray sweater and pulls up her hairy socks. "This is an overheated kitchen," she hisses.

"Only when people are in it," Molly snaps.

At the front door Cecil gives one last piece of advice. "Look here, Miss Yardeni, Clare is schizophrenic. You won't be able to get a penny out of her in court. To put it simply: she's got you."

Yaffa grips Cecil's arm. "Clare Cahen has not seen my last."

CLARE walks slowly on the dirt road outside of Wantage. The fields hide a network of mines in the long grass. She sees a man walking a leashed terrier. "Morning," he calls out. Suddenly Clare knows that today she will die. She turns out of the road and her boots sink into the deep mud. Fighting the tall grass Clare sinks deeper. She lifts herself dripping from a small weed-strangled pond.

"Clare." Sid crouches on a rock near her. "Clare, I miscalculated. My directions to the caucus ground were insufficient. Apparently the site was too obscure." He points to the damp stack of animal-rights leaflets at his feet. Clare says nothing. They sit among the reeds in silence. A brown-feathered wild goose gathers her goslings into the weeds watching them, her plumage shades of pale brown and vibrant blue, barred with black and cream. At last Sid stands up. Clare follows him.

They climb the overgrown bank to the railway bridge. "Is this bridge high enough to die from?" Clare asks Sid.

Sid wipes his glasses with the bottom of his tattersall shirt. He peers over the edge of the bridge. "The distance can be calculated using a falling object and a stopwatch. Simple equation."

"And what if you had no watch in the wilderness?" Clare asks.

"In the wilderness there are no bridges," Sid replies.

The sun slips behind a cloud. Clare intones the opening lines of her work in progress. "Darkness": "Black, black, / Spiral down the sun."

"Spiral down the sun," Sid repeats, "That's lovely." Clare is silent. Then slowly she unsheathes her umbrella, unfurling it over the railing. She lets it float down open—spinning to the ground. It catches on some brambles and snaps inside out in the wind.

"Abandoned umbrella; false trail," Clare says smiling. They bend into the wind and walk back toward the village. A dirty Fiat swerves off the road narrowly missing them.

"You want to get killed?" screams the deep-voiced driver. The Fiat races on, leaving the couple unrecognized and alone.

THAT night Cecil sits down at his Olivetti. The letter to Aunt Ida is still in the typewriter. "Most of the other Norham Gardens castles are now quite nice 20th century. . . ." Suddenly Cecil is stricken by a terrible thought: where will he put the refrigerator when it arrives from Brooklyn? The only clear kitchen space is in front of the door. Never mind. When Beatrix returns she will work out the math. He will have to shop in London for that transformer on Monday. So much to do. Tickets for the Royal Ballet. The linen exhibit at the British Museum—who was it told him about that? The paper for Helsinki still to write. Run down for milk. The Bodleian closed. That ass Lewis.

Cecil unrolls the letter to Aunt Ida and inserts a new piece of paper. "As an active member of the Society for Shavian Studies, I was surprised and not a little disappointed to see. . . ."

"Daddy," Attalia stands sleepily in the lighted hallway. "Can I say *shehecheyanu* for a new tooth?"

"And while Lewis claims. . . ." Cecil types.

"Daddy?"

Cecil looks up. "I am not really qualified to rule on whether that benediction is appropriate. You'll have to ask a rabbi."

Attalia shuffles back to bed. Cecil feels a twinge of sadness. He flicks off the typewriter and turns out the lights. Never mind, he tells himself, Beatrix will be home tomorrow, and Clare returned in a cab, not an ambulance. He walks down the dark hall and looks in on the sleeping children. The little beasts are lovely when they're sleeping. "Attalia," he whispers, "I think it might be all right to say *shehecheyanu*." His words surprise him.

Attalia rolls over in her sleep, and he adds, "Or some sort of blessing. I'll look it up first thing in the morning."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Political-Literary Complex

Carol Iannone

AT ONE POINT during their week of deliberations and festivities, the writers who had assembled in New York last January for the 48th International PEN Congress were counseled by one of their number to "go back to your ivory towers." But in truth many of the 700 or so delegates to the conference from some 40 countries did not seem ivory-tower types to begin with. Theirs had been a week of petitions and statements and strategy meetings, of walkouts and protests and confrontations. Scarcely could a discussion of literature proceed for more than a quarter of an hour, it seemed, without turning sharply and divisively political. Certainly few could continue to maintain after this conference what the current president of the American chapter of PEN, Norman Mailer, had confidently pronounced before it, that "writers speak across national boundaries more gracefully, more instinctively, than governments."

Of course the conference theme —"The Writer's Imagination and the Imagination of the State"—was itself an open invitation to consider literature in the political context and politics in the context of the aesthetic imagination. On the other hand, on the face of it there seemed no reason why such issues could not be discussed in a reasonably detached and intellectually responsible manner. The topic, over which (we are told) Mailer in his first official act as American PEN president had "cluck[ed] in approval," had been formulated by the novelist Donald Barthelme and the poet and translator Richard Howard. "The writer possesses or is possessed by imagination, and life is generated by this imagination," these two postulated. "In the final years of the 20th century, the State possesses an imagination of its own; and *something* is generated thereby. . . . We suggest that these two imaginations are in radical conflict all over the world, and that such conflict is the most important issue facing the writer in the 1980's." In his keynote address at the opening assembly Mailer elaborated: "Nations otherwise at raw odds" seem nevertheless gathered in "some unseen species of cooperation to flatten our spirit... to leech out the culture of the world."

This casual dismissal of the differences among states, particularly those between totalitarian and democratic states—differences especially crucial to writers—was to be proffered at the Congress as evidence of a glorious high-mindedness, an ability to transcend crudity, jingoism, and what the West German writer Peter Schneider called "platitudes." Although there was a certain ritual disdain for the notion of "moral equivalence," this did not dissolve the prevailing perception of the two superpowers as equally threatening to the forces of literary sweetness and light—much to the amazement of the East Europeans at the conference, who admitted to finding the United States a "pastoral" and "moderately utopian" land and wondered if anyone who had not lived under totalitarianism could ever understand what it means. (Part of what it means is that no Soviet writers attended the conference; having no PEN chapter, they "refused" to come even as guests on account of the presence of émigrés and other "propagators of hatred.")

Perhaps it was to writers possessed of just such imaginations as these, refined to a point beyond petty distinctions between totalitarian and democratic states, that the appearance of Secretary of State George Shultz at the opening assembly seemed comparable to a propaganda briefing by Joseph Goebbels. Greeted with hissing, booing, and heckling, as well as by a letter of objection signed by 65 delegates and the National Writers' Union, the Secretary of State became the focus of a protest that occupied the first several days of the conference.

The Shultz agitation, aside from displaying an open contempt for free speech and a selfish willingness to undermine a conference many had come from afar to enjoy, revealed a deliberate confusion of the differing claims of politics and literature. The letter of protest, and the article explaining it that was written by the U.S. novelist E.L. Doctorow and that appeared on the op-ed page of the New York *Times*, were marked less by any genuine appeal to artistic independence than by a use of the *rhetoric* of independence in order to pour public venom on "the most ideologically right-wing administration this country has yet seen." "What has [he] written? What is his connection to the world of letters?" Doctorow demanded to know of Shultz—who happens to be the author of seven books, as if in any case that were really the issue.

ALTHOUGH tainted by the political colorations of the moment, the idea indirectly embedded in this year's conference theme—the idea, that is, of "an alternative state" (in Tolstoy's phrase), a "nation of writers" that transcends the differences among governments—does at least derive from the heart of PEN traditions.

Founded in 1921 by John Galsworthy and Mrs. C.A. Dawson

CAROL IANNONE *teaches English literature at Iona College in New York. Her article, "E.L. Doctorow's 'Jewish' Radicalism," appeared in our March issue.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scott, a Cornish novelist and poet, PEN shared in the idealism of an age that reposed so much hope in an institution like the League of Nations; its rather romantic logo shows a quill pen breaking apart a sword, and its official history cites the inspiration of Walt Whitman: "My dearest dream is for an internationality of poems and poets, binding the lands of the earth closer than all treaties and diplomacy."

As the 30's advanced, however, according to Marchette Chute, author of the official history, "PEN was finding itself with less and less space in a world that was hardening into an increasing respect for the absolute power of the totalitarian state." At the 1933 Congress held in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, the delegation of German writers (whose leader had written a campaign biography of Hitler), tried to prevent Ernst Toller, a German Jew living in exile, from speaking. "Some of the delegations feared the Germans too much to oppose them," Miss Chute reports, "and a member from one of the oldest and bravest government in Europe shrieked: 'The future is Germany's. You must yield.' " Congress President H.G. Wells put the matter to a vote. The majority voted to allow Toller to speak while the German delegation walked out. Nevertheless, Henry Seidel Canby, the only American delegate at the Congress, remained uneasy; all he could see was "visible fear [of the Germans] rising like a cold fire."

At a Congress held in New York City in 1939, International PEN President Jules Romains challenged the idea of the writer's neutrality by declaring: "We are no longer able to act as if tyranny did not exist. Therefore, we must act that it shall not exist." Thomas Mann, according to Miss Chute, "ended his own speech almost with a sense of gratitude that the lines were now clearly drawn." "This is a time of great simplification," Mann said, "a time when we humbly acknowledge the difference between good and evil. . . ." And PEN's International Secretary, Hermon Ould, who had spent eighteen months in prison as a conscientious objector to World War I, came to acknowledge (again in Miss Chute's words) that "everything he valued would cease to exist unless Hitler could be stopped. Ould no longer trusted in what he now called 'the fallacy of absolutes in morals.... One had to choose the less harmful, according to one's lights.' "

Thus it would appear that an enlightened if somewhat fuzzily conceived literary internationalism need not conflict with a grasp of political reality. Of course, many writers did not arrive at even this much grasp of the reality of fascism—or did so only after Hitler invaded the Soviet Union in 1941. Furthermore, many of the same writers who grasped the reality of fascist tyranny were unable to grasp the reality of Communist tyranny; Jules Romains himself was an example. The same cross-eyed view persists to this day among the literati, who, now that Nazism no longer exists, seem to feel a perpetual need to reinvent it, and to locate it in one or another Western or Western-allied country while studiously ignoring the present reality of Communist tyranny right before their eyes. This syndrome was certainly in evidence at the New York Congress of 1986.

We cannot escape history, Abraham Lincoln once asserted, but many writers seem to have made careers of doing just that. It took Amos Oz of Israel, Czeslaw Milosz of Poland and the U.S., Mario Vargas Llosa of Peru, and Saul Bellow of the U.S. to remind the audience of what should have been obvious: that there are better and worse states, and that democracies, to say the least, are among the better; that the state is at least a necessary evil; that many writers in our time have disgraced themselves with their political beliefs; and, perhaps most crucially, that there are limits to what the writer can accomplish *as an artist*. But the overriding assumption of the conference ran otherwise: that "the imagination of the state" is uniformly onerous if not malevolent, while the imagination of the writer is always beneficent and redemptive, especially when enriched by a properly enlightened view of capitalism, imperialism, racism, patriarchy, and nuclear arms.

The air thus became thick with the odor of sanctity—so thick that cooler heads finally began to seek an explanation for it. The explanation that one heard at the conference was that when it comes to politics, authors are just off their native turf; losing momentarily the refinements of the aesthetic sensibility, they yield to the "language of the pressure groups" and "anchorman's jargon and the jargon of 60 or 70 years of radical militancy," in Saul Bellow's characterization. "Like many artists, many writers are terribly naive about the way the world wags," ventured Robertson Davies of Canada. Amos Oz professed himself "again and again . . . amazed by the gulf between what writers see when we write our poems, stories, plays—and what we do when we formulate or sign our petitions, manifestoes, titles for panel discussions. It is as if we were using two contradictory pairs of eyes. . . ."

Actually, however, what the New York PEN Congress exposed was not that a writer can succumb to political naiveté when he slips the moorings of his aesthetic sensibility, but rather that much of the contemporary aesthetic imagination is by now so extensively politicized that it can naturally find expression in even the crudest propaganda. Many writers, in other words, are operating not with "two contradictory pairs of eyes" but with a single lens.

Saul Bellow's contribution served to bring some of this to light. Sitting on a panel predictably entitled "Alienation and the State," Bellow recalled his "own beginnings in life," growing up in a French Canadian town. "My parents spoke Russian to each other, the children spoke Yiddish to them, the children spoke English to each other and they spoke French and English on the street. In addition we went to a Hebrew school and to top it all the landlord was Sicilian," he related to light laughter. But to Bellow, "this seemed not at all strange. I accepted it as my natural milieu," and felt no sense of "alienation." "This was my first time on this earth," he went on, and "I was extremely enthusiastic about every-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing that happened." Later, Bellow recorded, when he came to Chicago to become a writer, he was indeed challenged by traditionalists who felt his sense of language was not pure enough for literary expression. But he "said the hell with that. The reason being that language is the spiritual mansion in which you live and nobody has the right to evict you from it. Your possession of it is guaranteed by your devotion to it."

BELLOW's remarks fell like gold coins into a plate of counterfeit. What was this audience to do with such quaint Victorian notions, an audience consisting of many writers for whom the very definition of "identity," including literary identity, had come to mean understanding the ways in which they were "oppressed" or "alienated," who had heard the Anglo-Indian writer Salman Rushdie tick off the various species of marginality to which he could righteously lay claim, and the black American novelist Toni Morrison declare she had never felt herself an American? Implicit in Bellow's words were the hopelessly *outré* ideas that one can make choices about one's life; that one can transcend circumstances; that one can find richness even in "marginal" experience; that one can join the human race as an equal, and not remain a perennially aggrieved outsider. More: that for a writer, such accomplishments are not something that is granted by the "dominant group" but claimed through courage, integrity, and the power of art.

Bellow's words somewhat circuitously and inferentially brought to mind the controversy over black writing that took place some two decades ago between the leftist critic Irving Howe and the black novelist Ralph Ellison, a controversy that similarly concerned the options of the "marginal" writer. In answer to Howe's suggestion that black writers would find their strongest avenue of expression in the literature of "plight and protest," Ellison insisted on "affirming the broad possibility of personal realization which I see as a saving aspect of American life," and on recognizing "those aspects of my role as writer which do not depend primarily upon my racial identity." He invoked, in short, "the basic unity of human experience that assures us of some possibility of emphatic and symbolic identification with those of other backgrounds," and thereby championed the classical Keatsian idea of negative capability, long since abandoned in our literary life in favor of special pleading. "The diversity of American life is often painful," Ellison asserted, "frequently burdensome and always a source of conflict, but in it lies our fate and our hope."

At the PEN conference, it was ruefully clear that "plight and protest" still saturate the imagination of many writers today, and have seeped not only into one after another "marginal" voice ("Black English, Red English, Brown English, and Yellow English," was the not quite metaphorical description offered by the black American novelist Ishmael Reed), but into the "mainstream" as well, leaving one to wonder just who is still an "insider." On one panel, Susan Sontag of the U.S. noted with some relief that none of the panel's native English speakers was Anglo-Saxon, at any rate.

WHILE Bellow's opening brief for the ideal of aesthetic integration apparently struck no answering chords, his speech itself, arguing that democracy provides freedom and prosperity but no special sense of cultural or spiritual elevation, evoked a distorted response. The West German novelist Guenter Grass ostentatiously reminded Bellow that America's "prosperity" is undercut by the poverty of the South Bronx, and the South African poet Breyten Breytenbach rose to proclaim that "the freedom and prosperity of the USA is built on the unfreedom and poverty and exploitation of very large parts of the world." The American poet Allen Ginsberg asked if the American habit of exploiting other nations was "not a reflection on our spiritual nature." When Bellow protested against this "stampeding of people into political boxes," the South African novelist Nadine Gordimer wondered aloud why he insisted on divorcing the spiritual from the political and social.

The Polish émigré poet Adam Zagajewski attempted to clarify Bellow's point. There are at least two types of dangers in the world today, Zagajewski explained, addressing Nadine Gordimer. "One is the social danger which you like so much to speak about. But there is another danger that the spiritual life may vanish here on earth not because of atom bombs, but because of stupidity. We are here in our capacity as writers, not as social workers." To this Salman Rushdie responded by demanding to know why American writers had "abdicated" the "task" of treating the "subject which for the rest of us is the paramount subject about America, which is how America treats the rest of the world." Bellow countered that "we don't have any 'tasks,' we just have inspirations." But shortly thereafter Guenter Grass made a pitch for, precisely, the task of helping "our colleagues from Nicaragua," represented at the conference by Omar Cabezas, guerrilla memoirist and the Sandinistas' Deputy Minister of the Interior (who was soon to defend his government's use of a "a little censorship"), and by Rosario Murillo, purported poet, common-law wife of President Daniel Ortega, and head of the Sandinista Association of Cultural Workers ("in charge," according to a U.S. official, "of who gets pens and paintbrushes"). One hundred forty-nine of the conference delegates then set themselves to Grass's proposed task by drawing up a petition condemning U.S. policies in Nicaragua and attributing all human-rights abuses there to American intervention.

BUT perhaps nothing brought home more vividly the extent to which political had displaced literary considerations at the conference than the action of the feminists on the last day in protesting the "underrepresentation" of women on the panels and in demanding greater statistical representation at future PEN Congresses. Their vehemence on this score was undeterred by the emergence of a number of facts prejudicial to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their case: that women head six of PEN's eight permanent committees, the membership of which is about half female; that three of the American group's six vice presidents are women; that some of the more prominent feminist agitators were themselves on PEN's executive councils; and that most of the feminist agitators had done nothing to help plan for the conference by finding women writers who could serve as suitable panelists. Obviously it did not suffice that women have plenty of power in PEN, since they had failed to use it according to the feminists' definition of their interests (or, if they were themselves feminists, to bother using it at all).

To his credit Norman Mailer publicly attacked the idea of constructing panels for sexual balance, and indeed the entire concept of affirmative action in literature (although he promptly undercut this display of good sense, and incidentally revealed his own class bias, in allowing that affirmative action does apply to blacks in construction work, only not to activities like his own where "the center . . . is obligatory excellence"). Mailer also reported that some two dozen prominent women writers had refused invitations to the Congress, and noted for good measure that in many countries "there are no good women writers"—for reasons feminists themselves are fond of emphasizing. Susan Sontag similarly insisted that "literature is not an equal-opportunity employer," and Nadine Gordimer cautioned against making sex (or color, as the feminists had also suggested) a criterion among writers. In a short written statement, Cynthia Ozick of the U.S. argued that if literary standards are to be kept primary, women should neither be excluded nor included on the basis of sex.

So empty did the feminist case seem from every angle that, as the elaborate show of grievance and the stubborn demand for greater "visibility" proceeded, one began to wonder if it were not informed by some hidden agenda. In Henry James's *The Bostonians*, a catty woman character remarks of the feminist Verena Tarrant that "the only right . . . she wanted was to climb up on top of something, where the men could look at her." Catty or not, the point about feminist narcissism seemed quite appropriate at the PEN Congress. It was as if feminism existed not to encourage specific women's contributions to literature but to enforce a blind propulsion toward some fixed ideal of Equality, to be measured solely by the presence of female forms on the dais. In its own way, moreover, the protest was an affront to individual women writers, several of whom indicated privately that they would be insulted if they sensed they were being valued in any way for their gender.

Thus, notwithstanding the opposition they encountered, the feminists succeeded in making their point, and at interminable length. It remains to be seen how PEN will deal with this kind of group pressure in years to come. The organization has already formed an ad-hoc Women's Committee, headed by Grace Paley of the U.S., in response to the feminists, and the general feeling, the New York *Times* reported ominously, was "that the protest had far-reaching implications for future PEN Congresses."

It is said that ours is not a great age of literature; a visit to the PEN Congress helped explain why. The American novelist William Gass insisted during the conference that the politicized imagination is the enemy of literature, but for many it seems to have become its foundation. Indeed, this may account for the scabrous intensity and emotional violence of the clashes at the PEN Congress. These were not writers who happened to have a few political ideas, but writers for whom the aesthetic had been politicized and the political aestheticized, writers whose ideological commitments had become, in Bellow's phrase, their "intellectual stock in trade."

Perhaps this also helps to explain the absurdly grandiose claims made at the Congress for the power of the writer, claims beneath which one began to sense, to the contrary, a kind of literary burnout. Kofi Awoonor of Ghana declared that the artistic imagination is so stunned by poverty in the Third World that it cannot transcend it. Guenter Grass asserted that "the imagination of the state," especially as manifested in nuclear weapons, had surpassed that of the writer, who can respond only with "hellish laughter." The black South African Sipho Sepamla vouchsafed that in his country, the battle may be better fought on the streets.

So much, then, for the pen, once considered mightier than the sword, and not only by writers. "[I]t is the duty of the artist to guard the spirit in its freedom, so that mankind shall not be prey to ignorance, to malice and to fear," reads a PEN resolution from 1933. In this sense there certainly is such a thing as a "nation of writers"; but as the New York Congress showed, it is a nation under subversive attack from within.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Some" of the News

MURROW: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By A.M. SPERBER. *Freundlich Books. 816 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by TERRY TEACHOUT

TELEVISION news leaves few clear traces in our collective memory. (Ask a baby boomer to identify Eric Sevareid.) So it is rather remarkable that anyone below the age of fifty should remember Edward R. Murrow at all, that his reputation should be more than just a dusty piece of trivia known only to World War II buffs and lovers of 50's nostalgia. Yet Murrow *is* still remembered as a touchstone of journalistic integrity—although not so much for his reportorial achievements as for the events which led to his departure from CBS in 1960, a departure whose subsequent conversion into TV legend made Murrow a kind of god of the liberal media.

Not that good reasons are lacking to remember Murrow the reporter. His radio broadcasts during the Battle of Britain and his *See It Now* television report on Senator Joseph McCarthy influenced public opinion in such a way as to have had a lasting effect on the historical record. But it is the Murrow myth that has stayed with us, and this myth is to a great extent the subject matter of A. M. Sperber's new book, *Murrow: His Life and Times*, the second full-length Murrow biography to appear since the broadcaster's death in 1965.

Edward R. Murrow, so the myth goes, was a journalist of truth all compact and the first television reporter to speak out about the evils of McCarthyism. (In more extreme versions of the myth, Murrow was the first journalist in America to stand up to the Senator.) These efforts brought McCarthy low, thus proving that you can't fool all of the people all of the time. Murrow's unflinching honesty, however, resulted in the cancellation of *See It Now* and the ultimate purging of Murrow from CBS by corporate blackguards, thus proving television to be a hopelessly corrupt tool of the capitalists.

The interesting thing about this myth is not the percentage of truth in it (which is surprisingly high, as these things go) but the remarkable degree to which it has taken root in the folklore of television. Apologists for the news division of CBS constantly indulge in noxious cant about the "Murrow tradition." David Halberstam, in *The Powers That Be*, called Murrow "one of those rare legendary figures who was as good as his myth." When HBO recently produced a "docu-drama" about Murrow, it chose Daniel J. Travanti, the actor who plays the saintly Captain Furillo on NBC's popular dramatic program *Hill Street Blues*, to be Murrow; even more revealingly, it chose Dabney Coleman, Hollywood's principal specialist in the reenactment of corporate villainy, to play William S. Paley, the chairman of the board of CBS. Such unanimity is invariably to be distrusted, especially when its object is a journalist, and unfortunately *Murrow: His Life and Times* does little to redress the balance.

Considered solely as a compilation of raw material, *Murrow: His Life and Times* is quite valuable. Like most of today's biographers, A.M. Sperber knows how to dig, and the documents are here in abundance. Murrow's widow has provided unrestricted access to previously unavailable private papers; all the relevant archives have been meticulously mined; judicious application of the Freedom of Information Act has forced the government to disgorge an assortment of FBI files pertaining to Murrow, most of them dating from the height of the McCarthy period. If a successful biography is the sum total of its primary sources, then this book is a major effort indeed.

Murrow: His Life and Times is certainly an improvement on Alexander Kendrick's 1969 biography, *Prime Time: The Life of Edward R. Murrow*, but to say this is merely to emphasize the gross inadequacies of Kendrick's book. Miss Sperber is a poor stylist, with no gift whatsoever for clear, orderly narrative. Her tone is gratingly and consistently informal, full of the kind of vulgar novelistic license that one thought had gone out with Gay Talese:

> Wershba saw his boss glance up at him with an oddly sheepish smile, almost embarrassed. He had not been looking good that night when the reporter sought him out after the evening news: rather pallid, obviously going through another one of his heavy colds. . . . Watching Murrow's retreating back, with its familiar hunch, the young reporter felt suddenly sorry for him.

Worst of all, this overweight book is a prime specimen of the New Hagiography, which gives with one hand and pretends to take with the other. ("If Murrow in his broadcasting career understood the American public, therefore, it was because he was of it—sometimes leading, sometimes merely reflecting, typical at all times of that public in its most, and occasionally less, admirable moments.") A few anonymous quotations hinting at ruthless opportunism and a light sprinkling of extramarital dirt are all Miss Sperber has to set in the balance against hundreds of pages of clumsy, adoring prose.

For all of its deficiencies, however, it is possible to derive from this book some sense of the questions raised by the real career of the real Edward R. Murrow, questions which lie at the heart of the current debate over the role of tele-

TERRY TEACHOUT *is associate editor of* Harper's *and a regular contributor to* National Review, High Fidelity, *and the* American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vision news in American public life. Murrow may not have been a spotless paragon of journalistic virtue, but he was certainly an able and influential figure whose pioneering work in television has had a great deal to do with the way the major networks cover the news today. His career is therefore worth a closer look, and this, despite its serious weaknesses, *Murrow: His Life and Times* does provide.

BORN in North Carolina in 1908, Egbert Roscoe Murrow (the "Egbert Roscoe" gave way to "Edward R." shortly after he left home) grew up in the Puget Sound region of Washington, working in logging camps every summer and studying elocution and debate in high school. He graduated from Washington State College in 1930 with a B.A. in speech and, after five years spent kicking around the prewar equivalent of the foundation circuit, went to work for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

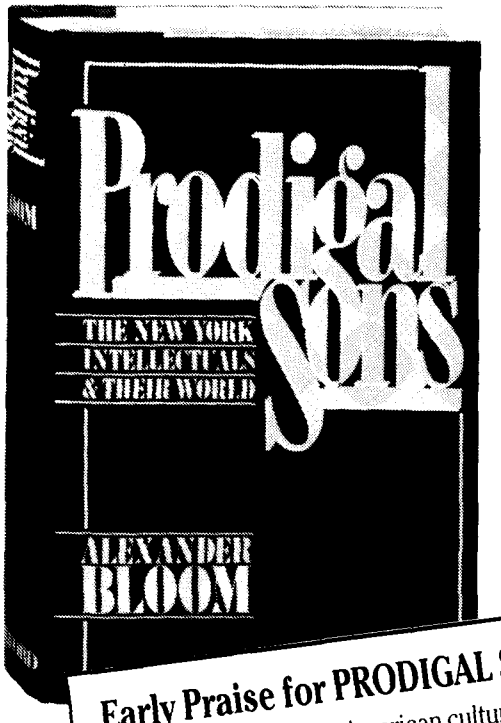
The American public first became aware of Edward R. Murrow as a result of his rooftop coverage of the Battle of Britain on the CBS program *London After Dark*, broadcast live from London but heard in the United States during prime time. His reports, which usually began with the words "This . . . is London," were and are remembered not so much for their content as for their style. The words themselves were direct, even commonplace:

> I'm standing again tonight on a rooftop looking out over London, feeling rather large and lonesome. In the course of the last fifteen or twenty minutes there's been considerable action up there, but at the moment there's an ominous silence hanging over London. . . . I can see one or two bursts of anti-aircraft fire far in the distance. Just on the roof across the way I can see a man wearing a tin hat, a pair of powerful night glasses to his eyes, scanning the sky.

But Murrow's dark, grainy baritone and deceptively casual delivery charged his plain journalist's prose with an almost musical intensity, as a comparison of his published scripts with airchecks of the

"They were young, Jewish, urban intellectuals...

They had assembled on the edge of American society. Coming from the immigrant ghettos in which their parents had settled upon arrival in America, they moved toward the center of American intellectual life.... They frequently spoke of themselves as alienated, by which Norman Podhoretz later came to see meant: 'they did not feel they belonged to America or that America belonged to them....' What they did belong to was each other. They were, in Podhoretz's telling phrase, 'The Family'—each other's intellectual relatives." From *Prodigal Sons*



Their ranks included Lionel Trilling, Alfred Kazin, Irving Howe, Leslie Fiedler, Philip Rahv, William Phillips, Daniel Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset, Nathan Glazer, Clement Greenberg, Meyer Schapiro, Saul Bellow, Irving Kristol and Norman Podhoretz. Their story winds through virtually all the crucial intellectual and political events of recent decades, as well as through the nation's major universities and the editorial boards of such journals as *Partisan Review, Commentary, Dissent, The Public Interest,* and *The New York Review of Books.*

Early Praise for PRODIGAL SONS:

"For those interested in American cultural life of the period since 1935, *Prodigal Sons* is essential reading."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"The most important and comprehensive study of this group to date."—*Library Journal*

"A concise and highly readable guidebook to what was obviously very exotic and frequently very perilous territory to traverse."—*Kirkus*

"An exceedingly thorough-going study of this group, discussing their backgrounds but concentrating on their interaction with one another, which was constant, passionate, intimate, and often abrasive."—*Los Angeles Times*

"This is sociology with a human face."—*Vanity Fair*

$24.95 at better bookstores or direct from:
Oxford University Press, Dept. HS, 200 Madison Ave, N.Y., NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

original CBS broadcasts makes abundantly clear, and he soon became one of the best-known radio personalities in America.

WHAT Murrow did on *London After Dark* was not exactly straight reporting, but it did fit into a recognized radio category, that of news analysis. In 1921, H.V. Kaltenborn, then associate editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, had begun to broadcast half-hour talks on world affairs over New York's WEAF. Four years after the establishment of network radio in 1926, Kaltenborn was hired by the fledgling Columbia Broadcasting System to broadcast once a week on current events. With the approach of war in Europe, the networks began to devote larger amounts of air time to commentary by journalists like Kaltenborn, Quincy Howe, and Raymond Gram Swing, who soon became popular figures in their own right.

As CBS and NBC began to assemble news departments of their own, certain restrictions were placed on their commentators, who had come to be known as "news analysts." Ed Klauber, who organized the news division of CBS, distinguished "analysis" from explicit editorializing:

> What news analysts are entitled to do and should do is to elucidate and illuminate the news out of common knowledge, or special knowledge possessed by them or made available to them by this organization through its sources. They should point out the facts on both sides, show contradictions with the known record, and so on. They should bear in mind that in a democracy it is important that people not only should know but should understand, and it is the analyst's function to help the listener to understand, to weigh, and to judge, but not to do the judging for him.

Edward R. Murrow's prewar broadcasts stretched these limits to the breaking point. Though his words were carefully balanced, their effect on American listeners was another matter altogether. ("You burned the city of London in our houses and we felt the flames that burned it," Archibald MacLeish said in a 1941 tribute to Murrow. "You laid the dead of London at our doors and we knew the dead were our dead—were all men's dead—were mankind's dead —and ours.") Whatever was potentially controversial about Murrow, however, was temporarily obscured by America's entry into the war. His famous description of a bombing run over Berlin was a classic example of radio journalism at its most personal and effective. And his April 15, 1945 broadcast describing the liberation of Buchenwald brought the horrors of the death camps home to the average American for the first time:

> As I walked down to the end of the barracks, there was applause from the men too weak to get out of bed. It sounded like the handclapping of babies. . . . As we walked out into the courtyard, a man fell dead. Two others—they must have been over sixty—were crawling toward the latrine. I saw it but will not describe it.... As I left that camp, a Frenchman who used to work for Havas in Paris came up to me and said, "You will write something about this, perhaps?" And he added, "To write about this you must have been here at least two years, and after that—you don't want to write any more."

After a brief and ineffectual postwar stint as CBS's vice president and director of public affairs, Murrow returned to the air in 1947 as anchorman of *Edward R. Murrow with the News*, the network's showcase evening news program and one which he would anchor without interruption for the next twelve years. On the first broadcast, Murrow read aloud a labyrinthine section of the contract which defined the function of a news analyst. ("News periods therefore should be devoted to giving the facts emanating from an established news-gathering source, to giving all the color in the proper sense of the word, and interest, without intruding the views of the analyst.") Then he explained it to his listeners:

> Now that's pretty complicated language, the kind that lawyers like to write. My own interpretation of it is that this program is not a place where personal opinion should be mixed up with ascertainable facts. We shall do our best to identify sources and to resist the temptation to use this microphone as a privileged platform from which to advocate action.

Contract or no contract, *Edward R. Murrow with the News* invariably closed with a commentary on the events of the day in which Murrow's own moderate-to-liberal personal opinions were aired with an explicitness that frequently terrified CBS executives and the program's various sponsors.

THE year 1951 saw Murrow venture into the new medium of television for the first time with *See It Now*, a weekly documentary series in which the ambiguous boundaries of "news analysis" were at long last both defined and abandoned—an undertaking which ultimately led to Murrow's untimely departure from CBS News.

"This is an old team trying to learn a new trade," Murrow said in introducing the very first *See It Now*, broadcast live from the control room of CBS's Studio 41 on November 18, 1951. The new trade was television, and it took the old team two seasons to figure out how to put together "a *Life* magazine of the air," as producer Fred Friendly described his original concept for *See It Now*. Murrow and Friendly were developing the grammar and syntax of present-day television news step by step, in full view of the public, one show at a time. As Miss Sperber writes:

> They were dogged by blackouts, loss of picture on remotes, technical failures of all kinds, and in one case a complete breakdown that left Murrow ad-libbing on camera without a show. . . . It was part of the program's Rube Goldberg invent-it-as-you-go amalgam of film, sound tape, and live TV, concocted in the pressure cooker of the Sunday deadline.

But the show immediately attracted favorable attention, winning an Emmy in 1952 as "best public-affairs program." And the American public soon discovered that Ed Murrow was as effective on television as he was on radio. A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chain smoker, Murrow broadcast from Studio 41 in a haze of cigarette smoke, slender and debonair in pinstriped suits, his saturnine good looks a perfect match for the unforgettable voice of the London rooftops.

Recognizing his potential as a television star, CBS soon scheduled a program called *Person to Person* in which Murrow interviewed celebrity guests in their homes via a television hookup. With *See It Now* appearing on Tuesday nights and *Person to Person* on Fridays, Murrow's public exposure was formidable, so much so that when the network logo appeared on screen after each *See It Now* broadcast, a photograph of him was superimposed on the iris of the CBS eye.

The close identification of Murrow and CBS, however, was deceptive. For *See It Now* was produced independently of the rest of CBS's news operation, with Murrow and Friendly ultimately responsible only to Paley. Murrow's immense prestige at the network (he was at the time a board member of CBS) made this arrangement possible. Television was still young, and there was no reason to think that the illustrious star of *Person to Person* would bring anything but glory to the stockholders of CBS. But the independence of the Murrow-Friendly unit was a time bomb, and in the 1953-54 season it finally exploded.

HAVING spent their first two seasons figuring out how to do weekly live documentaries with a minimum of technical problems, Murrow and Friendly gradually began to move away from the comparatively benign subject matter of the early *See It Now* broadcasts in favor of an occasional dose of stronger medicine. They began with "The Case Against Milo Radulovich, A0589839," a profile of an Air Force lieutenant from Michigan who was discharged from the reserves as a security risk not for any transgressions of his own but because of the alleged radical connections of his father and sister. Murrow's closing comments, read in a tightly controlled voice, moved dangerously close to the far side of analysis:

> We believe that "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father," even though that iniquity be proved beyond all doubt, which in this case it was not. . . . Whatever happens in this whole area of the relationship between the individual and the state, we will do it ourselves. It cannot be blamed upon Malenkov, Mao Tse-Tung, or even our allies. And it seems to us—that is, to Fred Friendly and myself—that this is a subject that should be argued about endlessly.

The success of "The Case Against Milo Radulovich, A0589839" (the Secretary of the Air Force went on *See It Now* a month later to announce Radulovich's reinstatement) led to a series of broadcasts dealing with various aspects of what Murrow called "the retreat into unreasoning fear that seems to be part of the climate in which we live." The most celebrated of these was "A Report on Senator Joseph R. McCarthy," which Miss Sperber correctly describes as "a virtual half-hour editorial ending in a call to action, the final step from TV news purveyor to TV activist, with all that that implied." Murrow's closing remarks on this broadcast left Ed Klauber's pristine definition of "news analysis" far behind:

> This is no time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent, or for those who approve. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. . . . We proclaim ourselves—as indeed we are—the defenders of freedom, what's left of it, but we cannot defend freedom abroad by deserting it at home. The actions of the junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad and given considerable comfort to our enemies. . . .

Up to this point, the editorial independence of the *See It Now* unit had remained unquestioned.

— from Seth Press —

an important new book that will

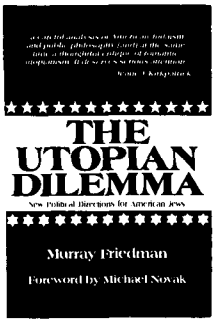
INFORM OPINIONS & INSPIRE DEBATE

"...superb and astonishingly comprehensive. I predict it will be a bell sounding in the night."
– Morris B. Abram

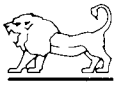
"A masterful job, spritely and felicitous in style, packed full of substance."
– Daniel J. Elazar

"A sober, moderate, readable, well reasoned book on recent Jewish political currents in American life."
– Ben J. Wattenberg

"...bound to be widely and fruitfully debated."
– Michael Novak



Phone orders on VISA/MASTERCARD accepted: (215) 642-8633



Seth Press, Inc.
P.O. Box 1370 Bryn Mawr, PA 19003

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of THE UTOPIAN DILEMMA by Murray Friedman at $7.95 per book, plus 65¢ shipping for every 3 books ordered. (Pennsylvania residents please add 6% sales tax.) Enclosed is my check or money order.

☐ Please send me the most recent Seth Press catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No executive at CBS viewed the Radulovich or McCarthy broadcasts prior to airtime. But with "A Report on Senator Joseph R. McCarthy," Murrow had taken the network farther than even his enormous popularity could justify. *See It Now* lost its sponsor in 1955, CBS removed it from the regular prime-time schedule later that year, and Murrow's television appearances became fewer and farther between.

After a long and bitter struggle with network executives, *See It Now* was finally canceled outright in 1958. No CBS newscast with a comparable degree of editorial freedom would ever take its place. Earlier that year Murrow had deliberately goaded the executives of CBS with a widely publicized speech in which he accused the networks of "decadence, escapism, and insulation from the realities of the world in which we live." He went on a year-long sabbatical in 1959 and retired permanently from broadcasting—at the age of fifty-two—to become director of the United States Information Agency.

After Edward R. Murrow's death from lung cancer in 1965, *National Review*, referring to *See It Now*, called him "the father of a dangerous art form." CBS's Harry Reasoner, by contrast, has argued that largely thanks to Murrow's influence, network news

> would be responsible, serious sometimes to the point of pompousness and portentousness, and absolutely independent of the influence of the advertisers whose purchases supported it. . . . The correspondent, the face the people saw and the voice they heard, would be not only the central figure to the audience but a figure of substantial influence in what he was asked to do and how he would do it.

These estimates of Murrow's influence, though suggestive, are ultimately irrelevant. The truth is that Murrow's individual approach to broadcast journalism has been ignored for years by the network news divisions, as Fred Friendly pointed out nearly two decades ago in his memoir, *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control*. What, then, is responsible for the excesses of opinion and failures of objectivity that enrage right-wing critics of the medium? Could it, paradoxically, have something to do with television's *failure* to editorialize?

During the mid-50's CBS News put its major production efforts into Douglas Edwards's fifteen-minute nightly newscast. Background coverage and news analysis were left to *See It Now*, which appeared every week and was put together on short deadlines. Murrow made it perfectly clear on the air that *See It Now* reflected the opinions of its editors rather than the network. ("And it seems to us—that is, to Fred Friendly and myself—that this is a subject that should be argued about endlessly.") Nor was there ever any question about what Murrow and Friendly were up to in programs like "A Report on Senator Joseph R. McCarthy" or "The Case Against Milo Radulovich, A0589839." *See It Now* took full responsibility for its editorializing and offered equal time to its victims.

The model for network news coverage implied by this arrangement was the radio tradition of news analysis in which Murrow had grown up. "It was the individualist assertion of the radio commentator on TV," Miss Sperber says of the Radulovich episode of *See It Now*, "the single focus of responsibility, in contrast with the composite, more diffuse image already characterizing network television."

But the situation has changed greatly since 1954. Signed commentary on TV has for all intents and purposes vanished from two out of the three network evening newscasts. Prime-time documentary specials are a thing of the distant past, regularly scheduled prime-time documentary series a thing of the forgotten past. The production techniques so painstakingly developed by Murrow and Friendly have been watered down by former *See It Now* director Don Hewitt into the quasi-entertainment format of shows like *60 Minutes* and *West 57th*. When television news editorializes today, it does so in the guise of reporting the news "objectively." Dan Rather, Peter Jennings, and Tom Brokaw do not deliver commentary at the end of their nightly newscasts; instead, their opinions are imposed on the news, without the responsibility that signed commentary implies.

On March 8, 1950, Ed Murrow led off his radio newscast by saying "This is *some* of the news." He explained this departure from standard procedure in his regular closing commentary:

> We are especially grateful for the friendly communication from an obviously learned gentleman who offers a sound suggestion. He writes, "Many people who like to listen to you are nettled by your announcement 'This is the news.' . . . What would you think of graciously surprising us by saying once in a while, 'This is some of the news,' thereby suggesting that you do not know everything and are not reporting all the cosmic facts of the universe?" This is certainly sound advice. This has been my effort to follow it, and this has been, as usual, *some* of the news.

This anecdote suggests the truth beneath the more florid encrustations of the Murrow myth. Edward R. Murrow, for all his failures of objectivity, had the courage both to admit those failures and to compound them by accepting the responsibility of broadcasting regular signed commentary. Today's broadcast journalists, cloaked in the mantle of false objectivity that drapes the airwaves of America at the dinner hour, do not. The distinction is no small one.

Television news today would no doubt still be biased even if William S. Paley had listened to Murrow and Friendly back in 1958. (Bias is the original sin of electronic journalism.) But at least the networks would be more accountable for their points of view—and possibly more open to viewer pressure to provide forums for other editorial viewpoints as well. Would the world end if Messrs. Jennings, Brokaw, and Rather took the trouble to admit that they were in the business of broadcasting *some* of the news? Rest assured, we will probably never know.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Golden Age & After

THE UTOPIAN DILEMMA: AMERICAN JUDAISM AND PUBLIC POLICY. By MURRAY FRIEDMAN. Foreword by MICHAEL NOVAK. *Ethics and Public Policy Center, distributed by Seth Press. 115 pp. $12.00; paper $7.95.*

Reviewed by LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

OUT of his many years of service in professional Jewish life, Murray Friedman has written this small book about American Jewish organizations and the public policies they advocate. In its modest way it is a first, for the policies pursued by the organized Jewish community are seldom exposed to critical public discussion.

Friedman's high-flown phrase, the "utopian dilemma," is his way of describing a long-standing tension in organized Jewish life between the impulses which inspirit many professionals and the demands of democratic politics. In its religious form, Jewish utopianism, rooted in the prophetic ideal of social justice, was built into the institutions of Reform Judaism from its earliest days in the 19th century, when rabbinic spokesmen often justified the very existence of Jews and Judaism in terms of a mission to the Gentiles. Secular and secularized Jews pursue a more earthly version of utopianism, with commitments not only to social justice but to radical change (though they too are not above invoking the biblical prophets as a kind of warrant for their ideas).

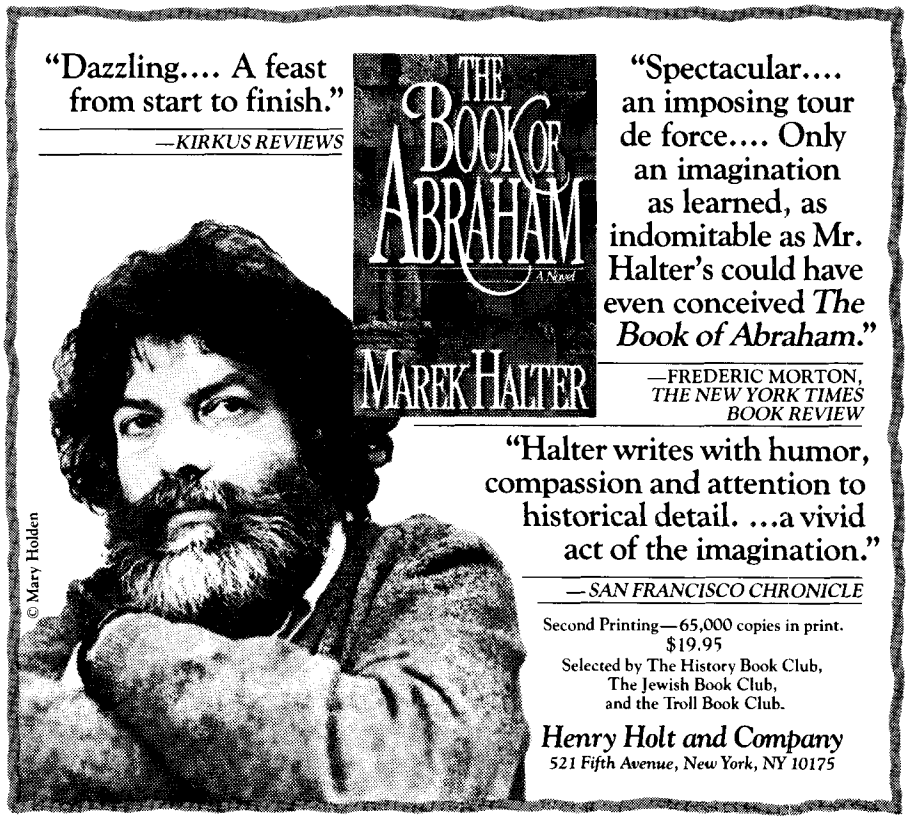
Friedman believes that Jewish utopianism received a big boost in the two decades after World War II, which witnessed a dramatic decline in anti-Semitism in the United States and the official abolition of racial segregation and discrimination. At this distance, it is difficult to say to what degree these successes came about because of a confidently expanding economy whose need for talent broke down exclusionary barriers, and to what degree they came about as a result of social policies consciously pursued by, among other forces, the institutions of the organized Jewish community. One thing is clear, however: those two decades, in retrospect, constituted a golden age, not only for Jews but for most Americans in pursuit of equal opportunity.

Unfortunately the golden age soon turned into an age of anxiety. Perhaps the most salient of the social, cultural, and political changes which Friedman charts in the post-1965 era was the transformation of the civil-rights movement: black leaders and their organizations shifted emphasis from the goal of equal opportunity to the quest for equality of result, race-conscious quotas were introduced in employment and university-admissions procedures, and anti-Semitism among blacks rose even as anti-Semitism among white Americans was declining.

Overshadowing these domestic changes were international changes. After the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel confronted hostility not only from its old enemies, the Soviet bloc and the Arab countries, but also from the Third World. Even some Western democracies, dependent upon Arab oil, became "neutral," and in international liberal opinion Israel's name lost a good deal of its former luster.

Yet despite this turnaround in domestic and foreign affairs, the organized Jewish community, so Friedman tells us, in large part continued and still continues to pursue past policies and strategies, which no longer correspond to the altered circumstances of American life. He therefore concludes his survey of the current state of affairs with a prescription: American Jews ought to resolve their "utopian dilemma" by finding and striking a better balance between their goal for a

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ *is the author of, among other books,* On Equal Terms: Jews in America 1881-1981 *and* The War Against the Jews, 1933-1945, *which has just been reissued by Bantam in a tenth-anniversary edition with a new introduction.*


"Dazzling.... A feast from start to finish."
—KIRKUS REVIEWS
THE BOOK OF ABRAHAM
A Novel
MAREK HALTER
"Spectacular.... an imposing tour de force.... Only an imagination as learned, as indomitable as Mr. Halter's could have even conceived The Book of Abraham."
—FREDERIC MORTON, THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW
"Halter writes with humor, compassion and attention to historical detail. ...a vivid act of the imagination."
—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
© Mary Holden
Second Printing—65,000 copies in print.
$19.95
Selected by The History Book Club, The Jewish Book Club, and the Troll Book Club.
Henry Holt and Company
521 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10175

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better society and their concern for the welfare and security of the Jewish community.

FRIEDMAN thus enters what is by now an old debate over what, in the realm of public policy, is good for the Jews. He himself characterizes the conflict as one between universalists and particularists, with universalists believing that Jews most eloquently express their "mission" by embracing causes that transcend "narrow" Jewish interests, and particularists believing that integrity demands the defense in the first instance of Jewish interests and goals. Ever since the 18th century, when politics first intervened in Jewish affairs to decide the civic status of Jews in the European nation-states, universalists and particularists have taken different sides on the big political questions, the former with the liberals or the Left, the latter with the conservatives or the Right. That has been the distinctive pattern of Jewish political behavior for the last two hundred years, in czarist Russia, interbellum Poland, and the Western democracies.

In this light, what occurred during the golden age of the postwar years in the United States was an exception, a period of extraordinary political consensus among American Jews. The creation of Israel and its continuing need for Jewish support fostered solidarity to a degree seldom experienced before or after by a people notorious not only for their individualism but for their downright quarrelsomeness. That solidarity was strengthened even more by the revelations of Soviet anti-Semitism and Stalinist terror, which utterly discredited the few remaining leftist apologists in the Jewish community.

Since the mid-60's this Jewish solidarity has been unraveling, and American Jews have reverted to their more accustomed state of divisiveness. The issues (cited by Friedman) which divide the Jewish community include welfare programs, racial quotas, black-Jewish relations, abortion, prayer in the public schools, national defense, East-West relations, even American policy toward Nicaragua and South Africa. Israel itself, though it still commands the love and devotion of most Jews, has also become a subject of division and, since the war in Lebanon, of divisiveness.

ONE surprising and significant sign of the current divisiveness is the public return of the Left to Jewish communal life. In the last five years or so, several new organizations have been established ranging from the moderate Left to the far Left. There is, for instance, a new philanthropy called the Jewish Fund for Justice, which, according to its spokesman, "offers American Jews a Jewish context for expressing our traditional Jewish passion for social justice." It strives to combat "poverty" and "injustice" in the United States and has already made grants to Navajo Indians and inner-city, slum-rehabilitation projects. Several new organizations critical of Israel have also surfaced. One is the American-Israeli Civil Liberties Coalition, another the American-Israeli Council for an Israeli-Palestinian Peace.

The return of the Left, in a form startlingly reminiscent of the 30's, is most visible in the New Jewish Agenda, an organization founded in 1980 which now claims a membership of several thousand across the country. It has been described in a newspaper article as "a hodgepodge of Old Leftists, New Leftists, liberals, gays, feminists, and nuclear freezers." For its own part, the New Jewish Agenda identifies itself as "progressive."

Although the New Jewish Agenda started out to "work for change" (as the saying has it) from outside the Jewish community, it has, true to the tradition of the Old Left, switched tactics and decided also to burrow from within. By now its chapters have been admitted to membership in local Jewish federations or community councils in Los Angeles, Detroit, Kansas City, New Haven, Ann Arbor, and Santa Fe. The first plank in its national platform, adopted in 1982, deserves to be quoted not only for its echoes of times past but also for its remarkable conception of who constitutes the American Jewish community:

> We call for the full empowerment of all Jews. Our communal institutions must involve those whose needs have been consistently disregarded: our elders, Jews with disabilities, the poor, Lesbians and Gay Men, Jews not living in nuclear families, Jews of color, Jews by choice, those of mixed marriages and recent immigrants.

BUT the return of the Left is only one, albeit a highly significant, sign of the break-up of the Jewish consensus. Dissatisfaction with the current condition of the organized community has been expressed from other directions as well: there is, for example, a conservative group called the National Jewish Coalition, and there has been a rise of single-purpose institutions like the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee and the rapidly proliferating network of Jewish Political Action Committees. Nor is this wholly to be wondered at. Nowadays political realignments are occurring within both of our political parties and among the voting public at large, and such realignments are bound to affect Jewish institutional life as well. We are now just at the beginning of a process of change, and we are in Murray Friedman's debt for explicating the issues, and the interests, that are at stake in this process.

The Poet of Common Sense

FRANKLIN OF PHILADELPHIA. By ESMOND WRIGHT. *Harvard University Press. 404 pp. $25.00.*

Reviewed by DIANA SCHAUB

Franklin of Philadelphia seems an odd title for the biography of a native Bostonian who spent nearly twenty-six years abroad in London and Paris. Yet Esmond Wright's title is fitting, for Benjamin Franklin was a true Philadelphian; whether he was living in his adopted city or not, its spirit of brotherly love informed his actions. Our lives are still made more healthful, profitable, and agreeable by the productions of Franklin's cheerful and active phil-

DIANA SCHAUB, *a new contributor, is assistant managing editor of the* National Interest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anthropy. Daylight savings time was his idea; he invented bifocals, the one-arm desk chair, and the fireplace damper; he was the first to employ cartoons in journalism; he founded the first public library, the first fire insurance company, the University of Pennsylvania, and the American Philosophical Society; he hit upon the expedient of matching grants in fund-raising; and as his earlier biographer, Carl Van Doren, said, "He found electricity a curiosity and left it a science."

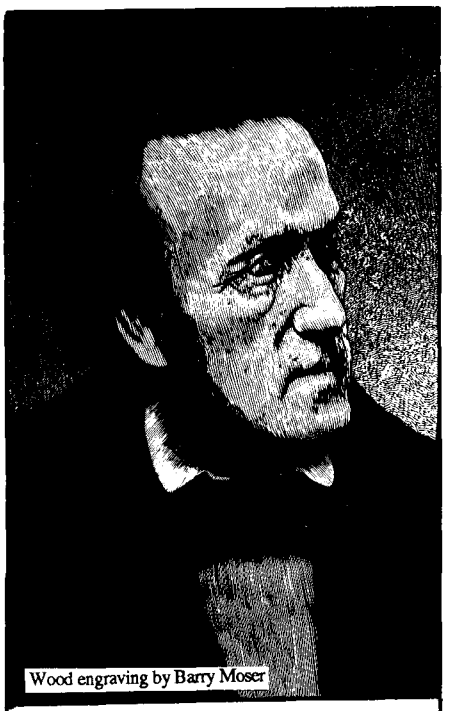
Beyond our comfort, we owe something of our existence as a nation to him. As the first of American diplomats, Franklin secured the alliance with France during the Revolutionary War, and then negotiated the peace with England. Although the drafting of the Declaration of Independence was not entrusted to him (some said, lest he should slip a joke into it), he did the editing, giving us the "self-evident" in the creedal line, "We hold these truths to be self-evident. . . ." Franklin's more audacious, Protagorean "self-evident" replaced Jefferson's "sacred and undeniable."

GIVEN the array of his accomplishments, it was with ample justification that Franklin used "Benevolus" as one of his more than forty *noms de plume*. Yet while his services endeared him to his compatriots (excepting acidulous John Adams), succeeding generations have had mostly hard words for the man Thomas Carlyle called "the Father of all the Yankees." Even Carlyle's ascription of paternity was not intended as a compliment; for those who might not feel the reproach in "Yankee," Charles Angoff has sharpened the point, calling Franklin "the father of all the Kiwanians."

This new biography gives the floor first to Franklin's detractors. The gravamen of their charge against Franklin is that he had a narrow soul, unerotic and unpoetic. D.H. Lawrence was probably the artist most incensed by Franklin's rational utilitarianism, though Twain, Hawthorne, Melville, and Keats each expressed scorn for him. In his *Autobiography*, Franklin, with his customary gentle irony, relates how he "conceived the bold and arduous Project of arriving at moral Perfection" (a project he never wholly abandoned, though he did relax his prosecution of it). For some time Franklin kept a daily log of his performance with respect to thirteen virtues—a sort of moral calorie count. Numbered among his list of virtues was chastity, which he defined with the precept: "Rarely use Venery but for Health or Offspring; Never to Dullness, Weakness, or the Injury of your own or another's Peace or Reputation." Lawrence could not abide what he took to be Franklin's profanation of man's primeval drives: "Middle-sized, sturdy, snuff-colored Doctor Franklin, one of the soundest citizens that ever trod or 'used venery.' . . . I can't stand Benjamin [because] he tries to take away my wholeness and my dark forest, my freedom." (The best below-the-belt rejoinder to Lawrence comes from Joseph Epstein: "One can bet that Ben enjoyed his venery much more than D.H. Lawrence ever did.")

If the poets have disapproved of this man of the world, so too have the Puritans. It is, after all, doctrinally suspect to define chastity as prudent sexual indulgence. This instance of Franklin's revaluation of the traditional religious code of conduct is typical of what is generally called secularized Christianity—and evidence that secularized Christianity is usually more secular than Christian. Though Wright may be correct in stressing Franklin's debt to the Puritan tradition of rigorous self-scrutiny, it is nonetheless significant that Franklin's self-scrutiny uncovers not sins, but what, in the *Autobiography*, he famously calls *errata*. Unlike sins, *errata* frequently are correctable: what is necessary is not repentance but initiative and cleverness. Franklin's distance from Cotton Mather would seem to be at least as great as his debt to him.

IN PRESENTING his apologia, Wright does not try to deny the charges against Franklin. Franklin was not a man possessed of profound spiritual strivings or strong aesthetic responsiveness. He was


Wood engraving by Barry Moser

The Darker Side of Genius
Richard Wagner's Anti-Semitism
JACOB KATZ

A scholar of international repute considers Wagner's anti-Semitism in the context of his time, place, and aspirations, rather than in relation to his later appropriation by the Nazis. Katz argues that there is, in fact, very little in Wagner's art that, without forced speculation, can be related to his racist views. *A book from the Tauber Institute for the Study of European Jewry at Brandeis University. Selected by the Jewish Book Club.* $14.95

Recently Published . . .

Hitler in History
EBERHARD JACKEL
A Tauber Institute book. 11.95

The Jews in Modern France
FRANCES MALINO and BERNARD WASSERSTEIN, editors
A Tauber Institute book. $30.00

The Jewish Response to German Culture
From the Enlightenment to the Second World War
JEHUDA REINHARZ and WALTER SCHATZBERG, editors
A Clark University book. $32.50

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF NEW ENGLAND
3 Lebanon Street
Hanover, NH 03755

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preeminently a man of sense, not sensibility. (The French critic Sainte-Beuve, however, as befits a true man of sensibility, graciously recognized in Franklin "the poet of common sense.") Wright's honest appreciation is effective, as Franklin's character—his sunniness, warmth, energy, practicality, and wit—emerges from the initial limning of what he is not, and is set in cameo-like relief against the dark background of poetic and priestly complaint.

Wright does lodge one final reservation: he says that Franklin lacked *gravitas*. Certainly Franklin was always interested in breaking gravity's hold upon men—one of his unsuccessful schemes required a balloon to lift him just inches off the ground, while a friend or servant walked with the elevated Franklin in tow. (By making a human kite of himself he hoped to make travel easier on his gout-ridden body.) In part because of his levity, Franklin is likely to inspire amused admiration rather than awe. He remains the most lovable of that remarkable founding generation. If Washington is the father of our country, Franklin is the affable godfather.

"A man is dead, and two worlds mourn." As this French epitaph testifies, Franklin was beloved of both the Old and the New Worlds. He did not, however have much of the Old World in him. Franklin's character had a deeply national stamp. In fact, Wright suggests that Franklin was "the living answer" to Crèvecoeur's famous question: "What then *is* the American, this new man?" Perhaps because he is an Englishman, Wright is particularly good at describing Franklin's life and appeal abroad. Fully two-thirds of *Franklin of Philadelphia* is devoted to Franklin's doings as the London agent of the Pennsylvania Assembly (eventually, he represented Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts as well) and as the plenipotentiary in Paris of the Continental Congress. The ease of Franklin's diplomacy contrasts sharply with that of other American representatives. The French foreign minister, Vergennes, refused to deal at all with the flinty John Adams. (Jonathan Sewall explained: "He can't dance, drink, game, flatter, promise, dress, swear with gentlemen and small talk and flirt with the ladies. In short he has none of the essential arts or ornaments which make a courtier.") John Jay fared no better with the Spanish. The Ugly American cannot be said to trace his lineage to Franklin, even though, like that unwelcome personage, Franklin never mastered spoken French.

Franklin's international repute as an American *philosophe* contributed greatly to his social acceptance. In England he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, associating mainly with the circle of scholarly Scots and Dissenters (the self-named Club of Honest Whigs). He was a regular visitor at numerous coffeehouses. As much as the fashionable clubs, London's coffeehouses were centers of political discussion and planning. When in monarchic and female-dominated France, he exchanged the coffeehouse for the salons. All of France was infatuated with him. Women carried his portrait in their lockets, men had it engraved on canes and snuff-boxes. The humble treasured his parables and platitudes, the learned sought his opinions, and the salon world delighted in his risqué badinage. He was the rustic savant with urbane manners. When he left France, he was carried in a litter of Queen Marie Antoinette's on a one-hundred-fifty mile triumphal procession from Passy to Havre.

SPEAKING of Fenimore Cooper's immense popularity in post-Napoleonic France, Henry James says: "People, in judging a foreigner, should never be sure they have not made a mistake in *proportion*." In all likelihood, the French praise of Franklin, which Franklin himself protested as extravagant, did somewhat mistake his proportion, but I think Esmond Wright's praise does not. He has written a fine and a disinterested biography. Though he does not try to point a moral for contemporary liberalism, the life of Franklin readily yields one. Compare the careers of Franklin and Washington: Washington, the landed gentleman, the military commander, the man famous for his resignations (his farewell to his troops, his Farewell Address to the nation), a uniquely American Cincinnatus; Franklin, the leather-apron man, the tradesman who made his fortune by age forty-two and then placed himself at the public's service for his remaining forty-two years. His motto was: "I shall never ask, never refuse, nor ever resign an office." Franklin, neither heroic nor retiring, seems distinctly the more imitable.

For the emulation of Franklin to be faithful, however, we would need to recover the moral foundations of ambition and success. The author of *The Way to Wealth* did not conceive wealth to be the final destination. Prosperity was to be sought for what it made possible not just in the way of comfort but in the way of good works. The Philadelphian Franklin shows us that the much-maligned bourgeois need not be sere-souled. The hard Lockean ground of self interest can be a wellspring of neighborliness and public-spiritedness.

Nowhere to Go

THE UNWANTED: EUROPEAN REFUGEES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By MICHAEL R. MARRUS. *Oxford University Press. 414 pp. $24.95.*

Reviewed by LARRY D. NACHMAN

"HOME," Robert Frost once wrote, "is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." But suppose there is no such place. Then you have refugees, whose bewildered and frightened countenances have become so familiar in this century that we tend to believe they have always been with us.

In *The Unwanted*, Michael Marrus argues, to the contrary, that the appearance of masses of refugees is a recent phenomenon, a product of modern politics. His "central theme," he writes, "is the emergence of a new variety of collective alienation, one of the hallmarks of our time." Marrus is the author of

LARRY D. NACHMAN *teaches political science at the College of Staten Island.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Politics of Assimilation, a study of French Jewry in the decade before the Dreyfus affair, and the co-author (with Robert Paxton) of *Vichy France and the Jews*. He is thus especially well-placed to write this history of European refugees, a history of which the Jews have been only a part, though an important one.

For Marrus, the source of the refugee problem lies in the nature of the modern state. On the one hand, modern politics produces radical changes that provoke large numbers of people to flee regimes threatening their security or, in some cases, their very existence. On the other hand, the modern state is characterized by controlled and clearly demarcated borders and precise definitions of citizenship. The visa and the passport, made universal in the 20th century, are the final elaboration of the state control of territory.

The refugee is thus a person who has fled what he regards as intolerable conditions in his homeland—and the flight of tens or hundreds of thousands of people is part of the sorry history of that homeland. But a special problem is created and a special history is engendered if these people, once they have gotten out, find that there is nowhere to go. It is this latter condition that is, as Marrus puts it, "the peculiar characteristic of the refugee of the 20th century."

It is clear from Marrus's account that the nation-state system precludes any international authority from resolving the issue. International agencies, like the League of Nations and the United Nations, are themselves creatures of the states which form them, and states will not yield authority on so basic a matter as who will dwell within their borders. Nor, one might add, should they, especially given the makeup of the international agencies in question. Particularly for democracies, it would be absurd to surrender a measure of sovereignty to an organization whose majority is not democratic.

The answer to the pleas for admission will come from states, and states will shape their policies in accordance with the tensions of their domestic politics and their view of their national interest. There are good reasons and bad reasons for denying asylum to those who beg entry. One can, for example, sympathize with the fear during the great depression of the 30's that states could not afford to absorb large numbers of new arrivals. One's sympathy diminishes rapidly as one finds that a different set of decisions might well have been arrived at had the supplicants not been Jews.

The democracies have been justly criticized on this score. It is not that democracies are particularly cruel but that it is to democracies that refugees most wish to go. In the 30's the record of the Soviet Union was spotty. Sometimes it admitted victims of fascism, sometimes it did not, and frequently those admitted to the Soviet Union found themselves swept into the universe of concentration camps which they had traveled so far to avoid. Since that time, at any rate, the Soviet Union has not been disturbed by masses of people banging on its doors, begging to be admitted; rather the opposite. To the extent that refugees are fleeing political conditions (and not for their very lives), democratic societies will be their first choice as havens.

ASIDE FROM the upheavals caused by radical politics, another great cause behind the appearance of masses of refugees is modern nationalism. The original definition of citizenship in the modern state was abstract: citizenship was a legal status and nothing else. In our century, consciousness of nationality has become an ever more important part of human affairs. Cultural, linguistic, and historical ties are felt more strongly, and are as capable of setting political tides in motion as are visions of political ideology. National minorities often perceive their governments to be led by strangers. Governments sometimes engage in *Kulturkämpfe* against ther own citizens.

It was part of the tragedy of the Jews in the Nazi era that they were the focus of both these political forces, radical ideology and nationalism. The latter, though it plays a large part in Marrus's work, does not really receive a proper concep-

"OUR QUARREL with Qaddafi is *not* because he is promoting 'Moslem fundamentalist revolution,' as the President unfortunately put it at his press conference. It is because he is a rabid Soviet client who murders Americans. We have no quarrel with Islam as such, and we should never give the impression that we do—not when the Moslem world numbers more than half a billion people, many of whom are being steadily murdered by Soviet forces in Afghanistan."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. C-4. 150 East 35th Street. New York, N.Y. 10016.

The Olympic Crisis

Sport, Politics, and the Moral Order
by John Hoberman

Have moral issues been savaged by the International Olympic Committee's efforts to avoid controversy? Why has the Olympic movement been hobbled in its ideal of providing an innocent forum? Have totalitarian and tyrannical regimes used the Games to gain political ends?

Hoberman explains why the Olympic movement is faltering. He outlines the ideological development of Olympism and demonstrates the IOC's indifference to moral issues. $30.00

Orders/inquiries:
Aristide D. Caratzas, Publisher
P. O. Box 210, 481 Main Street,
New Rochelle, New York 10802
Telephone: (914) 632-8487

For the candid insight into policy development that can come only from the people who made it all happen.

SHAPERS OF AMERICAN HEALTH CARE POLICY: An Oral History

By Lewis E. Weeks and Howard J. Berman

This volume weaves into one fascinating account the oral histories of 22 architects of health care policy in the United States. The Shapers are hospital and insurance executives, researchers, educators, journalists, a congressman, and a labor leader. Their reminiscences, enhanced by the book's historical framework, capture the personalities behind the events that have determined the direction of health policy in the last 50 years.

Hardbound, 376 pages, 1985, $26.50, Order No. 00660, ISBN 0-910701-09-1

To order or obtain more information, call or write:

Health Administration Press
1021 East Huron Street
The University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104
(313) 764-1380

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tual treatment. At one point, he observes that after the war Jews were placed in internment camps along "with anti-Semitic and collaborationist elements from Poland, Hungary, the Ukraine, or the Baltic states," and he notes the bitter incongruity of such a policy. But the explanation he offers—that "military commanders in the Western zones refused to accept that the Jews posed special problems or had particularly urgent needs requiring attention"—falls short of shedding light on the policy. After all, the "special problem" the Jews had was that they were *not* Poles, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Letts, or Lithuanians. Ironically, this was a problem better understood by their former persecutors than by their liberators. Only their enemies perceived that the Jews were to be counted among the nations which inhabited Europe; their friends saw them then (and continue to see them) as a persecuted religious minority.

By the end of the Third Reich, this dilemma had at least been brought home to the vast majority of Jews, who had assimilated the great and terrible lesson their recent history had to teach. Politically, it was in fact the only lesson. In an age of states and national consciousness, a nation has to be like other nations. In the modern world, you live in peril if you do not have a place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in.

The Campaign Trail

THE OUTSIDE STORY: HOW DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS RE-ELECTED RONALD REAGAN. By RICHARD BROOKHISER. *Doubleday. 298 pp. $17.95.*

Reviewed by GREGORY A. FOSSEDAL

RICHARD BROOKHISER, the managing editor of *National Review*, has written a thorough and interesting account of the 1984 election, tapping the impressions he formed as one of the magazine's chief reporters on presidential races since 1980. In fact, Brookhiser's is probably the best book yet on the 1984 presidential race.

Unfortunately, considering the competition, that is not a high compliment. Last year, the syndicated columnists Jack Germond and Jules Witcover published *Wake Us When It's Over*, a cut-and-paste effort premised on the notion that the election was boring; the book certainly was. The election essays written by *Newsweek* reporters were also updated and republished last year, as were those by Elizabeth Drew of the *New Yorker*. All these books shared a dual bias: one against Ronald Reagan himself, and a second, deeper, and more serious one against the ideas which animate campaigns.

To Germond, Witcover, Drew, *et al.*, the notion that Americans listened to what Reagan said and liked it is unthinkable. Hence they move from recriminations against the voters themselves, presumably duped by Reagan's warm smile and ingratiating voice, to accounts of palace intrigue: who wrote what memorandum, how it was leaked to the press, and so on. Like some of the Democratic candidates they write about, these reporters seem to view the electoral process itself as something badly in need of reform.

As against their "inside story," Brookhiser sets out to record the "outside story" of the campaign. "In the last year of the campaign alone," he writes, the candidates "spoke millions of words and made thousands of appearances. . . . Politicians, it turns out, are actually saying something; their antics have a purpose. The voters, it seems, pay attention." So did Brookhiser, traveling extensively with all the candidates and listening carefully to their speeches.

After a quick background chapter on Reagan's first term, Brookhiser follows the Democrats—the Magnificent Eight, as he calls them—from the pre-primary season of 1982 to the convention in San Francisco. Then he turns to the Republican contest, a race not among men but among issues. Finally, Brookhiser traces the Reagan-Mondale race to its close and takes a look at the prospects of both parties for 1988.

THOUGH Brookhiser is serious about ideas, he takes the candidates themselves with a pinch of salt. Thus Alan Cranston: "The freeze became his call letters, his watchword; the thing that accompanied him wherever he went, like *Laura's Theme*." Thus Ernest Hollings, whose obsession was the federal budget deficit: "The Democratic party's Robert Dole, a zesty incendiary who could not resist a squib, even if it exploded in his own face." And thus Walter Mondale, a man who in 1976 had "entertained presidential ambitions, but after trailing 'Don't Know' in early polls, dropped out." Brookhiser is similarly lively in his descriptions of the campaign itself. Here he rounds up the field at the first Democratic debate, at Dartmouth College:

> Glenn was the man carrying the hidden hardball that afternoon, though he did not pitch it for nearly two hours. . . . "When Glenn starts talking," said someone in the audience, "that's when you need the sleeper seats." . . . Askew had brought along a wrench which he had bought in a hardware store but which the Pentagon was purchasing for hundreds of dollars or more. . . . Hollings managed to hijack a discussion of the nuclear freeze. "I want to talk about the budget freeze, something I can do in four years." . . . Cranston asserted that he had been opposing nuclear weapons since 1945. "I met Albert Einstein; he warned me of the danger." . . . McGovern was the more attractive McGovernite. . . . "I don't know who my running mate will be," he told [Ted] Koppel. "I want to make one pledge. This time I'll be careful."

The Outside Story has its weaknesses, epitomized by the footnote section, which offers a total of 8 notes for 298 pages, and by the index, nonexistent. This, indeed, gives a fair impression of the amount of original research Brookhiser has done. Most of his raw information consists of one-liners and paragraphs spoken by the can-

GREGORY A. FOSSEDAL *is a Media Fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didates that could have been gleaned from the accounts of major newspapers and magazines during the campaign. These are spliced with Brookhiser's ubiquitous asides: 28 parenthetical references in the first 15 pages alone. What we get is something like a slide show; Brookhiser is a wit, so the show is fun, but it is not very enlightening.

What is more, for the tales of insider intrigue written by others, Brookhiser too often merely substitutes his own inside story: what Richard Brookhiser thinks. We learn what he thinks about a U.S. withdrawal from NATO ("It is an idea so seductive there must be something wrong with it"); about Jimmy Carter's moralizing ("It was enough to make Francis of Assisi become a gangster"); about Gerald Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon (". . . . not that Nixon deserved it, but the country deserved to be spared two-and-a-half years of partisan carnival"); and so forth. At times Brookhiser functions not as a reporter but as a heckler, interrupting when Walter Mondale, George McGovern, Gary Hart, or Ronald Reagan is trying to speak.

All this is unfortunate, since Brookhiser was in a position to uncover things left unmentioned by other observers. Where, for example, Hedrick Smith of the New York *Times* wrote the day before the New Hampshire primary that Mondale had an insurmountable lead, Brookhiser saw that Hart might successfully challenge him: "Hart had one insight, or at least a necessary prelude to an insight. He believed that the Democratic party had lost the 1980 elections for a reason. Its ideas had failed, and it needed new ones." Brookhiser, seeing this, took Hart seriously. Yet this is only the first step to a convincing account of Hart's fate in 1984. Why, if Hart was only "a little to the Left" of Mondale on foreign policy and "a little to the Right" on economic policy, did he nearly defeat the eventual nominee? Why, if he "found Mondale's weakness," as Brookhiser writes, and exploited it to a near-victory, did he then suddenly lose?

Brookhiser attempts an explanation, but it does not amount to much. He cites Hart's blunders—especially over the matter of his own name and age. But this is not persuasive. While Hart did blunder, so did every other candidate, from Jesse Jackson to Geraldine Ferraro to Ronald Reagan. He notes that not all of Hart's ideas were "new"—yet Hart was at least distinctive among the Democrats in opposing protectionism and supporting Bradley-Gephardt tax-rate cuts. On the other hand, he did not seem to talk about these ideas, or about his military-reform initiatives, in his campaign literature. Why not? In failing to raise or resolve such questions, Brookhiser misses a vital part of the "outside story" of the campaign.

AMONG the Republicans, a key 1984 battle concerned the shape

Thanks for the compliments on

ORIM
אורים
A Jewish Journal at Yale

- "ORIM is a beautiful publication. The content and form blend in a special and wonderful way."
  Jane Isay, Publisher, Touchstone Books, Simon & Schuster
- "Congratulations on a splendid first issue."
  Prof. David G. Roskies, Jewish Theological Seminary of America
- "It is an impressive first issue."
  Dr. Michael Neiditch, Dir. Educ., B'nai B'rith Internatl.

In our Spring '86 issue we offer

- *Holocaust and Memory* – essays by Geoffrey Hartman, Lawrence L. Langer, Robert Liberles
- *The Political Legacy of Jewish History* – David Biale
- *The New Conservative Prayerbook* – Leslie Brisman
- *Scripture in Context: A Photo Essay* – William W. Hallo
- *The Last Days of Walter Benjamin* – a memoir by Lisa Fittko
- *The Jewish Novels of Berthold Auerbach* – Jeffrey L. Sammons
- *Fiction and poetry* – Norma Rosen, John Hollander, etc.

and much more

ORIM Box 1904A Yale Station New Haven, Connecticut 06520

1-year subscription: $7.00 Add $2.00 for postage outside the USA

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CO

☐ I enclose payment of $_____.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Ronald Reagan's platform and campaign. Would Reagan run a dry, four-more-years race extolling the status quo? If so, some Republicans argued, he would fail to give voters a reason to throw out Democratic congressional incumbents, and thus win insufficient seats to enable the President to press in his second term for deployment of Star Wars defense systems, for a Kemp-Kasten flattish tax, for aid to the Nicaraguan *contras*, and for other key objectives. These same advisers wanted Reagan boldly to outline his second-term ideas, *à la* Franklin Roosevelt in 1936, and thus solidify his party as the regnant majority.

The focus of this battle was the GOP's Dallas convention, an event which Brookhiser wisely considers more important than the press did at the time and than other books on the campaign did afterward. But he does not consider it important enough. All the major characters appear, but the account of their ideas, actions, and even their public statements is thin and sometimes inaccurate.

"The military planks of the platform," Brookhiser writes, were "securely in the hands of the Pentagon." Actually, there was a major fight, orchestrated by Jack Kemp, Phyllis Schlafly, and Daniel O. Graham, who wanted support for Star Wars to go beyond a call for a mere research program. Again, according to Brookhiser, the supply-siders "enjoyed total victory" on such issues as the gold standard and the flat tax (for) and a tax increase (against). But these ideas were never stressed in Reagan's campaign, nor was the reference to a gold standard anything but a hedged suggestion that it "might" be a useful idea. Brookhiser writes that it was only anonymous "White House aides" who suggested the President might endorse a tax hike after the election; actually, press spokesman Larry Speakes, top deputy Richard Darman, and Vice President George Bush all spoke up by name in favor of a platform that would leave Reagan's "options open."

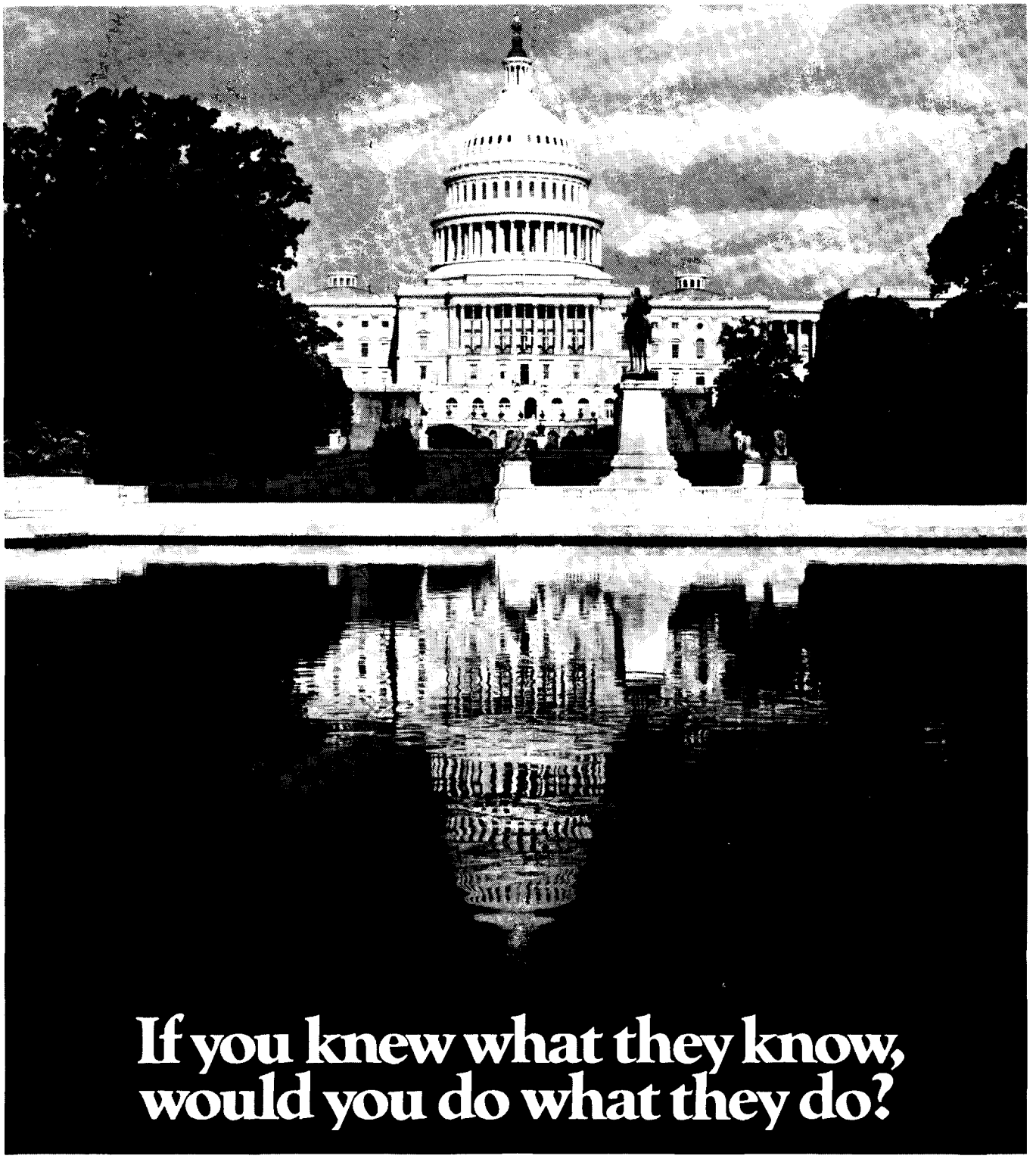
By Brookhiser's own lights, such struggles matter. The battle over a tax increase concerned more than just taxes *per se*. What was also at issue was Reagan's leadership: was he rigorous enough to demand support from his aides, informed enough to see that his policies were implemented? The standard retort, that Reagan wisely concentrates on only a few essentials, is beside the point, for at Dallas even those essentials were up for grabs.

Brookhiser touches only briefly on the 1984 congressional races, though they arguably spelled the critical margin of Reagan's reelection effort. He does note, interestingly, that of the few congressional seats Reagan gained in 1984, a majority were concentrated in just two states: Texas and North Carolina. This is the kind of intriguing datum that cries out for analysis. Some would say that the difference in those states was made by the kind of agenda-oriented spot commercials featured in the campaigns of Senators Phil Gramm and Jesse Helms. If so, this means that Reagan could have picked up a solid ideological majority in the House and Senate had he taken the advice of the Dallas mavericks and run a similar campaign nationwide. Other explanations are possible; unfortunately, Brookhiser neglects to deal with the matter in any depth.

STILL, Brookhiser observes with style and wit many major happenings that others missed. He rescues from oblivion such events as an "All Species Rally" in San Francisco and a clash between Ferraro staffers and right-to-life protesters, and observes the general rough-and-tumble of the campaign with a calm, curious eye. Brookhiser also shows there is method to this madness. The length and breadth of the process test stamina and imagination, exposing potential Presidents to a variety of revealing pressures. The tone of the campaign, though sometimes mean, nonetheless helps flesh out the ideas of those who wish to govern.

Unlike those of 1976 or 1968, but like that of 1980, the election of 1984 was supremely a race of ideas. Reagan's ideas won. Democrats and Republicans with an eye on 1988 ignore this fact at their peril.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If you knew what they know, would you do what they do?

More than any other single force on earth, America's foreign policy will determine what kind of world we and our children live in.

And every one of us can influence that policy. That's what the nonprofit, nonpartisan Foreign Policy Association is all about: working to develop the kind of informed public opinion that will help our government make enlightened, responsible foreign policy decisions.

Last year alone, more than 250,000 Americans across the nation—in discussion groups, classrooms and community centers—participated in our *Great Decisions* program.

The *Great Decisions* book provides objective background on eight key foreign policy issues. Discussions help you form your views; you express them on opinion ballots, which FPA presents to Washington officials.

FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION 1918

To find out more, call us now at (212) 481-8450. Or write to Foreign Policy Association, Department A, 205 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Donations are fully tax deductible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO KINDLE A GREAT FIRE, BEGIN WITH A BRILLIANT SPARK.

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena—with more fire, more sparkle and scintillation.

Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four characteristics that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. These determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree, the beauty and value of your jewelry.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.

The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2.66 carats.

A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED